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July 2025





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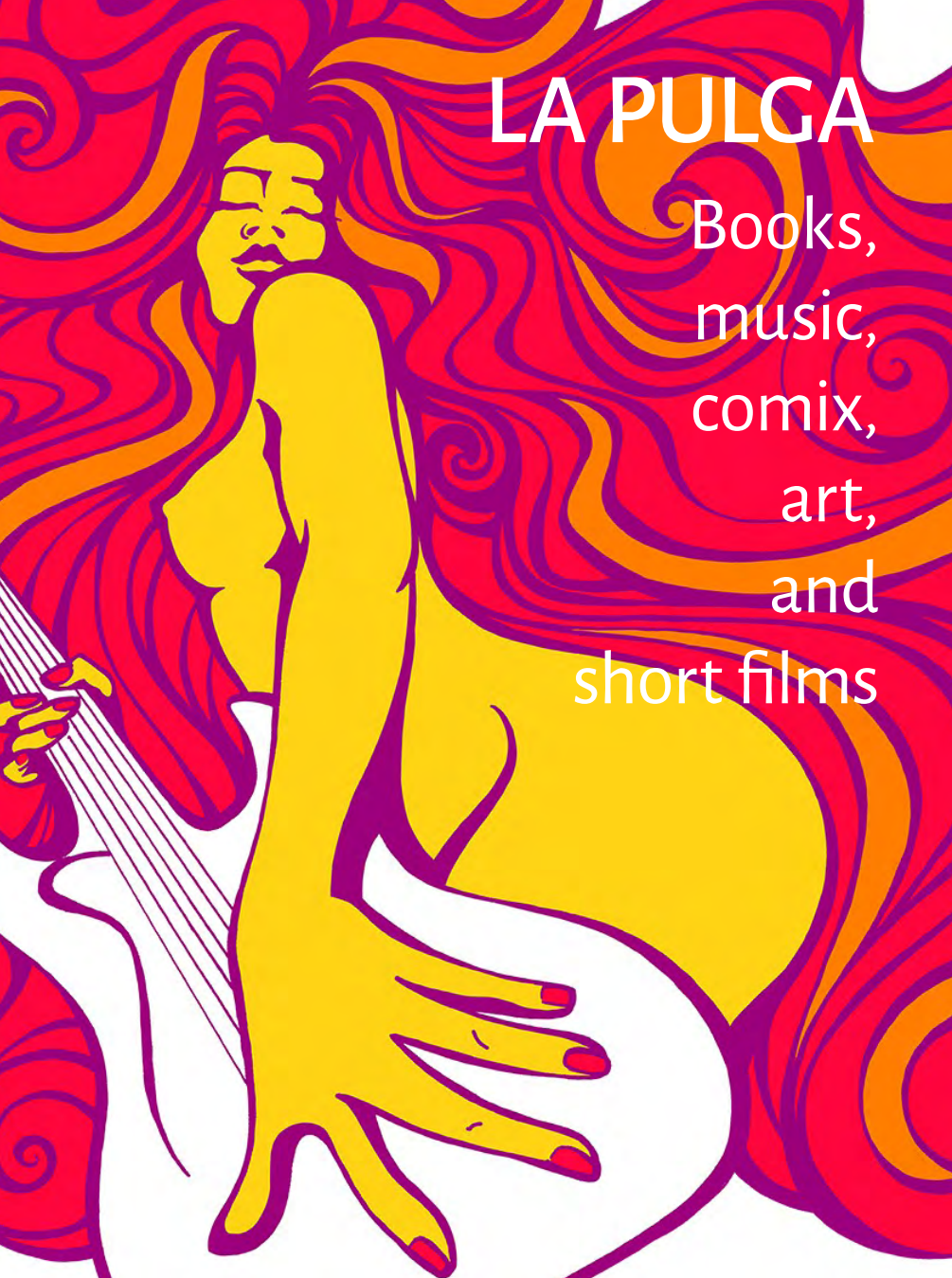
una publicación para gente grande

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July / August 11 no.129



EDITORIAL



LA PULGA

Books,
music,
comix,
art,
and
short films



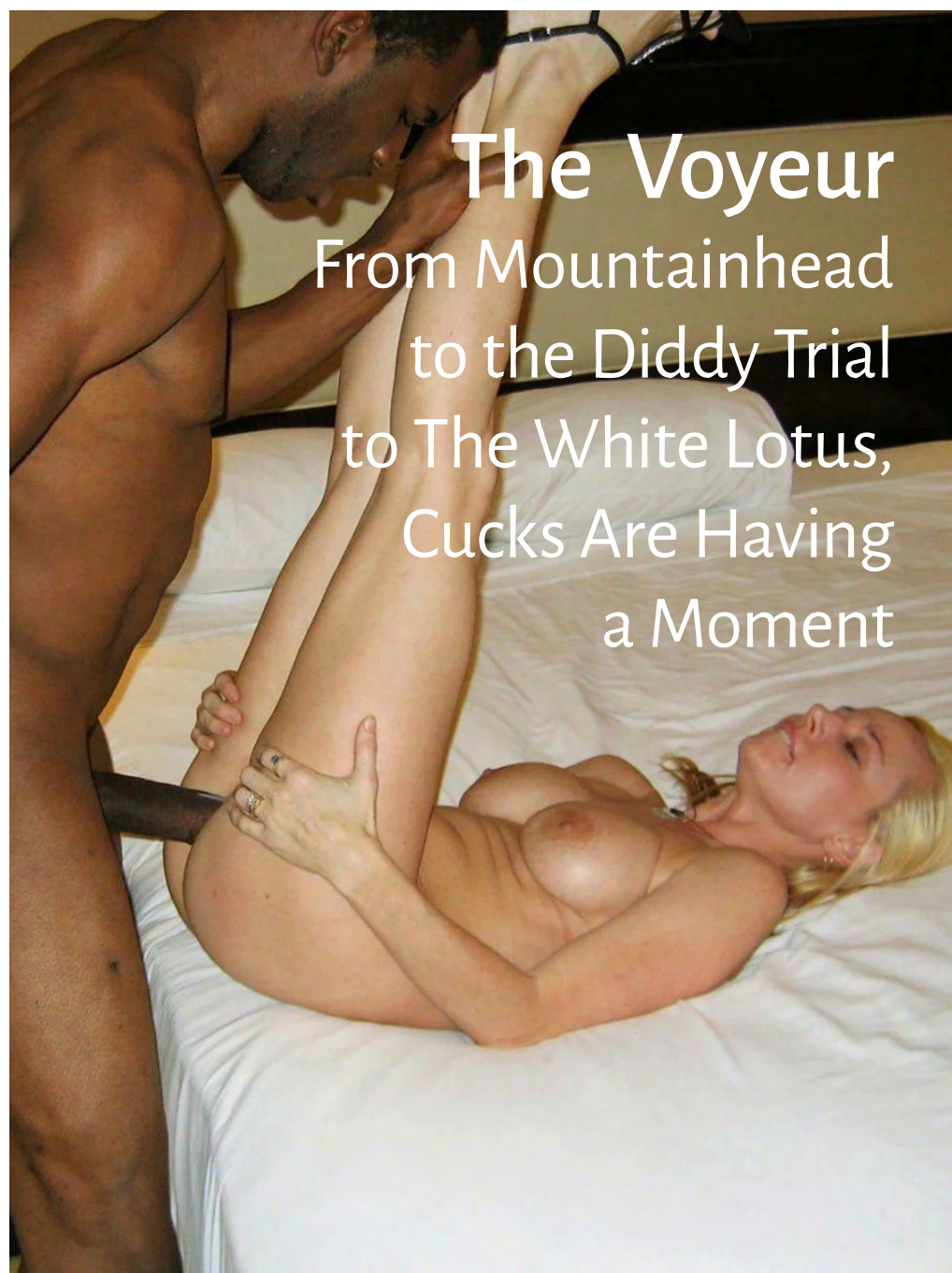
Two plus two

Coming out as
a Lifestyle
Non-Monogamous
Couple to Friends
& Family



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Inner child in the outer world

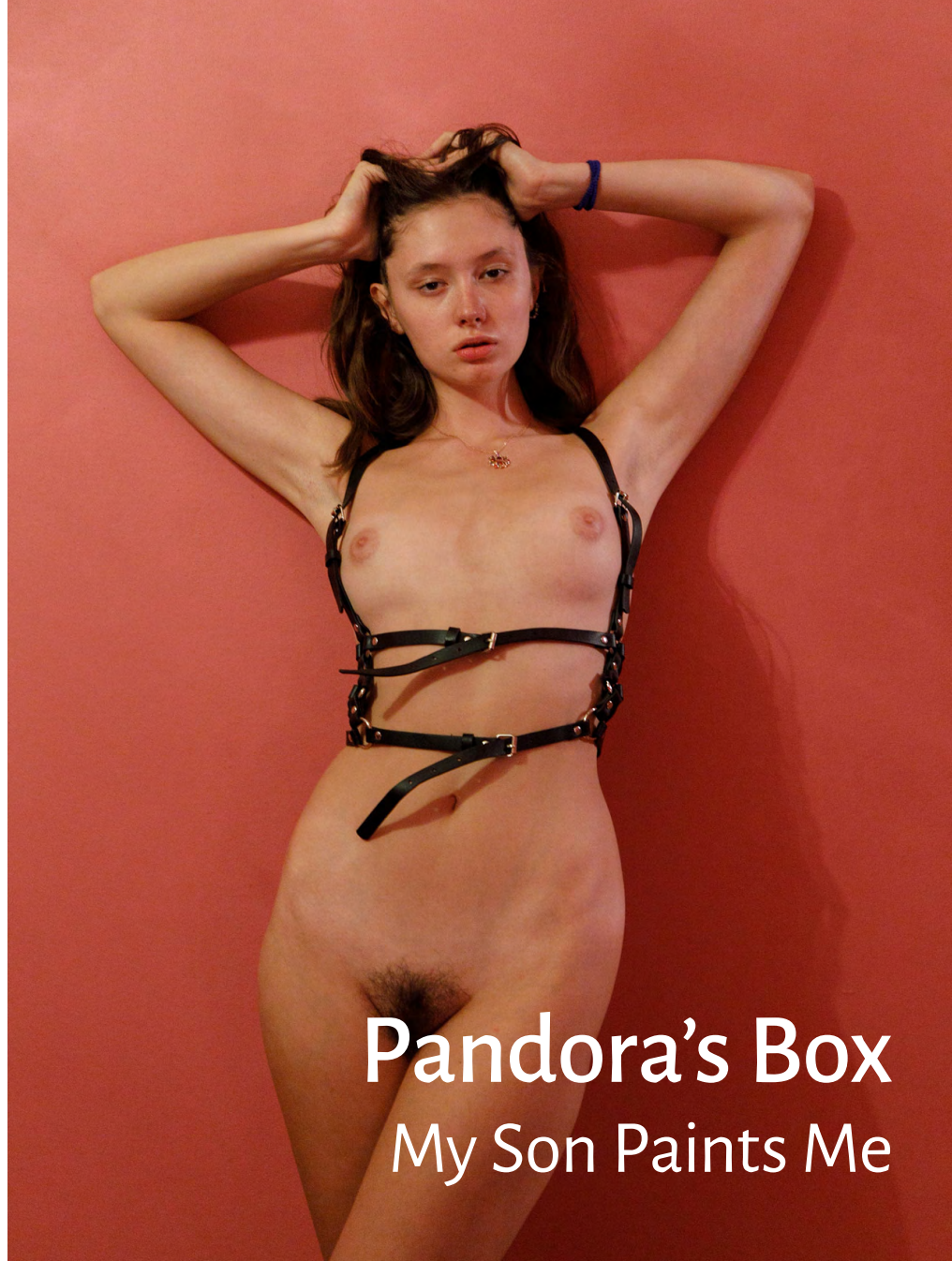


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to the Diddy Trial
to The White Lotus,
Cucks Are Having
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based on a true story?



Pandora’s Box
My Son Paints Me



Behind the Green Door
The Surprising
Link Between
Sex and Longevity

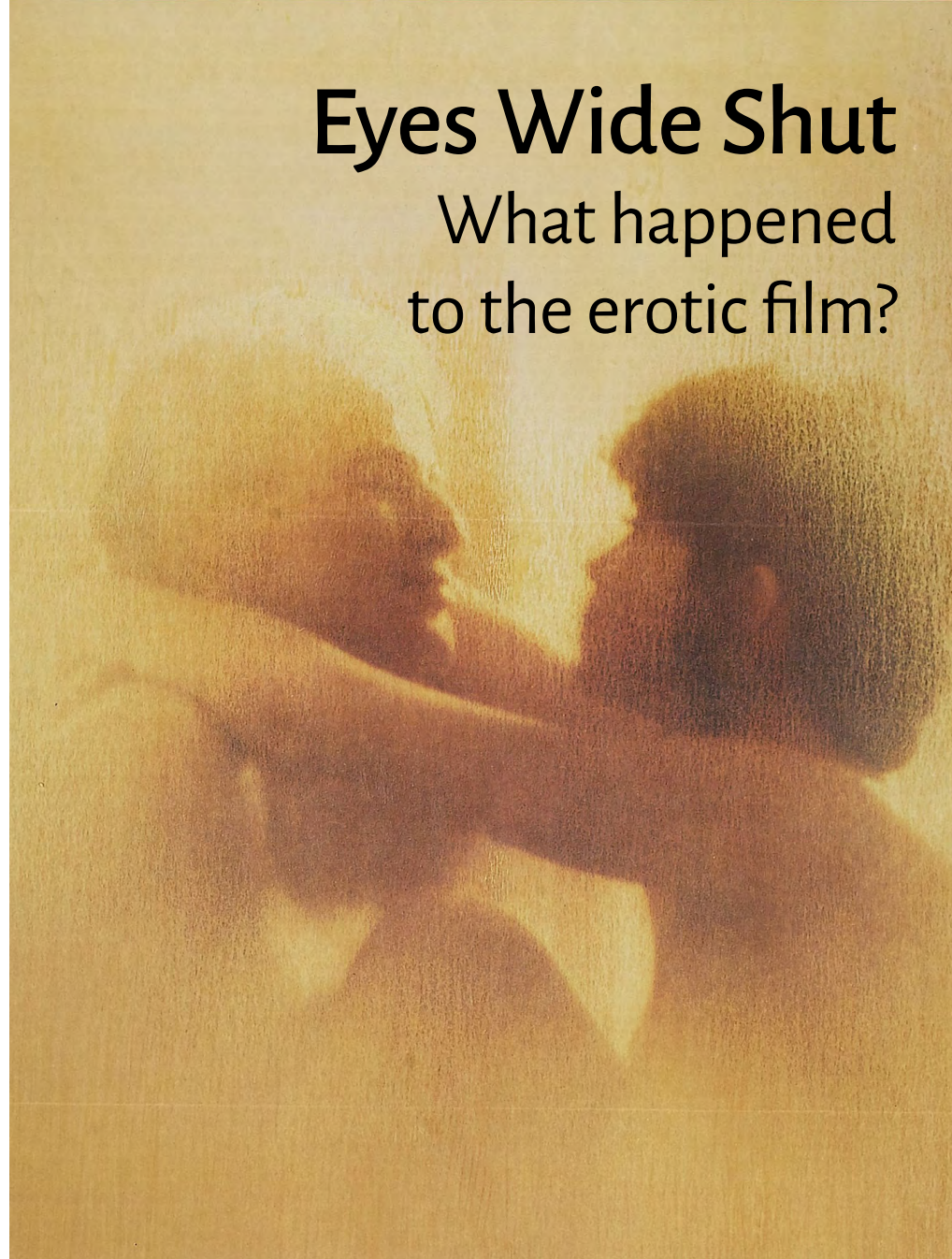


The Temple of Venus



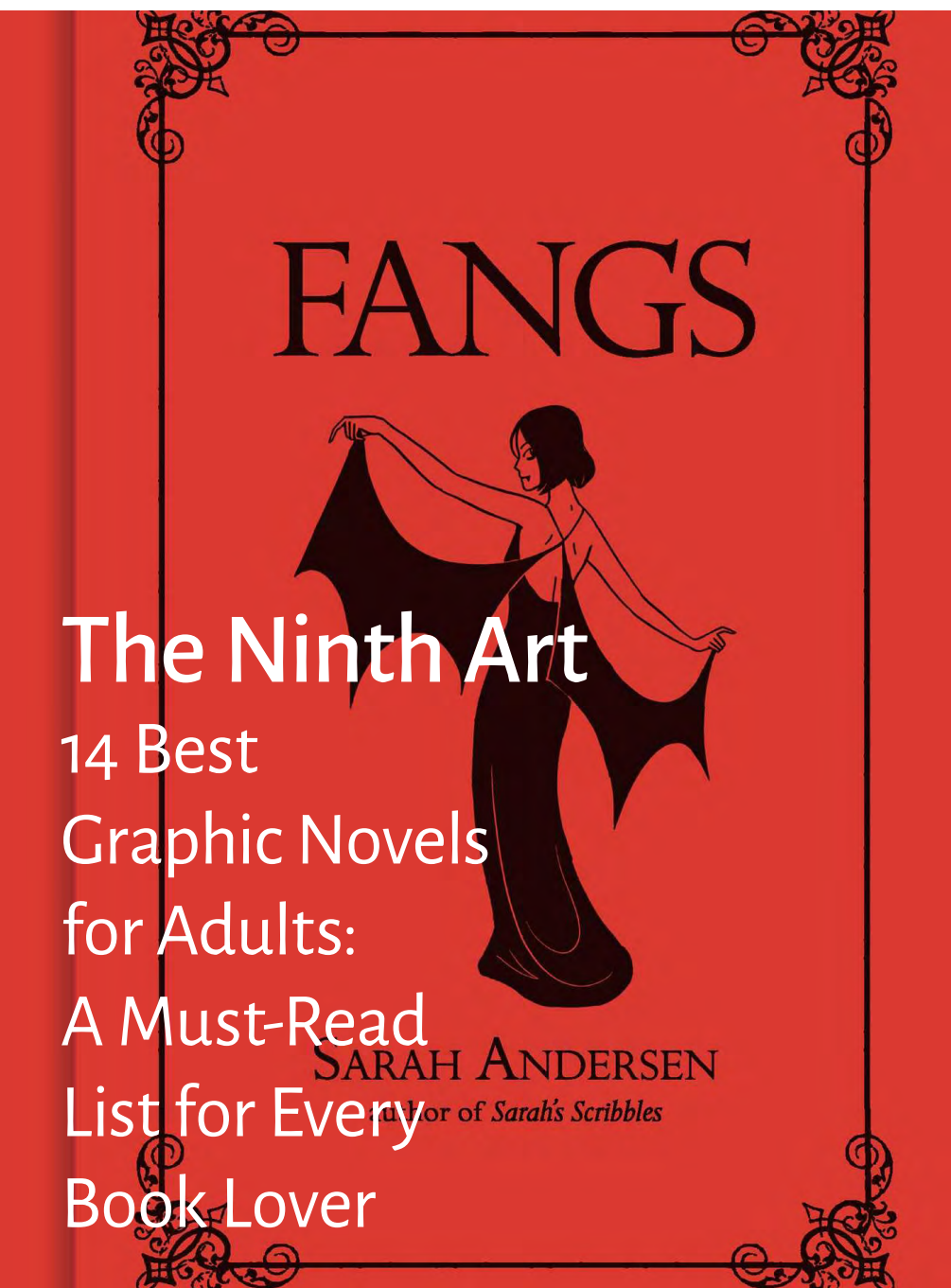
The Gates of Twilight

A Second Sexual Revolution?



Eyes Wide Shut

What happened to the erotic film?



The Ninth Art

14 Best
Graphic Novels
for Adults:
A Must-Read
List for Every
Book Lover



Last Tango in Paris

Coming Clean



OnlyFans.com/belledelphine

The Life OnlyFans Bans Sex Workers: Impact and Alternatives Explained



Jungle Fever What Does Double Penetration Feel Like and How to Enjoy It More



First Desires Olivia



Room in Rome The 15 Best Lesbian Sex Positions We've Tried



EDITORIAL

Dear friends, sponsors, and casual readers:

Welcome to this July issue of your LASCIVIA magazine.

It is a true pleasure to address you once again, greet you warmly, and wish you a month filled with satisfaction, achievements, and pleasant moments.

For our part, we in the editorial office are excited about the new plans in development. Although some have had to be postponed—largely due to my own limitations in handling so many tasks at once—I want to share with you that everything is going well. And if life allows, this month I will be able to launch the magazine's new section: Cinema Porco. Many of you are already familiar with it, and I am confident that this initiative will attract new readers, visitors, and sponsors who want to join this diverse and free community.

While editing this issue, I was surprised by the number of developing news stories related to the censorship faced by adult content creators, especially on platforms like OnlyFans. This pressure comes from both certain governments and the companies hosting the content. What worries me most is how, once again, the old argument is being resorted to that these platforms promote or allow access to minors, whether as participants or as consumers.

Even more worrying is that the United States Supreme Court has ruled that companies, not parents, are responsible for restricting that access. Countries that were once symbols of freedom, like Sweden, have begun banning the purchase of live streams by adults on OnlyFans—what we know as “pay-per-view”—under the argument that they could encourage human trafficking.

I have the impression that every time we take two steps forward in terms of sexual freedoms, we take three steps back. Individual responsibility seems to be fading, and governments—far from protecting us—are determined to regulate even the most intimate aspects.

I feel pessimistic, I confess. And if we continue down this path, we will end up trapped between two extremes: a left that seeks to force us to accept cer-

A photograph of a person lying on their back in a field of tall, vibrant green grass. The person's legs are extended towards the bottom right of the frame. A semi-transparent dark grey rectangular box is overlaid on the left and center of the image, containing white text. The background is a soft-focus view of trees and foliage, suggesting a park or forest setting.

tain dysphorias and pathologies as normal, and an authoritarian right that wants to dictate how we should live and feel our sexuality.

However, my greatest concern is the generation that comes after us. I feel that our weakness—in wanting to make their lives easier, in not being more demanding—has deprived them of fundamental tools to defend their rights. It's a generation more prone to complaining than taking action.

Perhaps I'm exaggerating, and I hope so. But reading more than 50 articles each month from different countries leaves me with the feeling that the world is becoming polarized, radicalized... and we already know how these processes usually end. We were born in the century that saw the outbreak of two world wars.

Please excuse me if this editorial isn't more enlightening. Sometimes this space becomes the place where I let my reflections settle. I assure you, however, that this edition is one of the best we've produced: well-researched articles, valuable perspectives, and a collection of archives that I'm sure you'll enjoy as much or more than I did putting them together.

I wish you the best for this month. May there be no lack of clarity, desire, or joy.

And as always, we'll see you in August.

With affection,
Enrique Rojas Román
ImagenObscura



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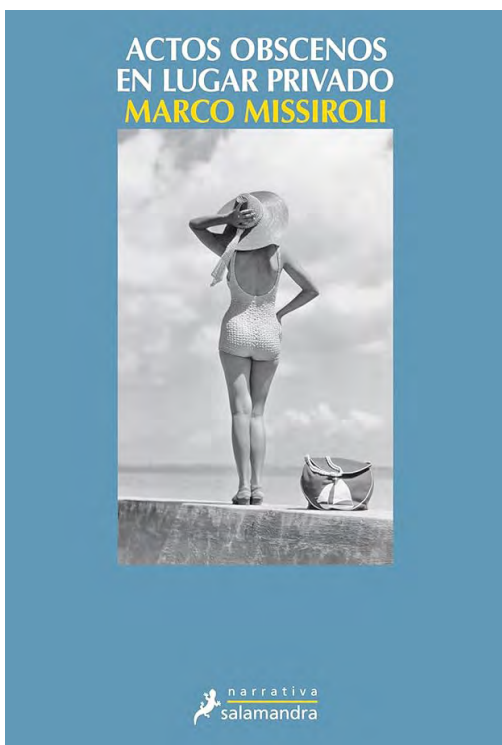
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LA PULGA:

LIBROS, MÚSICA, COMIX, ARTE, Y CORTOMETRAJES



NOVELA ERÓTICA



Actos obscenos en lugar privado
Marco Missiroli



Antes de que te eche de menos
Noe Casado

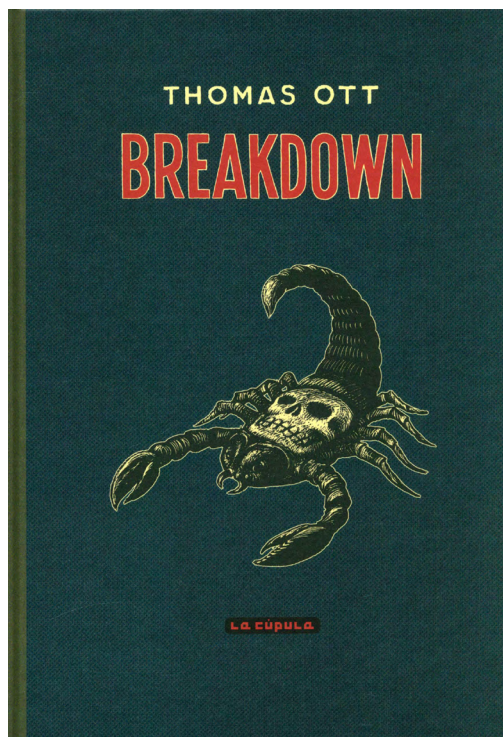


El misterioso chico de las fantasías prohibidas
Daniel de la Peña

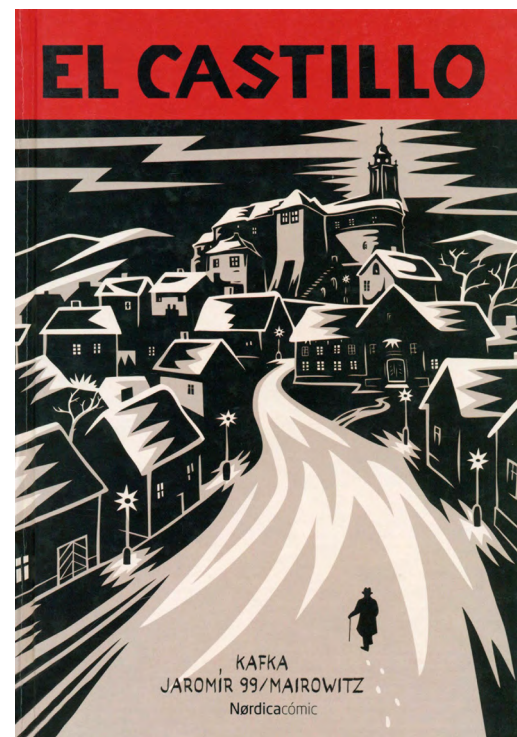
NOVELA GRÁFICA



Arrendajo
Lauri & Jaakko Ahonen

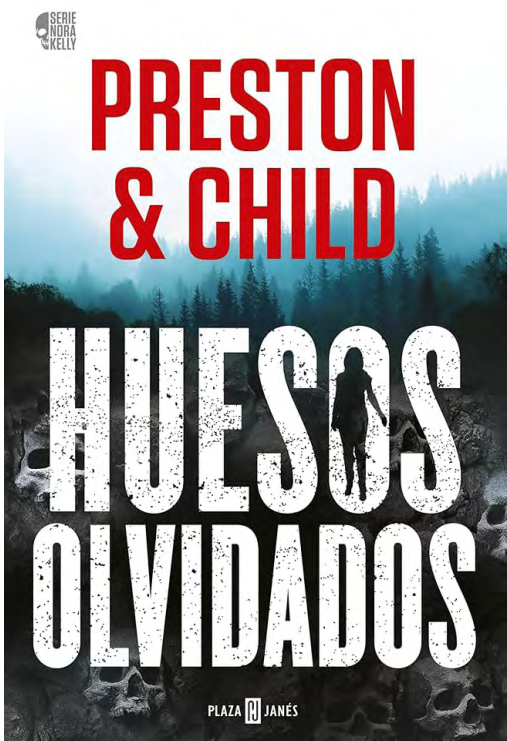


Breakdown
Thomas Ott

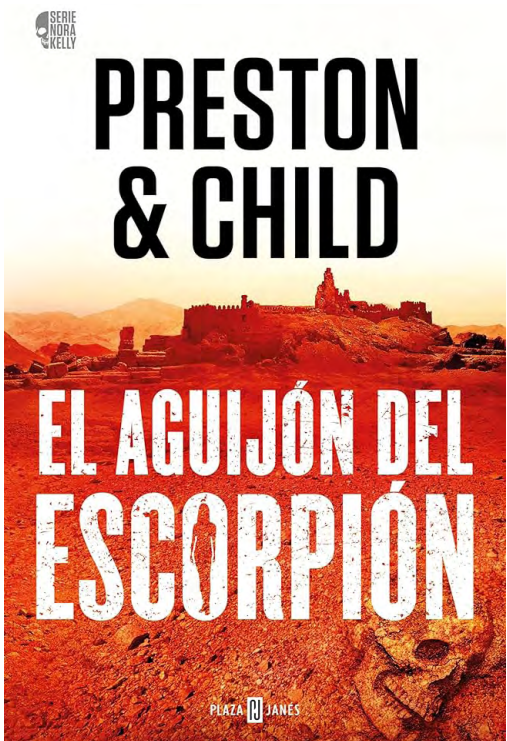


El Castillo de Kafka
Mairowitz & Jaromír

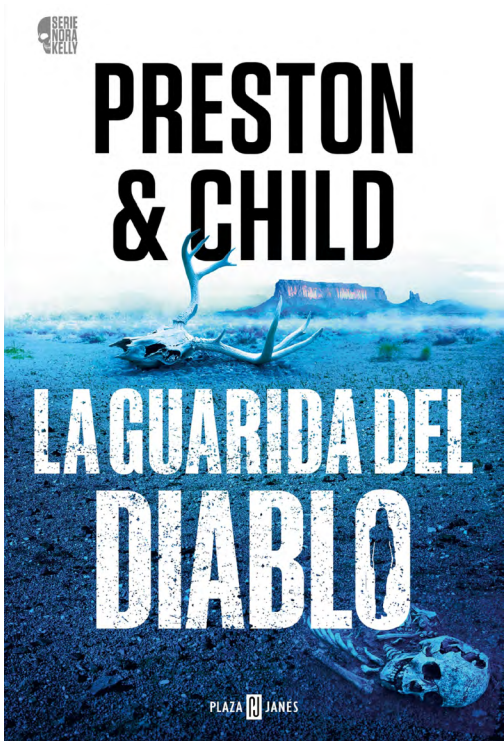
SERIE ROMANCE-ERÓTICO



Huesos olvidados
Douglas Preston



El aguijón del escorpión
Douglas Preston



La guarida del diablo
Douglas Preston

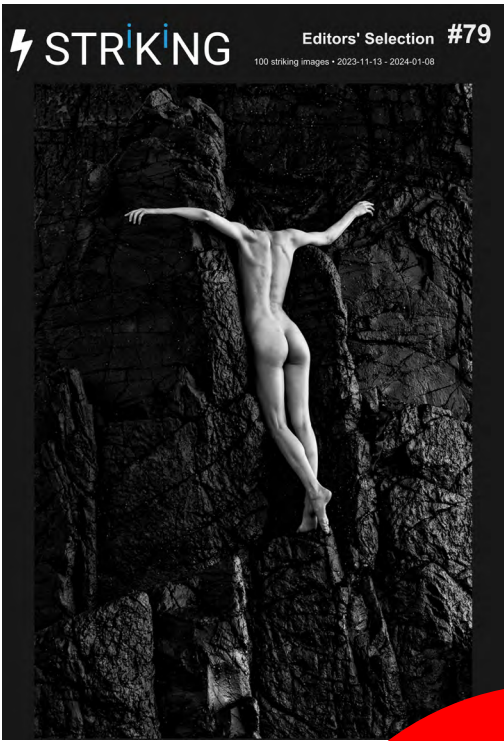
REVISTAS



Fine Art Photography
Nudes June 2025



Séparée 45



Striking 79 2025

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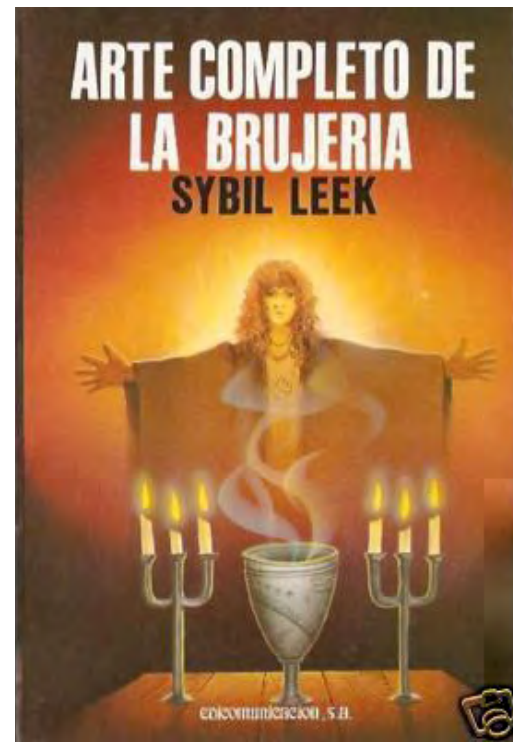
ARTE Y CULTURA



Las Salamancas o cuevas de brujería en Chile
Sergio Fritz Roa



Bruja despertar el poder ancestral de las mujeres
Lisa Lister



El Arte completo de la Brujería
Sybil Leek

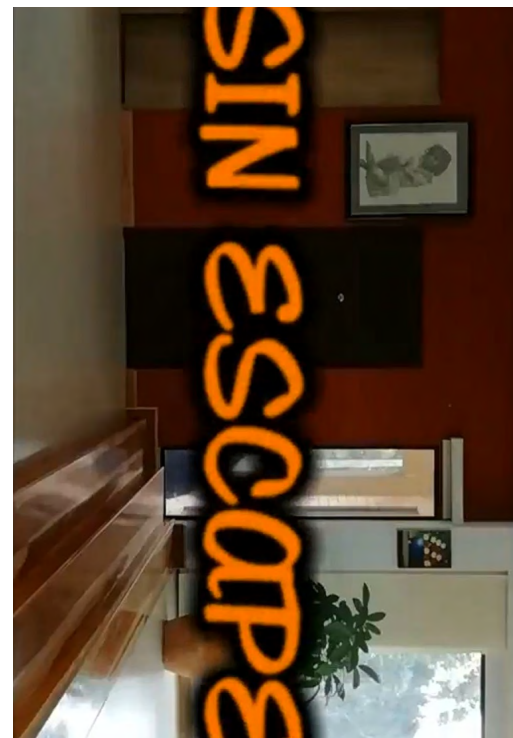
CORTOMETRAJE



Dreaming The Archive
2015
Jonas Lindström



Scotty's Vag 2022
Chaconne Martin-Berkowicz

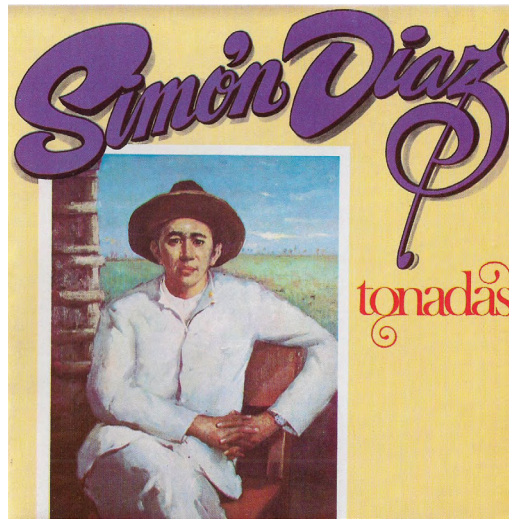


Sin escape
Cesar A. Paez Gutierrez

MUSICA HISPANOAMERICANA



Canto a la mujer de mi pueblo 1981
Los Kjarkas



Tonadas 1974
Simón Díaz

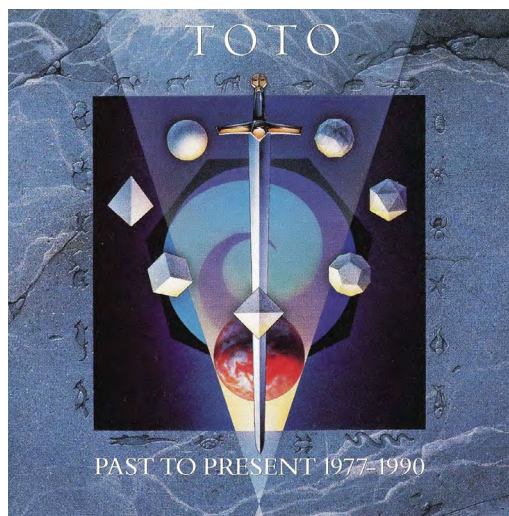


Tropicália ou Panis Et Circensis 1968
VV. AA.

MUSICA EN INGLÉS



In the Blue Light 2018
Paul Simon



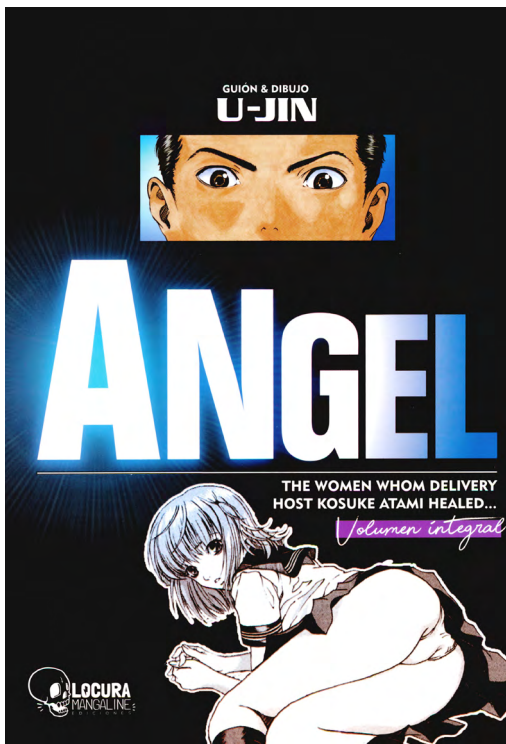
Past to present 77-90 1990
Toto



Strutting in Memphis 1974
Kiss

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LA PULGA MANGA HENTAI



Angel, The women whom delivery host Kosuke Atami healed



Black Market +Plus Inoue Kiyoshirou



Body Control App - Chiyou Yoyuchi

LA PULGA ARTBOOK



Bernet Fra Pupe Pallottole
Jordi Bernet

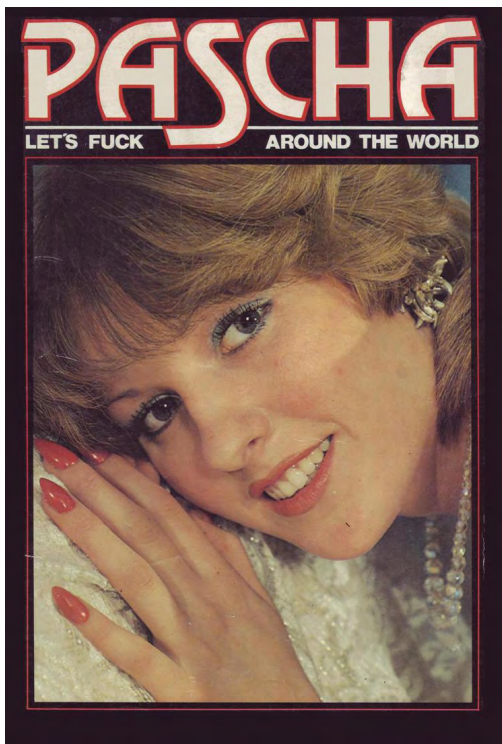


Ilunabar Magic Fables
Sarima

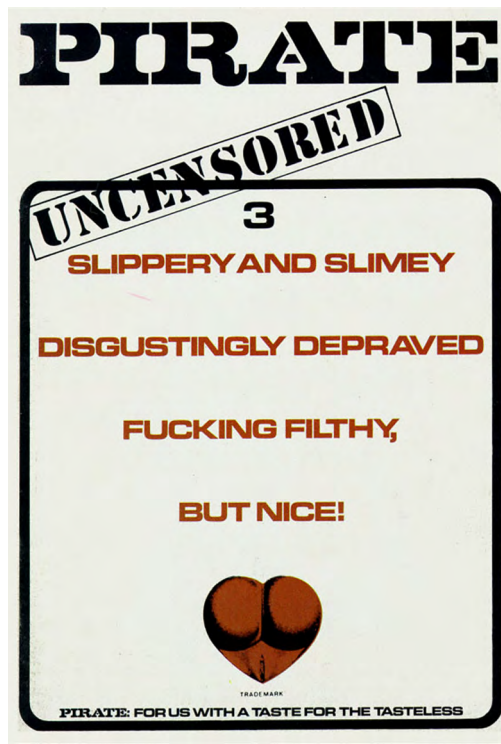


Second Slice The Art of
Olivia
Olivia de Berardinis

VINTAGE MAGAZINE



Pascha 4 1979



Pirate 3 1979

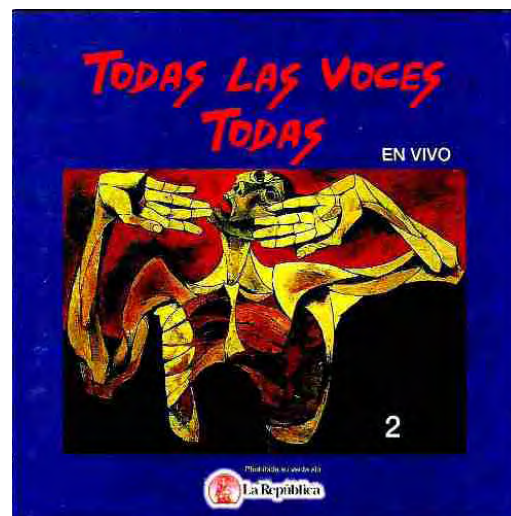


Pleasure 4 1975

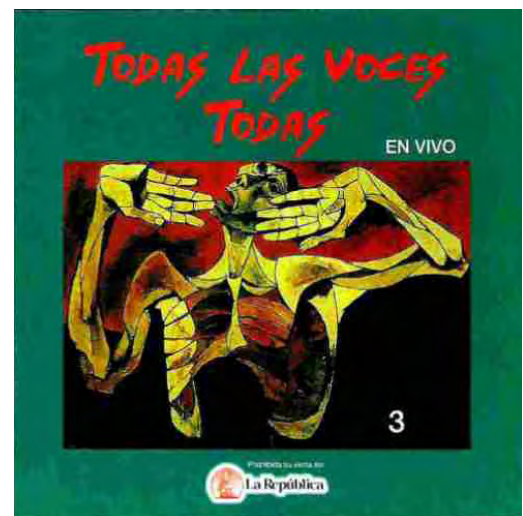
TROVA



Todas las voces todas cd 1
1996
Colectivos



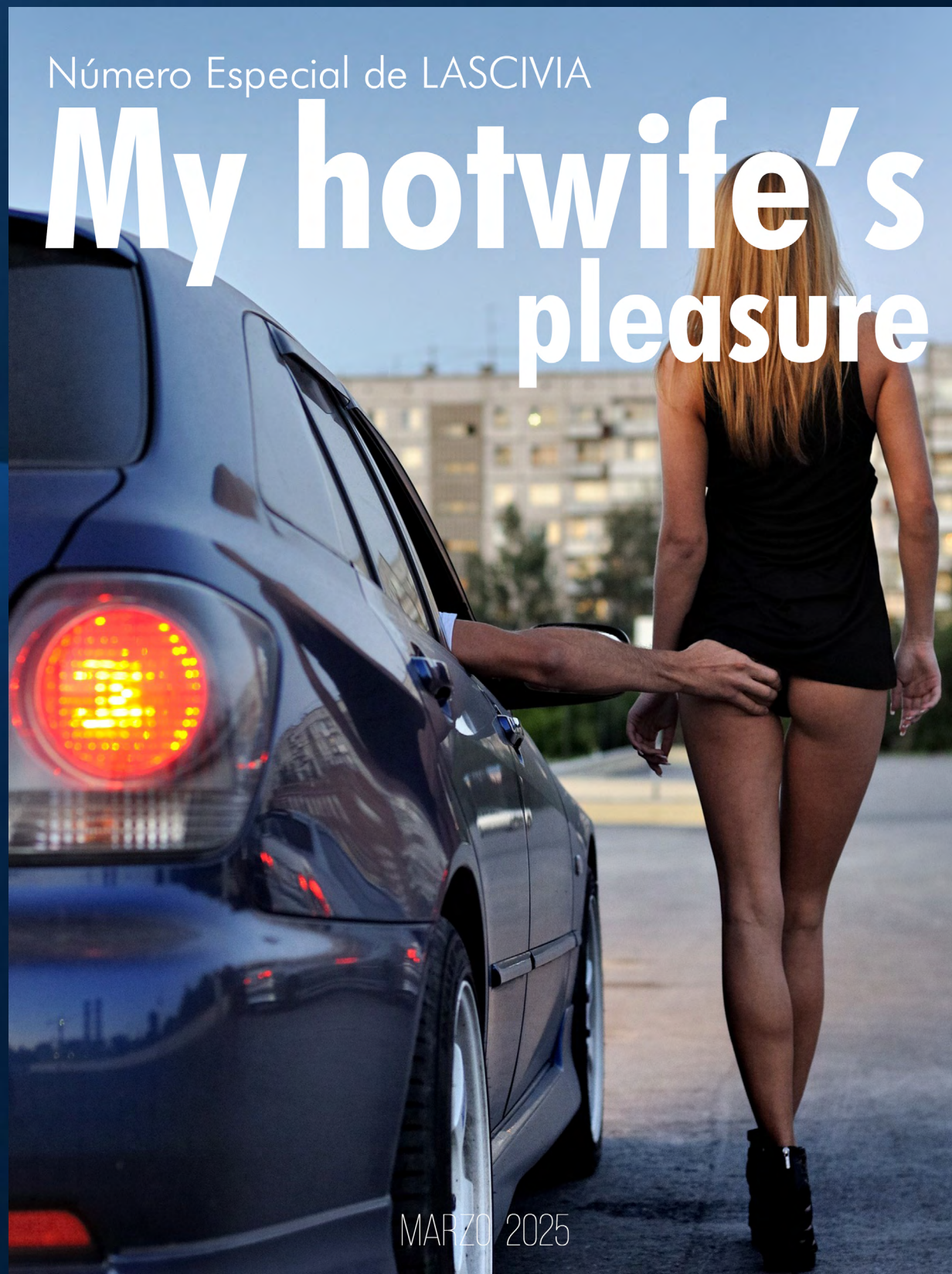
Todas las voces todas cd 2
1996
Colectivos



Todas las voces todas cd 3
1996
Colectivos

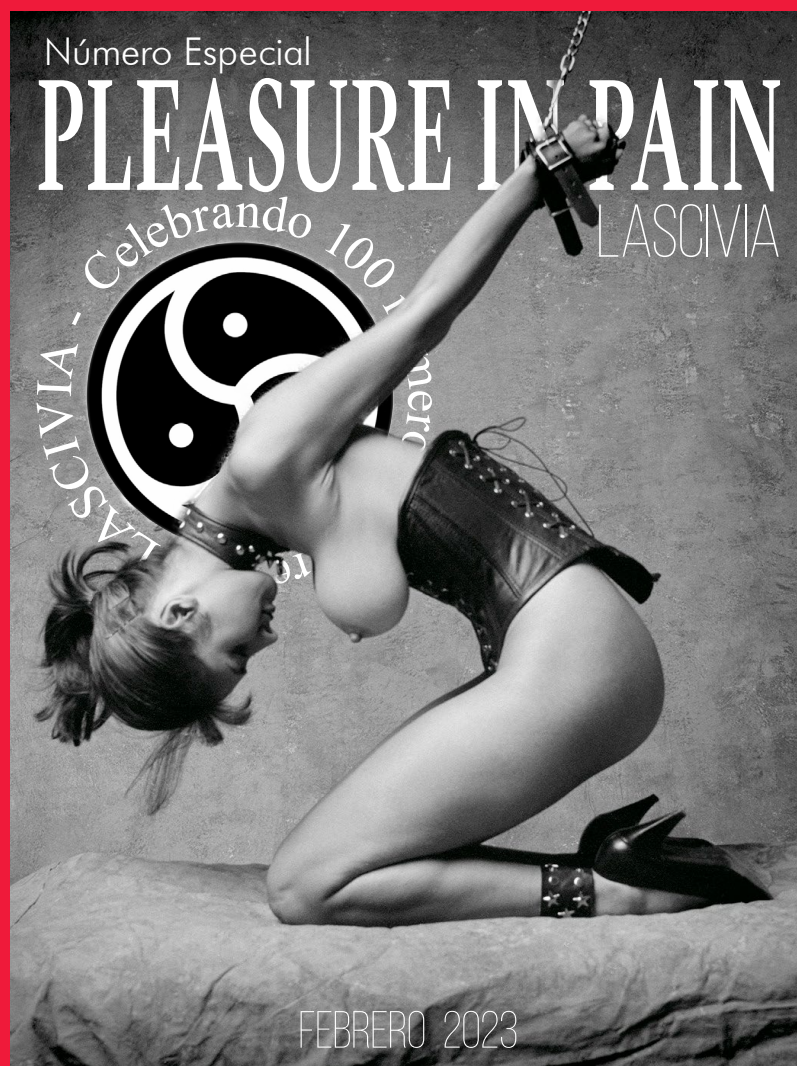
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LASCIVIA — TWO PLUS TWO

Coming out
as a Lifestyle
Non-Monogamous
Couple to Friends &
Family

By Secretsfl

Living as a consensually non-monogamous couple—whether through swinging, open relationships, or other lifestyle dynamics—is a powerful and personal choice rooted in honesty, trust, and sexual freedom. But while you may feel confident and fulfilled in your relationship, sharing this part of your life with friends and family can feel intimidating.

Coming out as a lifestyle couple isn't about oversharing intimate details—it's about choosing authenticity and living without shame. Whether you're considering full transparency or selective disclosure, here's how to approach the process with clarity, confidence, and care.

1. Decide Your “Why” Before You Share

Before you come out, reflect as a couple on why you want to share this part of your life. Are you tired of hiding who you are? Do you want to be able to talk openly about lifestyle events or friends? Or are you preparing for the possibility that someone may find out on their own?

Knowing your purpose helps you stay grounded and navigate reactions more confidently.

Ask Yourself:

- What do we hope to gain from sharing this?
- Who needs to know—and who doesn't?
- Are we ready to support each other emotionally through different outcomes?

2. Choose Who to Tell—and When

Coming out doesn't have to mean telling everyone all at once. Many lifestyle couples start by sharing with a small circle of trusted friends or family members. Pick people who have shown open-mindedness and emotional maturity in the past.



Select a time and setting that encourages calm, thoughtful conversation—avoid high-stress moments or emotionally charged environments.

Best Practice:

- Start with your “safe people.”
- Share in private, distraction-free settings.
- If possible, have both partners present to show unity and support.

3. Speak in Values, Not Just Labels

Words like swingers, open marriage, or non-monogamous may trigger assumptions. Instead of leading with labels, explain your relationship choices through the lens of values: trust, communication, honesty, exploration, and mutual respect.

Try saying:

- “We’ve chosen a relationship style that allows us to grow and explore together in a way that works for us.”
- “We’ve built a foundation of trust that lets us experience new things while staying deeply connected to each other.”
- Framing your lifestyle in terms of shared values helps loved ones understand the relationship, not just the behavior.

4. Prepare for a Range of Reactions

Not everyone will react with enthusiasm—and that’s okay. Some people may need time to process, ask questions, or even pull back temporarily. Others may surprise you with acceptance or curiosity.



Be prepared for common concerns:

- “What about your marriage?”
- “Aren’t you afraid someone will get hurt?”
- “How do you handle jealousy?”

Stay calm, answer only what you’re comfortable with, and don’t feel obligated to defend your choices. Some people may never fully understand—and that doesn’t invalidate your truth.

Grounding Tip: Their reaction is about them, not you.

5. Set Boundaries Around What You Share

You don’t have to go into sexual or personal detail—this is not about proving anything. It’s perfectly okay to keep private moments private.

You might say:

- “We’re happy to talk about how we’ve grown as a couple, but we’re not here to share graphic details.”
- “This isn’t about our sex life—it’s about how we live and love, with honesty and openness.”
- Boundaries protect your relationship and keep the focus on what really matters: your integrity, not your bedroom.

6. Support Each Other Through the Process

Coming out as a couple means showing up for one another emotionally. Talk in advance about what you’ll say, how you’ll handle tough questions, and how you’ll reconnect afterward.



REAL TAMPA
Swingers

Even if a conversation doesn't go as hoped, knowing you're united makes all the difference. Celebrate each other's courage and check in emotionally after each conversation.

Couple Strategy: Agree on a safe word or signal during conversations if either of you needs to pause or redirect the discussion.

7. Find Community and Support

Whether your loved ones accept your lifestyle or not, it's vital to have a community that understands and affirms your choices. Lifestyle clubs, online groups, and non-monogamy forums can be a source of strength, wisdom, and validation.

There's comfort in knowing you're not alone—and there are others who've walked the same path and come out stronger for it.

Final Thoughts: Live Proudly, Love Authentically

Coming out as a lifestyle non-monogamous couple is a deeply personal journey that requires courage, compassion, and connection. You are choosing to live a relationship that works for you—not one that fits someone else's expectations.

While not everyone will understand, the ability to speak your truth with integrity is a powerful gift. Whether you choose to be fully open or selectively honest, do it on your terms, with love and intention guiding every step.



HUMOR LASCIVO



"Nice try, Janice, but I know a faked orgasm when I see one!"

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4 essential works
from the cinema of
strong women***

Alita Battle Angel 2019



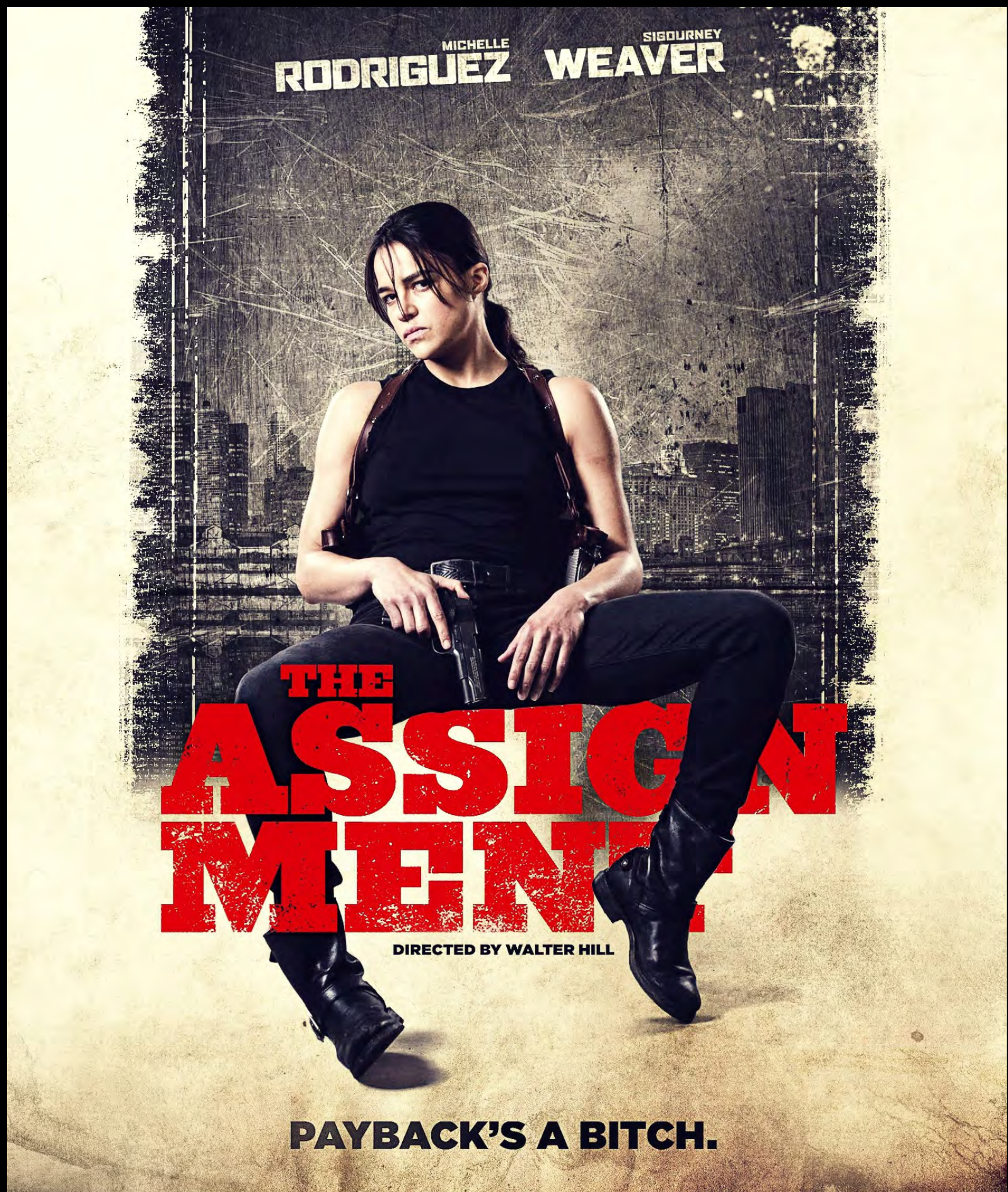
Alita is a creation from an age of despair. Found by the mysterious Dr. Ido while trolling for cyborg parts, Alita becomes a lethal, dangerous being. She cannot remember who she is, or where she came from. But to Dr. Ido, the truth is all too clear. She is the one being who can break the cycle of death and destruction left behind from Tiphareth. But to accomplish her true purpose, she must fight and kill. And that is where Alita's true significance comes to bear. She is an angel from heaven. She is an angel of death.

Sin City 2005



Four tales of crime adapted from Frank Miller's popular comics, focusing around a muscular brute who's looking for the person responsible for the death of his beloved Goldie (Jaime King), a man fed up with Sin City's corrupt law enforcement who takes the law into his own hands after a horrible mistake, a cop who risks his life to protect a girl from a deformed pedophile and a hitman looking to make a little cash.

The Assignment 2016



Following an ace assassin who is double crossed by gangsters and falls into the hands of rogue surgeon known as The Doctor who turns him into a woman. The hitman now a hitwoman sets out for revenge, aided by a nurse named Johnnie who also has secrets.

The Gorge 2025



Two highly-trained operatives are appointed to posts in guard towers on opposite sides of a vast and highly classified gorge, protecting the world from an undisclosed, mysterious evil that lurks within. They bond from a distance while trying to stay vigilant in defending against an unseen enemy. When the cataclysmic threat to humanity is revealed to them, they must work together in a test of both their physical and mental strength to keep the secret in the gorge before it's too late.



LASCIVIA — THE NIGHT PORTER

Inner child in the outer world

By d20domme

For years, I thought My need to be in control in BDSM was purely about preference and personality. I have always been strong-willed and not quiet about My feelings (unsurprisingly!). It wasn't until I started therapy in My early 20's that I realized how much My childhood shaped this dynamic. Growing up in a emotionally repressed household where I often had to be the 'voice of reason,' mediating adult dynamics while my parents struggled to emotionally connect to each other and Me, is where I learned that control meant safety.

The concept of the "inner child", that part of ourselves that holds our earliest experiences, needs, and emotional patterns intersects with BDSM and kink in complex ways that deserve thoughtful exploration. Understanding this intersection can lead to deeper self-awareness, healthier dynamics, and more authentic relationships within the kink community.

Waa-waa-what?

We all have an inner-child. Your inner child represents the emotional, vulnerable parts of yourself that were formed in early experiences. These aspects don't disappear in adulthood; they influence how we seek connection, handle vulnerability, and navigate power dynamics. Our inner child which is always free, happy and joyful and we're still them, we've just covered it over with adult over-thinking, patterns and beliefs. Adults care more about maintaining their image instead of being free to be themselves, which is what our inner child really desires.

In BDSM contexts, these patterns can manifest in both healing and potentially problematic ways.

There's an important distinction between consciously integrating inner child work into your kink practice and unconsciously reenacting childhood trauma or unmet needs.



Integration vs. Reenactment

Integration is crucial in inner child work because it allows you to acknowledge and heal childhood wounds while maintaining adult agency and decision-making capacity (such as negotiating a scene or dynamic!). Without integration, you might either completely suppress your inner child's needs (leading to emotional numbness and disconnection) or become overwhelmed by childhood emotions and reactions that aren't appropriate for adult situations. True healing happens when you can access the creativity, wonder, and authentic emotions of your inner child while using your adult wisdom to create safety, set boundaries, and make conscious choices about how to express and meet those needs.

Healthy integration might look like:

- Using Age play, Caregiver, or “Ownership” dynamics to explore nurturing and being nurtured in a safe, consensual adult context

This is where I have explored the Mommy Domme aspects of Myself

- Recognizing when your reactions stem from past experiences and communicating this with partners

Certain words, phrases, or even gestures have triggered unintentional responses within Me

- Creating spaces where your playful, curious, or vulnerable sides can emerge safely
- Using kink as a conscious tool for healing and growth

Unconscious reenactment might involve:

- Seeking BDSM experiences to fill childhood voids without awareness or processing

For Me, I like overseeing others as I know what it's like to be given too much responsibility when you are unable to manage it



- Difficulty maintaining adult agency and communication during scenes
Remember those words/phrases that triggered Me? Make it a mission to discover yours so you can vocalize them to others
- Using submission or Dominance to avoid dealing with underlying emotional needs
This is something I see all too frequently within our community
- Recreating unhealthy power dynamics from your past without conscious choice

Take a long hard look at your patterns

Self-awareness is crucial for inner child work because it allows individuals to recognize and understand their emotional triggers and patterns rooted in childhood experiences.

By cultivating self-awareness, one can identify unmet needs and unresolved feelings, facilitating healing and fostering a compassionate relationship with your inner child. This process promotes growth, self-acceptance, and ultimately leads to greater emotional well-being and healthier BDSM connections. Consider reflecting on questions like:

1. What draws you to specific dynamics or roles?
2. Do you find yourself consistently attracted to partners and playmates who remind you of early caregivers?
3. How do you handle vulnerability and emotional intimacy?
4. Are you seeking healing through your kink, or avoiding necessary emotional work?

Getting the answers to these questions could be the catalyst to the type of dynamics you're seeking.



Beyond the baby talk

When inner child aspects are present in your kink life, communication becomes even more essential. This includes:

Before scenes:

- Discussing any childhood experiences that might affect your reactions
- Establishing clear boundaries around what feels healing versus retraumatizing
- Creating signals for when you need to step back into full adult communication

During scenes:

- Maintaining some level of adult awareness even in regressed states
- Having agreed-upon ways to check in with each other
- Respecting when someone needs to pause or stop

After scenes:

- Processing experiences together
- Distinguishing between scene emotions and deeper personal work
- Supporting each other's unique integration process

If you're exploring the intersection of inner child work and BDSM, consider working with:

- Kink-aware therapists/counselors who understand both trauma and consensual power exchange
- Support groups for people processing childhood experiences, no this doesn't mean munches
- Mentors in the kink community who can offer guidance on healthy practices, with heavy emphasis on the vetting of said mentors



Several patterns can be problematic when inner child aspects aren't consciously addressed such as the caregiver trap, the perpetual child state, and confusion within boundary setting. Each of these requires genuine vulnerability that requires different kinds of care and attention. Kink is one tool among many for personal growth, not a substitute for other forms of healing.

YMMV

In My early days as a Dominant, I was unconsciously recreating that childhood pattern – taking care of everyone, anticipating their needs, feeling responsible for their emotional well-being even outside of scenes. I was exhausted and resentful, though I couldn't articulate why. The breakthrough came when My therapist helped Me recognize that My inner child was still trying to create the emotionally safe environment She never had.

Now, My Dominance comes from a different place. I still love taking control and caring for My submissives, but I do it from adult choice rather than childhood compulsion. I've learned to recognize when My inner child is activated, usually when I feel overly responsible for someone's happiness or when I struggle to receive care from others. I've also discovered that sometimes, even as a Dominant, I need to let My playful, silly side emerge. Shout-out to those who have seen Me in scenes, laughing, being silly, and amusing Myself through consensual torture. Some of my most meaningful scenes now include moments of genuine belly laughing and lightness that I never allowed Myself before. My relationships are deeper because I'm bringing My whole self to them, not just the hyper-responsible caretaker Femdom My childhood created.

The “gift” of integration

When approached consciously, integrating inner child awareness into your kink life can offer profound gifts: deeper intimacy, healing of old wounds, reclamation of joy and play, and the experience of being fully



seen and accepted. The key is approaching this work with awareness, support, and respect for the complexity of human psychology.

Remember that this work is ongoing. Your relationship with your inner child and how it shows up in your kink life will evolve as you grow and heal. Be patient with yourself, seek support when needed, and trust your own wisdom about what feels healing versus harmful.

The intersection of inner child work and BDSM isn't about returning to childhood – it's about integrating all parts of yourself into a conscious, adult life where you can experience the full spectrum of human connection and healing.



If you're working through childhood trauma or complex emotional patterns, please consider working with qualified mental health professionals alongside your personal exploration. This blog post is for informational purposes and doesn't replace professional therapeutic support.





HUMOR LASCIVO



“What a day! First my cake wouldn’t rise, and now this...”



Starting in June, the movie recommendations will include featured sequences from each title reviewed. In addition, classic porn films from the early years of the internet will be shared, as well as erotic films that don't match the quality of those featured in the magazine. Erotic comics will be exclusive content for Patreon subscribers, as will stories that can't be published online and modern porn that doesn't fit in the magazine due to space issues.

Subscriptions will cost 10 euros per month or 200 Mexican pesos. For more information, you can email me or contact me via WhatsApp, available on the website.



20:43

¡ACABÉ!

¿SEÑOR ALEX?

¿PERO QUÉ
HACE AQUÍ A
ESTAS HORAS?

◆ **LA AVISPA** ◆
PRIMERA PARTE

¡AH,
JESSICA!

YO...
BUENO... ÉSTABA
CORRIENDO TU
EXAMEN DE
LATÍN.

¿NO SABE QUE
DESPUÉS DE LAS SIETE
DE LA TARDE EN LA ESCUELA
NO PUEDE ENTRAR PERSONAL
MASCULINO?

OH,
NO ME
DI CUENTA
DE LA
HORA.

OH.

¿PERO
QUÉ HACES
JESSICA?

OH...
¡PROFESOR!

¡SI YA
ESTÁ
DURA!

¡HASTA
SIENTO
CÓMO SE
MUEVE!

ESCUCHA...
¡ENSEÑAMELA
Y SE QUEDA TODO
ENTRE NOSOTROS!

VAMOS,
SE
BUENO...

¿SE
IMAGINA
EL FOLLÓN
QUE SE
ARMARÍA
SI NOS
VIERAN?

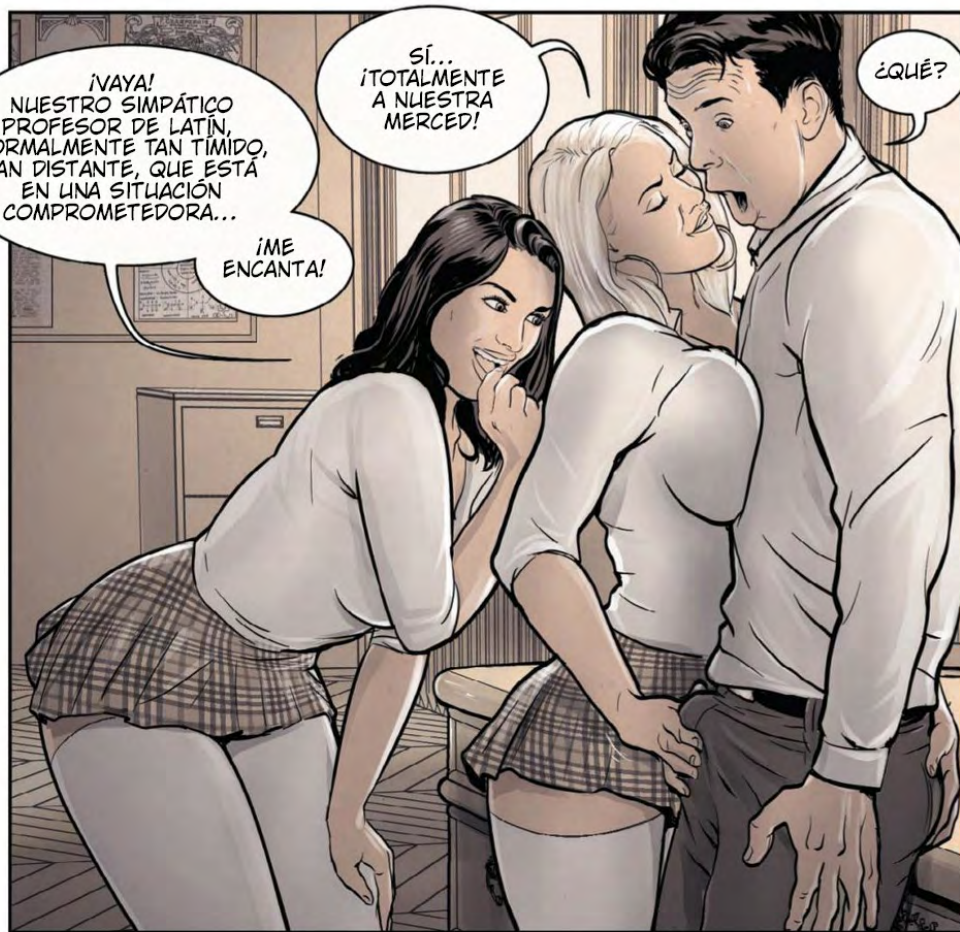
PERO...
¿QUÉ?

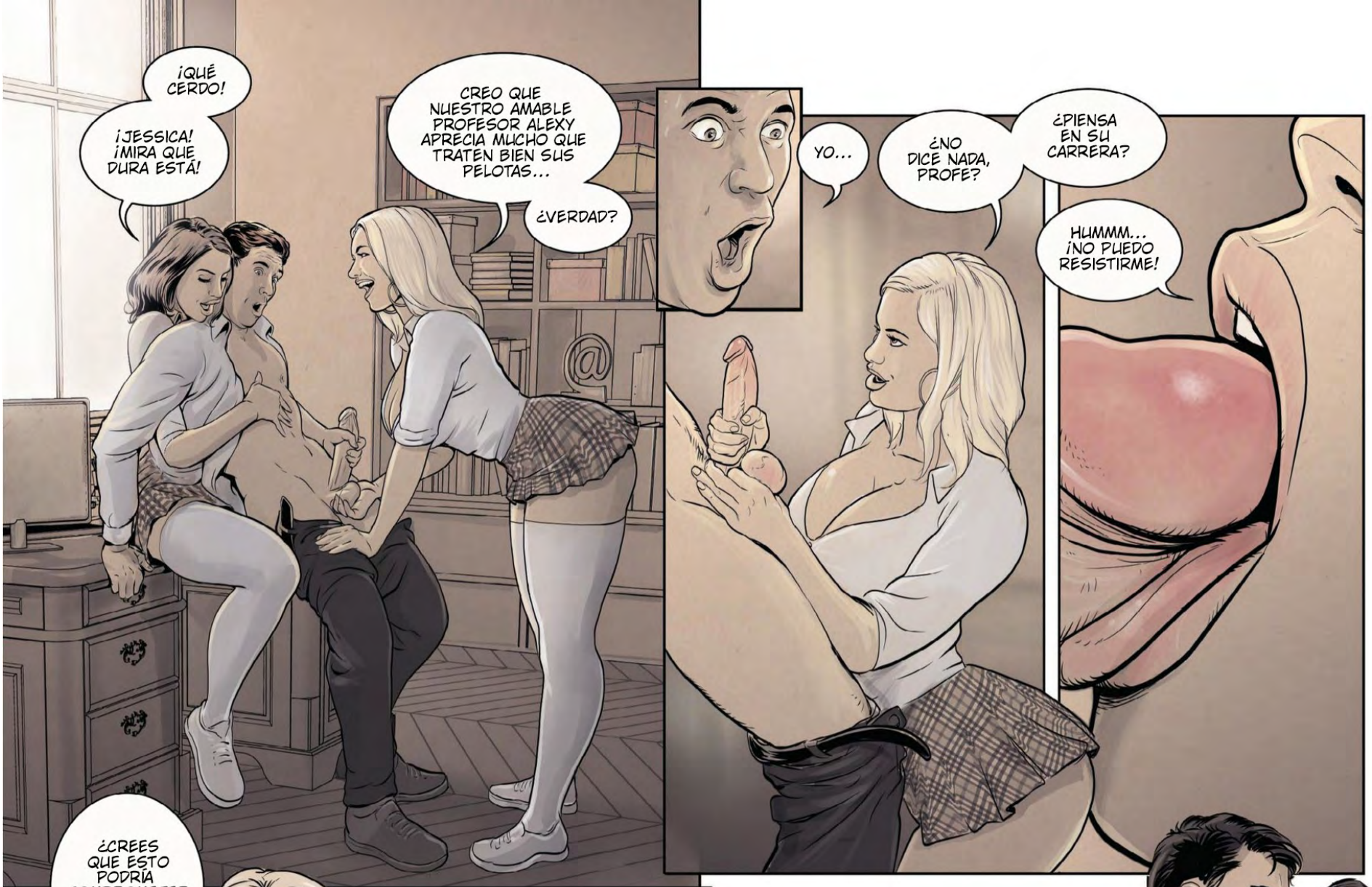
VENGA.
NO TE HAGAS
EL INOCENTE.

TODAS
LAS CHICAS
DEL INTERNADO
SUEÑAN CON
ESTO...

QUIEREN
VER TU
POLLA
GORDA...

¿MOLESTO?



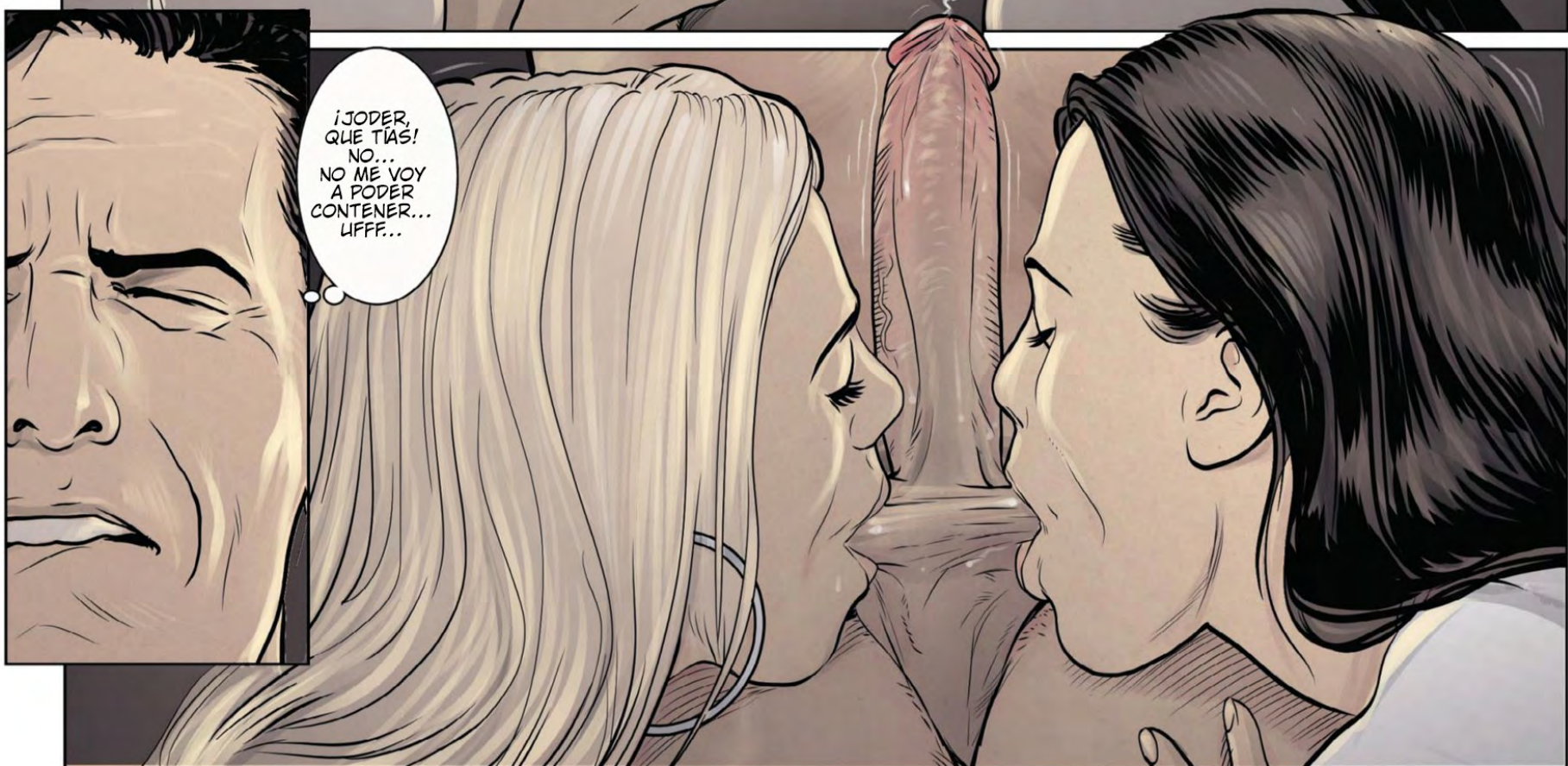
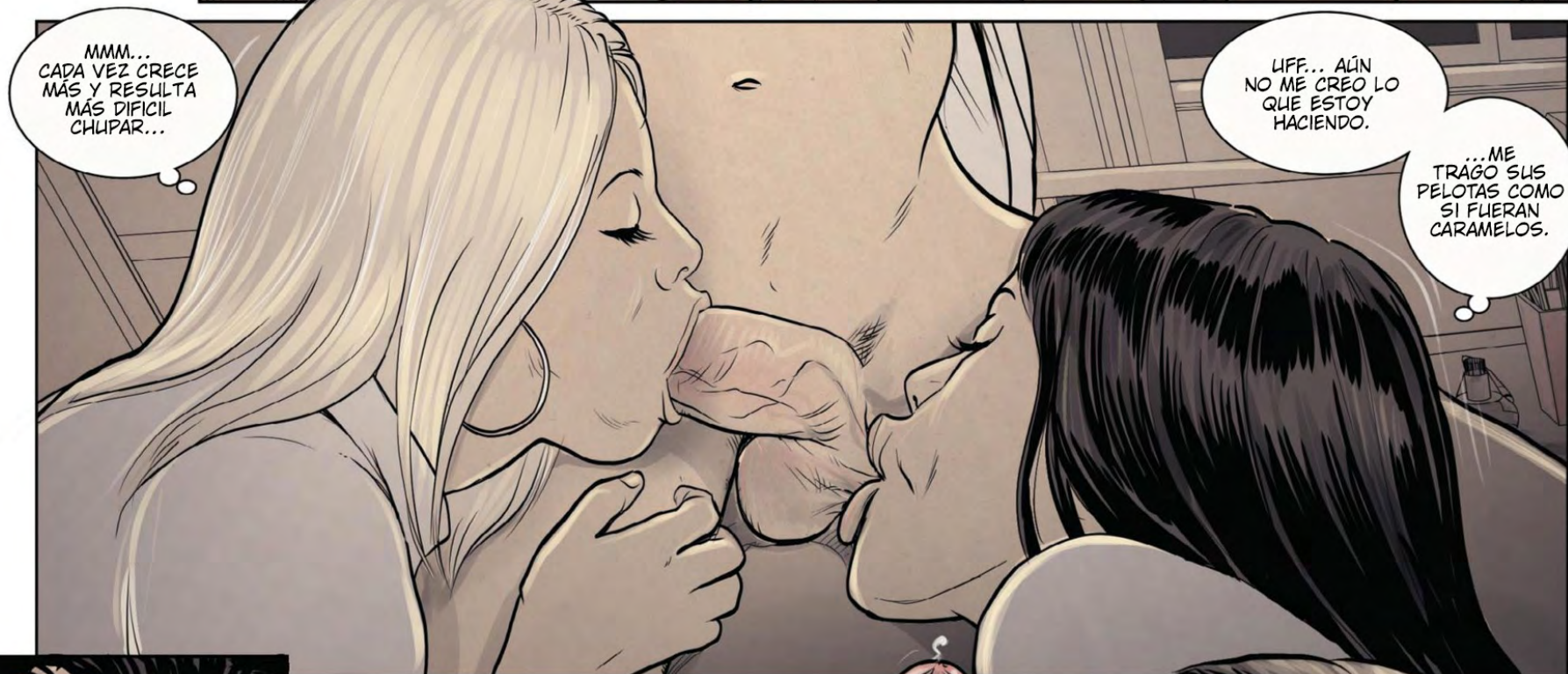
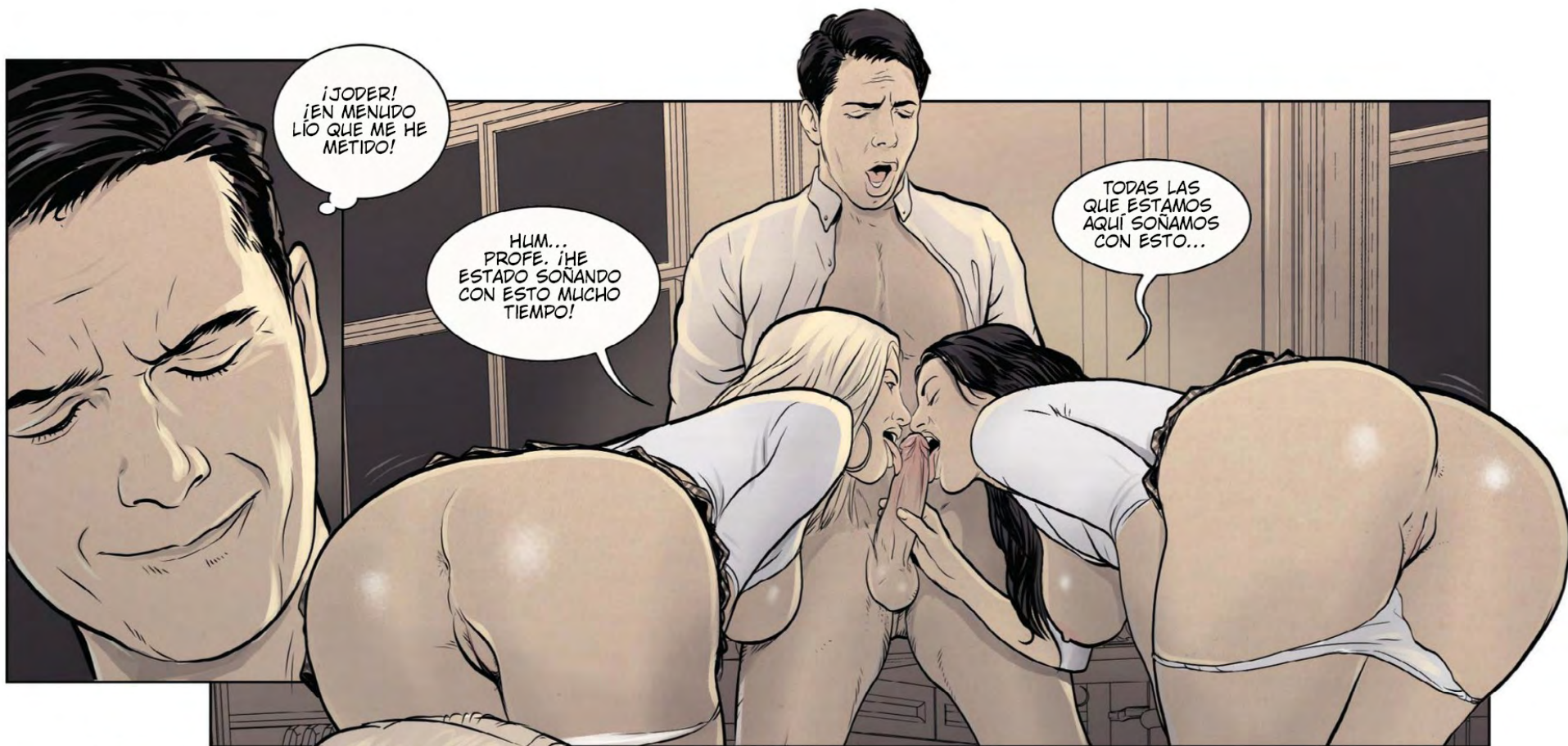


¿CREEES QUE ESTO PODRÍA COMPROMETER SU BRILLANTE TRABAJO?



HOOOOHH!







Y TRES HORAS DESPUÉS...

¡POR DIOS,
JESSICA! ¿PERO
QUÉ MÁS QUERÉIS
DE MI?

TRES
VECES MÁS,
PROFE ALEXY.

A CAMBIO DE
NUESTRO SILENCIO,
QUEREMOS QUE SE
SOMETA A NOSOTRAS
TOTALMENTE, PARA
HACER TODO LO
QUE QUERAMOS.

MMM...
OH, SÍ PROFE,
TIENE QUE ESTAR
A NUESTRA ENTERA
DISPOSICIÓN.

ESCUCHAD...
YO... YO...
ESCUCHAD...
¡VALE!

¡PERO
NI UNA
PALABRA!

¡VENID A VER
ESTO, CHICAS!

¡GUAY!
¡AL PROFESOR ALEXY
LE HAN HECHO UNA
BUENA MAMADA!

¡EY!
¡PROFESOR!

¡MALDITA
SEA! ¡ESTÁN
TODAS LAS CHICAS
DEL DORMITORIO!

◆FIN◆

HUMOR LASCIVO



LASCIVIA — THE VOYEUR

From Mountainhead to the Diddy Trial to The White Lotus, Cucks Are Having a Moment

By Tim Molloy

Cucks are having their pop culture moment, from HBO productions like *Mountainhead* and *The White Lotus* to Apple TV+'s *Your Friends and Neighbors*, to the Manhattan courtroom where Sean "Diddy" Combs stands trial.

The word cuck, short for cuckold, refers to a man whose female partner has sex with other men, often humiliating him in the process. It alludes to the cuckoo bird, because of its tendency to lay its eggs in the nests of other birds. The word dates back to medieval times: References to cuckolds are found in the works of Chaucer and William Shakespeare. Humiliated men are natural fodder for drama.

That's especially true today, an age when the term cuckold has been co-opted and shortened by conservatives, who demean moderate or conservative men they deem to be soft as "cucks." Liberals (and sometimes fellow conservatives) have fired back by calling supposedly soft right-wingers as "cuckservatives." The phrase has also come into common use to refer to anyone who is a sucker or rube.

But cuckolding need not be humiliating: For some, it's a turn-on. Some research indicates that as many as 20 percent of North Americans have engaged in consensual non-monogamy, or CNM. (This of course includes men who have sex with multiple women, who are not, by definition, cuckolds.)

Hollywood's cuck fascination may just be catching up to the general population. PornHub's 2024 Year in Review, one annual indicator of people's secret desires, indicated a slight uptick in the terms "cuckold wife" (up 8%,) and "wife swap" (up 6%).

And as modern pop culture reflects, cuckery is complicated: Sexologist Jill McDevitt has said that it can be a form of masochism or sadism. Some cuckolds enjoy "the arousal that comes from relinquishing power and being humiliated," she told *Men's Health* last year. Others, she said, enjoy watching their partner with someone else, from a sadistic perspective, because he is role-playing "getting revenge on his partner by pimping her out."

Nowhere is the complication more evident than in the Diddy trial, where the rap impresario is accused of hiring male escorts to have sex with his then-partner, Cassie Ventura, in "freakoffs," or, in their shorthand, FOs.



Prosecutors say the freakoffs amounted to sex trafficking, but Diddy's lawyers have used texts between Ventura and Combs to argue that they were consensual, and that she enjoyed the freakoffs.

Jurors will have to decide whether Diddy's orchestration of his partner into something that has been, since Shakespeare's time, a shorthand for humiliation was, in fact, a power move — and abuse of power.

Hollywood is asking viewers to ask the same questions about a wide range of fictional characters. But what's different about the cucks of today and the cucks of old is that today's cucks are often fully aware of their partner's sex with others, if not fully on board.

Hollywood's Fascination With Cucks

In Wes Anderson's 2021 *The Royal Tenenbaums*, Bill Murray's Raleigh St. Clair cuts a pitiable figure as he realizes the extent of his wife Margot (Gwyneth Paltrow's) cheating: "You've made a cuckold of me," he laments.

But the Hollywood cuckolds of today are likely to be well aware of their partner's cheating, if not encouraging of it.

Whatever the reasons, cucks and cuckery are very much in the zeitgeist, especially on prestige TV: On Season 3 of *The White Lotus*, the malevolent Greg Hunt (Jon Gries), who recently came into a fortune via the murder of his wife, has a fetish for watching his new partner with younger men. In the new HBO film *Mountainhead*, the sole likable character, Jeff (Ramy Youssef), is a multibillionaire who doesn't want his significant other going to a sex party in Mexico, but feels powerless to tell her it's a dealbreaker. He is open with the other powerful men in his wealthy cohort about his hopes that she won't sleep with anyone else.

Jesse Armstrong, the writer-director of *Mountainhead*, previously examined cuckoldry on his show *Succession*, in which Tom Wambsgans (Matthew MacFayden) was afraid his wife Shiv Roy (Sarah Snook) would leave him if he objected to her sleeping around.



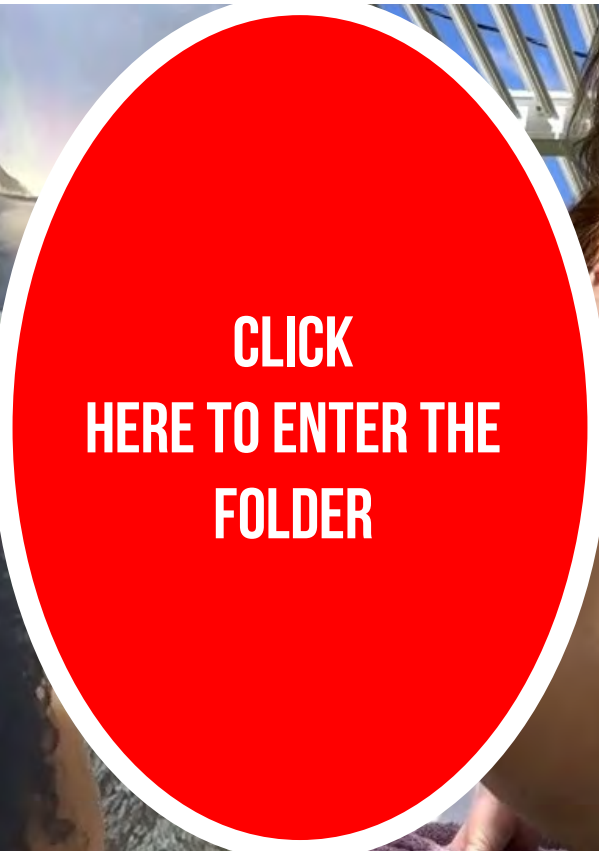
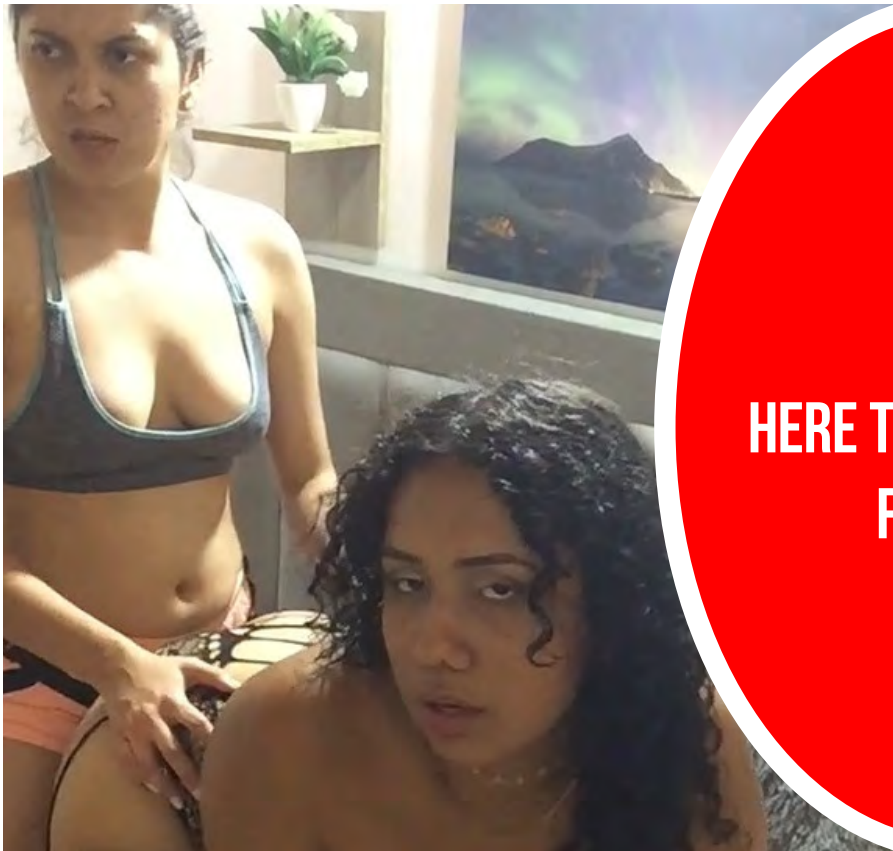
Perhaps the most prominent cuckold now on television is Andrew “Coop” Cooper (Jon Hamm), the protagonist of Apple TV+’s hit *Your Friends and Neighbors*. Coop appears, in most senses, to be an alpha male: He has a big house, a huge finance job, and a Maserati. In some ways he’s a modern Don Draper, the sturdy, traditional alpha Hamm played on *Mad Man*.

But Coop becomes a cuckold against his will when his wife Mel (Amanda Peet), sleeps with one of his best friends, former NBA star Nick (Mark Tallman). Unlike many other TV cucks, Coop exits the marriage because of her infidelity. But in a shock to all the friends and neighbors of the show’s title, Coop remains friendly with both Mel and Nick, and even shocks everyone by attending a party at Nick’s house. (He gets in a fight there — but not with Nick.)

In an interesting reversal, Coop makes a cuck of the man who cucked him when he sleeps with Mel on a visit to Princeton. Nick doesn’t take it well, punching Coop. But, soon after, they put their differences aside and bro out with a night on the town.

Perhaps both are heeding the words of Iago in Shakespeare’s *Othello*: “Beware, my lord, of jealousy/It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock/The meat it feeds on/That cuckold lives in bliss/Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger.”





HUMOR LASCIVO



"You were right, doctor. I hardly felt a thing."

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**I'd rather
be left
with the
guilt than
the desire!**

LASCIVIA — TOKYO DECADENCE

Is “Kidenjû-sama Go-tanjô” based on a true story?

By Warren Boutin

The film “Kidenjû-sama Go-tanjô,” often translated as “Birth of the Giant Insect Woman,” is a Japanese pink film, a genre known for its softcore pornography and often absurd or satirical narratives. Given the film’s subject matter, which typically involves a woman transforming into a giant insect, the immediate answer to the question of whether it’s based on a true story is a resounding no. However, digging deeper reveals more complex layers that touch upon societal anxieties, exploitation narratives, and the very nature of truth and fiction.

The premise itself is inherently fantastical. It involves elements of body horror, transformation, and often commentary on societal ills. This makes the likelihood of a literal “true story” exceedingly slim. There are no documented cases of anyone transforming into a giant insect woman. The film functions within the realm of allegory and metaphor, utilizing fantastical elements to explore more grounded and relevant themes.

To understand why this question is even relevant, we need to examine the nature of storytelling itself. Even in works of pure fiction, there are often kernels of truth drawn from the author’s experiences, observations, and the cultural context in which they live. While the literal events are fabricated, the emotional core or the societal critiques presented can resonate with real-world issues.

Deconstructing the Narrative

“Kidenjû-sama Go-tanjô,” like many pink films, often explores themes of exploitation, objectification, and power dynamics. While the giant insect transformation is a central element, it often serves as a vehicle to comment on the treatment of women in society, the pressures they face, and the dehumanizing effects of the male gaze.

Common Themes in Pink Films

Pink films, despite their explicit content, often address serious social issues:

- **Gender Inequality:** These films frequently depict power imbalances between men and women, often exaggerating them for dramatic effect.

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- **Social Commentary:** Pink films can be used to critique societal norms, governmental policies, and prevailing attitudes towards sexuality.
- **Exploitation:** The films often examine the exploitation of workers, artists, and vulnerable individuals within society.
- **Rebellion:** While controversial, some see pink films as a form of rebellion against societal constraints and traditional norms.

The exaggerated and often bizarre transformations featured in these films can be interpreted as visual metaphors for the ways in which societal pressures can warp and distort individuals, particularly women. The act of becoming a giant insect woman can represent a loss of control, a forced submission to external forces, or a violent reaction against those same forces.

The Power of Allegory

Therefore, while “Kidenjû-sama Go-tanjô” is not based on a literal true story, it can be seen as an allegorical representation of real-world issues. The story might be a commentary on:

- **The objectification of women in the media:** The transformation into a monstrous insect woman could symbolize the dehumanizing effect of being constantly scrutinized and judged based on physical appearance.
- **The pressures on women to conform to unrealistic beauty standards:** The forced transformation might represent the feeling of being trapped in a body that is not one’s own, forced to adhere to societal expectations.
- **The sense of powerlessness that many individuals feel in the face of societal forces:** The transformation could be a manifestation of the character’s inability to control her own destiny.

My Experience with the Movie

I have to admit, initially approaching “Kidenjû-sama Go-tanjô” was met with some trepidation. Knowing the genre and the subject matter, I braced myself

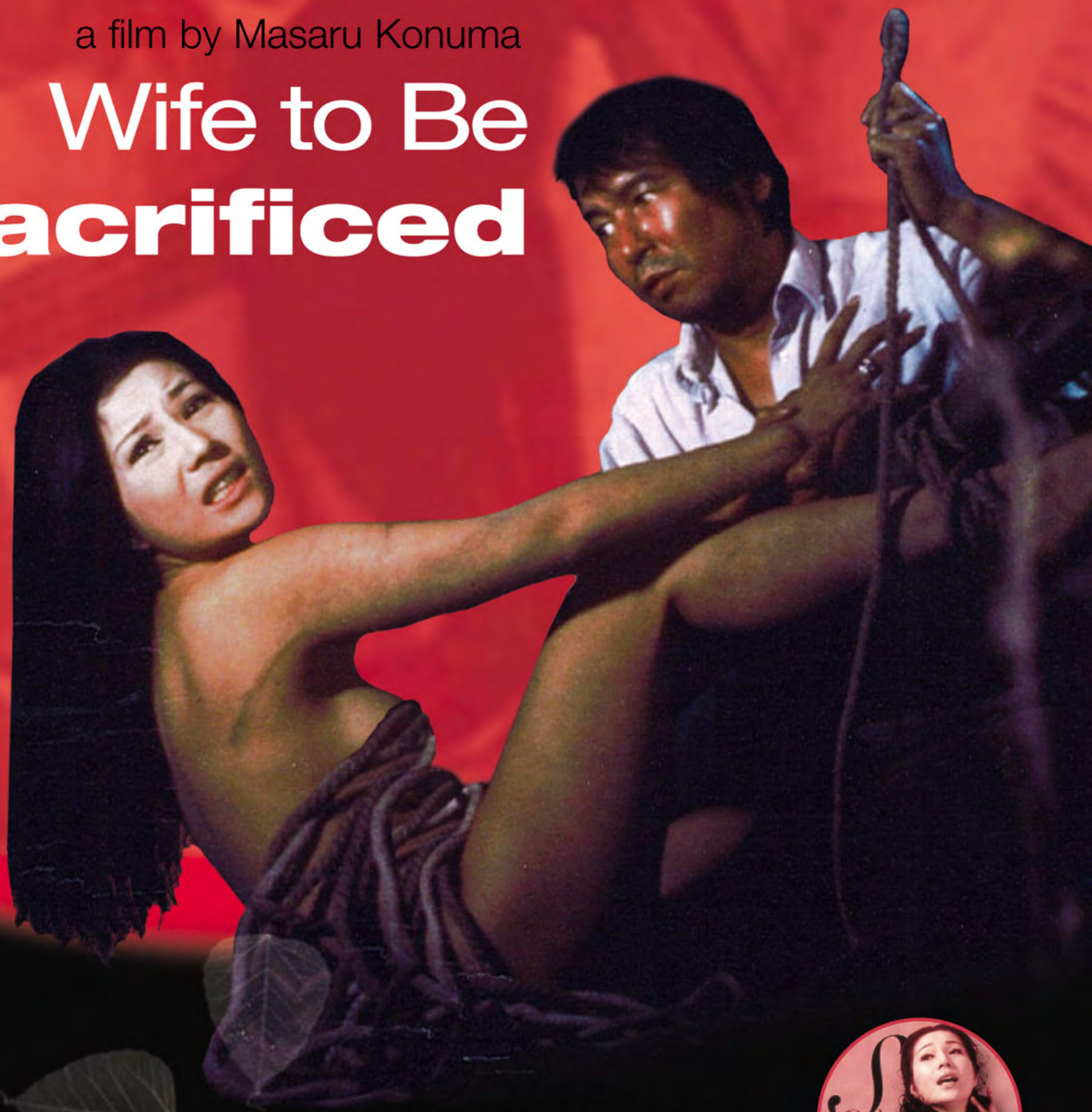
THE KIMSTIM COLLECTION

"Intimate and artfully extreme, Miss Tani
is Japan's most exciting actress."

— Asian Cult Movies Magazine

a film by Masaru Konuma

Wife to Be Sacrificed



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A Nikkatsu Roman Pink Classic

for something purely exploitative and sensational. What I found, however, was more nuanced.

While the film is undeniably graphic and disturbing at times, it's also surprisingly thought-provoking. The grotesque imagery is unsettling, but it serves a purpose. It forces you to confront the uncomfortable realities of power dynamics and the ways in which individuals can be dehumanized.

I wouldn't say I "enjoyed" the film in the traditional sense. It's not something I would watch for pure entertainment. However, I found it to be a strangely compelling and unforgettable experience. It sparked a lot of reflection on the role of women in society, the pressures they face, and the ways in which media can both reflect and perpetuate harmful stereotypes.

The visual effects, though dated, were surprisingly effective in conveying the sense of transformation and horror. The acting, while often over-the-top, was committed and believable within the context of the film. What ultimately stayed with me was the underlying sense of sadness and frustration that permeated the narrative. It's a film that lingers in your mind long after the credits roll, prompting you to question the world around you.

Conclusion

In conclusion, "Kidenjû-sama Go-tanjô" is not based on a true story in the literal sense. No one has ever transformed into a giant insect woman in reality. However, the film does draw upon real-world anxieties and societal issues, using the fantastical transformation as an allegory for the exploitation, objectification, and dehumanization that individuals, particularly women, can experience. It's a work of fiction that utilizes exaggeration and symbolism to explore deeper truths about the human condition. While controversial and potentially disturbing to some viewers, it offers a unique and unsettling perspective on societal power dynamics and the struggle for individual agency.



JAV PORN

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LASCIVIA — PANDORA'S BOX

My Son Paints Me

By Ny7fun

I can remember how much my son, Sammy, loved to create art from a young age. He was always drawing something, painting someone, taking classes to become more confident and more commanding of what he was seeing and creating. My husband then, Mark, and I encouraged him continually throughout high school, going to museums, even traveling to New York city together to visit all the museums so he would have a better grasp of different styles.

It was not always a very happy or stable time. Mark was sick for years with emphysema (he was older than me when we met and fell in love, I was actually only 19 and he was my art teacher - I wasn't very good, but he was brilliant). Then we had Sammy, and it was so great to be loved by him, and to raise our son, out in a rural part of New York state where Mark had his own quiet place. But he just would not stop smoking as part of his "Art Life" as he called it, and it got him. When Sammy was 16, he died of a heart-attack, and it was devastating. I don't know if Sammy just held it together better for me, but he was there for me through my grief, and I rarely saw him break down or cry.

All I saw him do was paint, and draw, and sometimes he would create until long hours of the night. He started to ask to paint me more as well, and I posed for him countless times as he kept working at his art - often, I could tell, as a way of trying to push past his grief. This is a good time to mention that I am about Five foot Two, fairly petite, natural red-head, and I was not perfectly fit but I kept up with some exercise and had a set of "jugs" as Mark used to joke about (and that was his favorite part of me, too). Sammy took more after his dad, who was taller, about 6 foot 2, and he kept very fit and healthy with a lot of swimming by the lake nearby our house.

Throughout this time, I wasn't sure if he was... more attracted to me than as Mom, if you know what I mean. I kept my clothes on throughout these years, and he kept his on as well (often a pair of overalls with a shirt, so he could keep the paint on him most of all). But I'd be lying if I didn't catch him sneaking a peak at me when we would go to the beach and I would take off my shirt and reveal my bathing suit.

I'd also be lying if, by 18, I wasn't looking a little more at him as well, seeing him as not simply an image of his father, but even more attractive. Maybe with a hint of my father as well.



Then came the heat wave of that summer before he went to college, and to say everything changed after that one... “experiment” would be an understatement, not just for his art, but for us, period.

It was already starting to be a heat wave the day before, and climbing into a sweltering 90’s. We had air conditioning by then, but not usually very good. I would go around in a pair of shorts and a shirt (no bra), and Sammy would have on his overalls, but no shirt.

On this day, we were having breakfast when he looked up and his face looked kind of innocent, like a kid asking for something special (he was very polite). He asked if I could pose for him.

“Sammy, come on,” I said in a half-joking way. “You don’t think it’s too hot for that? Your drawing room doesn’t have the best AC. Maybe take a rest today?”

“Well, the thing about it is, uh...” He kind of trailed off and played with his cereal bowl.

“Yes?”

“This time, I’d like to draw you with less clothes on than usual. Like, in your bathing suit.”

“Sure,” I said. He was kind of wide-eyed and responded, “Really?”

“Of course. You got to get some more experience doing full Life Drawings before you go to college, right?”

“Yeah, that’s the thing. And no one is around this summer that can pose for me, so... What do you say?”

“I’m your gal!” That was what I would say to him when he needed me. It felt good to be needed.

So, after we had our breakfast, I stepped into Sammy’s drawing room. His painting canvas was opposite a long foyer next to the window. We had it open (though with a screen) to let in air. I had already changed and had on a two-piece bikini that I wore on special occasions - back when I wanted Mark



to find me really sexy. I didn't consciously wear it for Sammy in that sense, but when I think back on it, I realize I must have thought somewhere about wanting to look.... Good for him. We were already sweating when he asked me to sit by the foyer by the window.

I went over and lay back, and he went to his seat and started to paint. For the first minute or so, I just lay back with my legs together and arms down, and I think we knew it was awkward.

"Raise your right leg up, like at a 45-degree angle?" he asked with an authority that took me by surprise. He asked me ways to pose before, of course, but this felt different somehow. There was some kind of change in his eyes, like he was determined to get something right. I moved my legs and while I had my bottoms on it left little to the imagination (I also didn't shave that much, so I knew my vaginal hairs were sticking out and easy to see).

As he got to painting, I couldn't help but have my eyes stare down his torso, which was sweating profusely, and down to his crotch. He was already getting hard, and the line of his cock was starting to bulge around the lining of his pants. I don't know what it was, maybe it was the heat around us or how Sammy looked more manly, but I was feeling an incredible heat surge in my own vagina. It was pulsing and I could feel the beat throughout my entire body. I was barely able to catch my breath.

I could see Sammy looking at me a little more intently; he tried to avert my eyes, and instead was looking very intently at my breasts, as my nipples were rock solid. I had a crazy thought jump in my head, and I blurted out, "I should take this off."

He didn't even have a pause and said, "Yes, you should."

"But" I added, and my voice was coming from somewhere else, some where I was taken aback by later but felt primal, "I want you to be naked with me."

"Oh?" He raised an eyebrow.

"It seems unfair that your poor old mum should be naked by herself. Come on, it's only fair."



I went behind me and unclasped my bathing suit top, and my heavy 34 D breasts came out into view. We both stood up at the same moment. I removed my bottoms, and after putting his brush down he leaned up and took off his overalls. He was not, little to my surprise, wearing any underwear.

I was wide-eyed at his cock, which bobbed up in the air. He was circumcised, and the head was juicy and beading with sweat, with long balls hanging down. I couldn't guess his size if I tried, maybe seven inches? Maybe more? It really was the spitting image of his father, only healthier, younger, than he had ever been with his cigarettes which definitely affected him. There was light but trimmed red hair lining his bush.

I leaned back into my position, and at the angle I was I had my legs spread and it left even less to the imagination for him as my vulva was spread. He sat back down and picked up his brush and really went to work for several minutes. He seemed possessed and his face was full of concentration. I was so in love with him for so long it is hard to express, but now the love was in an intimacy that was going too far. A voice in my head said, "No, what are you doing, Paula, this is crazy." But I didn't care. I wanted to see my son this way, and I knew he wanted to see me, all of me, and it made me feel wanted and desired.

"Sammy," I said.

"Yes?"

"I need to do something. And I need you to do something."

He stopped and looked at me. I looked at him deeply in his eyes then. "What is that?"

I took my hand and went down to my cunt, which was sopping wet, and started to rub my clit, which was throbbing and engorged. His eyes went wide again, and when I glanced, I saw his cock jump up.

"You need to, too. You got to... to..."

"Jerk off"



“Yes. Jerk off for me,” I said, again with a deep voice that was like I was back with Mark and demanding he do things to me in bed.

He licked his hand and went down and put it around his cock and started to rub it. It was so fucking gorgeous as he was gliding his hand up around the head and then down his thick shaft. It was making me increase my tempo, and I must have then put a couple of fingers inside of myself. But I knew I was going faster and felt a throbbing increasing like I hadn’t felt in years.

“Do you ever fantasize about me?” I asked.

“Yes, yes, I do. All the time,” he said in a whisper.

“You like to cum to me? Beat your meat to me?”

“Fuck yes Mom.”

I almost snapped out of it but furrowed my sweaty fucking face. “Paula, call me Paula.”

“Yes, Yes, Paula.”

I could see him increase his tempo, and so I did the same. We didn’t talk much for the next minute and a half. We just kept looking at one another, me at his devilishly handsome and young face, and at that massive cock. His eyes were directly at my vagina.

I blurted out, “I’m gonna come. I’m gonna... gonna.... Oh, Sammy,” I felt a massive jolt through my body, and I almost felt paralyzed I came so hard and let out a guttural yell that could have been heard for a half a mile. It was right then Sammy panted out, “YES!”

I saw him shoot three big jets of sperm onto the floor about three feet ahead of him. It was such a massive load, I couldn’t believe someone could ejaculate that much. His penis shot a few smaller jets of cum, and then he was done and catching his breath. I had this immediate voice that came to me and said, “I need that inside me.” I had to shake my head to snap out of it.



It was then we both sort of came down from this and he asked me if I needed anything. “Maybe a towel, hah,” I said sort of jokingly. He got up in a sprint and got me a towel from the other room. His cock was still half hard but starting to deflate. I also asked him for some water, and he left and got a couple of tall full glasses.

We sat there silent, more or less, for another two hours as I sat, still completely naked, and he is painting and now completely focused on what he had in front of him on his canvas. At this, he realized it was getting late and had some other work to do and called it a day.

That night, I barely had any sleep. I would nod off and I had a dream that I was on the ground and a spigot from a faucet was covering me in honey, or something that seemed heavy, until I couldn’t see anything. Then, Sammy was standing over me so tall, a giant, but I looked past his cock to see his face and it was that nice smile and intense eyes. I felt so warm and happy in the dream, like a little kid covered in all of that honey.

When I woke up, I masturbated twice in half an hour and had to put my face in my pillow to not wake up Sammy. I knew this wasn’t going to stop at just us pleasuring ourselves. I had to take it further, for him but for me, too.

Two days later, we returned to Sammy’s room. I wore the bikini again and he was in no shirt but a pair of loose shorts, this time leaning on a table with one hand holding up my head. He had a large drawing pad that day instead of a large canvas with his oil paints and was furiously drawing and scribbling with a big black piece of what looked like red charcoal. It was still hot, probably even hotter than it was when we were there the day before last.

I looked at him and said, “Sammy?” His eyes were not looking at me at first, like he didn’t want to acknowledge what had happened the other day. But his shorts had a massive bulge that betrayed his artist’s concentration. I realized my tone was too sharp, so I softened and, in a whisper, said again, “Sammy?” That caught his attention, and he looked at me. I took myself off the stool and removed my top and my bottoms.

“Yes, of course,” he said, also in a whisper like we were sort of connected on some other plane that we didn’t want to say out loud. He got up and removed his shorts and his beautiful, sweaty cock and large swaying balls were in view



again. He sat down and I went back to my position. For five or ten minutes we sat in silence as he drew, but not as harshly as he had been on his paper. He drew softly, and even as I felt my cunt throbbing and needing something, anything, I was also completely enamored with everything that was this young man in front of me. I couldn't believe Mark and I had created something this brilliant, this unique.

I took my hand off of the stool and walked slowly over to Sammy. I stood over him and he looked up at me. "You should, uh.... What are you doing?"

"Shh, it's ok. Put that down and look at me. I'm yours, you know that?"

"I, uh.... I guess so?"

I laughed a little. "You don't have to guess."

I took him by the hand down to the floor and got on top of him. I straddled him and took his cock in my hand. It felt so warm. I then leaned up and aimed it right at my vulva and put it at my entrance.

"Are you, are you sure?" Sammy asked.

"You won't last long, but it's okay. It's okay." I kept saying okay almost to myself as I slid down his throbbing member until my entire cunt was filled with him. He looked so innocent then, I almost felt a little bad like what am I doing to my poor little son. But he wasn't so little. He was really fucking big, and it felt so good to have him fill me.

I started to ride him, slowly at first, for the first ten or fifteen seconds, and it had been since Mark that I had anyone inside me, and it felt familiar while very different. I created this and now it was inside of me. I leaned down and kissed Sammy and our tongues locked and danced together so sloppily that his saliva dribbled down his chin. I gripped him with my muscles, and he responded with an eye-popping reaction. He kissed my breasts and loved my nipples with his tongue.

After a minute, I could feel him growing bigger inside of me and knew what was next. "You can go ahead, Sammy. You should feel what it's like, what it... oh, God, keep going," I said this even though I was humping. I was in a delirium



as I was on the verge of cumming. I didn't quite get there though as I started to feel Sammy grunt and shouted a "FUCK!" as his cock started to spasm in my vagina. It felt so warm, and I could feel him twitching repeatedly and for about eight or nine times he spasmed until he finally leaned back.

We both had to catch our breath and did so for a minute after. Finally, I got up off of his softening cock and held my hand over my soaked crotch. I laughed and then he laughed, and we both started laughing, we didn't know why. Maybe we were just delirious from the heat, or looking at one another, or the whole situation. It was a state of total bliss.

I left the room then without a word and went to the bathroom. I had to pee, and I thought I should get his copious jism out of my body. I was not on birth control, and yet it didn't occur to me I could get pregnant (it was a few weeks after my last period, maybe still in my most fertile time, I wasn't sure). When I sat down it really did pour out of me, and peeing felt good. Right then, I heard a soft knock on the door.

"Yes?"

Sammy opened the door. Still naked, and his cock was starting to get hard again, but only at half-mast. His face looked so sweet and kind, like when he was younger. But he was older, and what he asked made me feel at ease. "Are you okay after that? I know that was... crazy."

"No, it wasn't crazy. It was... good."

"Oh? But, we just had sex. And, you're... well..."

I sighed but smiled. "Sammy, I've seen how you've been looking at me. Even before this painting." I finished peeing and wiped up and flushed the toilet. I got up and put my arms around him. "I want this. I want you. I can tell this is helping your art, and you're going to make such awesome fucking work I can't wait to see."

"So..." he had a little pause and looked at me. "Can we... you know, go again?"

I laughed. "Here, let's take a shower. We need to clean off. Then... we'll see."



I took him by the hand, and we went in and I closed the curtain. I turned on the water and put it to the cool-lukewarm temperature because of the heat and it felt great. Sammy got some soap and washed my arms and then I turned and washed my back. I leaned back into him and felt him at full hardness again. His head was peaking against the top of my ass, and I just ground himself into him.

“Feel how hard my nipples are,” I said. He touched my breasts and pinched them lightly but assuredly. He was getting good at this. He placed kisses on my neck and I felt such a hot charge in my vagina that I let out a “woo” out of nowhere. He laughed a bit and kept kissing.

“You’re so adorable. And so hot. I wish I told you that before,” he said so softly. Even his voice was a turn on. I turned around and went on my toes to give him a deep kiss. Our tongues danced fervently as he pushed me against one of the bathroom walls. “I got you,” he said to me and then picked me up a bit as he got his girth back inside of me in one big thrust. My eyes rolled back as he did this and while it felt good to have him back in me, it was an awkward position (our shower was not as large as I would like or for space for a deep hard fuck).

After some seconds of humping I said, “hold on.” He put me down and I turned off the shower. Then, I took him by the hand and kissed him as I brought him down to the floor of the bathroom. I knew this was not comfortable either, but I wanted to feel his whole weight on top of me. I lay back and he kept kissing me fast and hot as I positioned his cock into my soaked entrance. He slid in in one stroke and it wasn’t like before. He fucked me very hard and we were both moaning in unison and my legs wrapped and locked behind his ass.

Since he had just come twenty minutes before, he lasted much longer. It was good to just feel him as he went fast, then a little slower, and then he lifted my legs up and pushed them to my bosoms as he went even deeper than I expected. My eyes were ready to pop out and he just found that so sexy.

“This is the best day of my life,” he said very matter of factly in between moans.

“Same.”



“I’m going to cum again.”

“Go ahead. Please. I need to feel you cum. It’s so good... So hot... So much cum.”

“But, aren’t you- “ I knew what he’d ask and I cut him off.

“Just fuck me. Paint me inside. Come on.” I commanded him and he obeyed as he picked up his pace and I saw his face tighten as his penis engorged and I felt him shoot off again. It wasn’t as large a load as before, but it was still a lot for me. He slowly slid out again and his sperm fell off to the porcelain floor.

“I love you, Paula.” He said.

“Mom. Just Mom,” I said as I held him and we cuddled for several minutes in a deep haze of comfort as only we could have.

After this, we went back into his room and he did paint me for the rest of the day, no more sex except that we were, naturally, still very naked. It was an immense amount of work that he put into the one drawing, only breaking for a short snack, and when it was done by the next day it was mind-blowing what he did with the level of detail in my shape and form, like I had some next-level goddess energy coming out of my body or something (that is just me amateur interpretation). But it was in my eyes that he found something soulful and tender.

That next week, we were having sex regularly. I thought at first I would want him to wait and build up his semen so it would be thicker and hotter in my vagina, but he couldn’t stop kissing me and making me feel wanted. I wasn’t exactly warding him off as I wore only a pair of underwear around the house, even cooking or just watching TV. I wanted us being naked together to become more normal, so he didn’t think about it (though I was hypocritical as I wanted to see him just as much). But the painting continued, and being naked through the process would still lead to me getting him off - sometimes with a blow job, other times he would eat me out and he would not stop at one, no way, he would go for me cumming three or four times before stopping to return to his art - and not just in his painting room but also outside. That felt risky, though we did it late enough at night (with just the light from a couple of candles to give it some dimension) that no one would possibly see us. That



time, I should add, I gave him a hand-job, and he fingered me and held his hand over my mouth as I screamed in total abandon at how he was so natural without any guidance on my clitoris.

Sometimes he would pull out, because as he joked, he had to “paint” me that way, but more often than not he came inside of me. He would sometimes last twenty, twenty five minutes, and I was so excited and wanted by him when he lasted long (often times the third time in a day, and in one day we went four, which by that point he had very little left to ejaculate, but still fun). I still hadn’t told him I had no protection, and maybe he thought I wanted to have his baby without a word after I said it was okay for him to let loose in the bathroom.

I did have my period a week and half later, however, and it led to one of the more insane moments of our relationship; he wanted to still have sex even during this time, and it was not a light period. I did not exactly feel sexy, but I didn’t want to disappoint my Sammy, so I put down some extra sheets on the bed and he got on top of me and had extremely hot, deep sex with me. He was not grossed out by the blood, on the contrary he was weirdly fascinated by it... to the point where once he came, he got up and left in what looked like a sprint. He came back with a small glass cup.

“What in the world are you doing?” I asked, rather incredulous but curious.

“It’s a... well, you’ll see,” he grinned. He scooped up the mix of blood and cum that was at my entrance and put it into the cup. Later that afternoon, I saw what he was trying to do, and it was both hilarious and sort of disturbing: he was using it as a painting mixture as part of his oils. So, literally my own inner fluids and his own, and the painting he made was of me on all fours and it looked like something out of hell. I told him he should never sell it, probably not show it to anyone else but me, and he agreed.

We both got a little busier with our work schedules in the week after my period, and we stopped having sex on the regular. He got a summer job that took him away from his painting, and I had to return to my home job doing customer service calls. We only had a quick kiss in the morning and when he got home, and he looked so forlorn when saying he was too tired to do anything more. But we finally each had a day off that weekend, and it was early in the morning when he came into my bedroom and woke me up with



a kiss on the head. I rolled over and said hello. I was naked as he was as well, and he was fully erect (maybe morning wood, he had the same kind of messy bedhead that I did).

“No, wait, let me brush my teeth, I must have such bad breath,” I protested. He just kissed me anyway and got into bed with me. He just wanted to kiss, and we made out for what felt like half an hour even if it was only five or ten minutes.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you so much, Sammy. More than you can ever know.” His warm penis was touching my bush and trying to find its entrance that it had enjoyed for weeks.

“I haven’t jerked it in days,” he said softly. “I don’t know how long I can last.”

“It’s ok. You need to come, just come to Mommy, just come to me,” I kept repeating this as I guided him inside of me, and it was somehow harder than I had had him even up until this point. Had he grown magically? His tip rubbed up against the end of my canal. We started humping in lock step, side by side, eyes locked. Every nerve ending and part of me in my cunt was electric. And he was not kidding, as after thirty seconds I felt him grow even larger.

“I should pull out?”

“No. Cum inside me. Make me pregnant.”

“Really.”

“Really. Give your mom a baby.”

At that last ‘y’ on baby, he came, and it felt so hot and filling. I shuddered and came as he did, and it was the best sex of our courtship up until then. I felt bad that I hadn’t mentioned my thoughts to him before this, but I was really worried at first about him making me pregnant with another child.

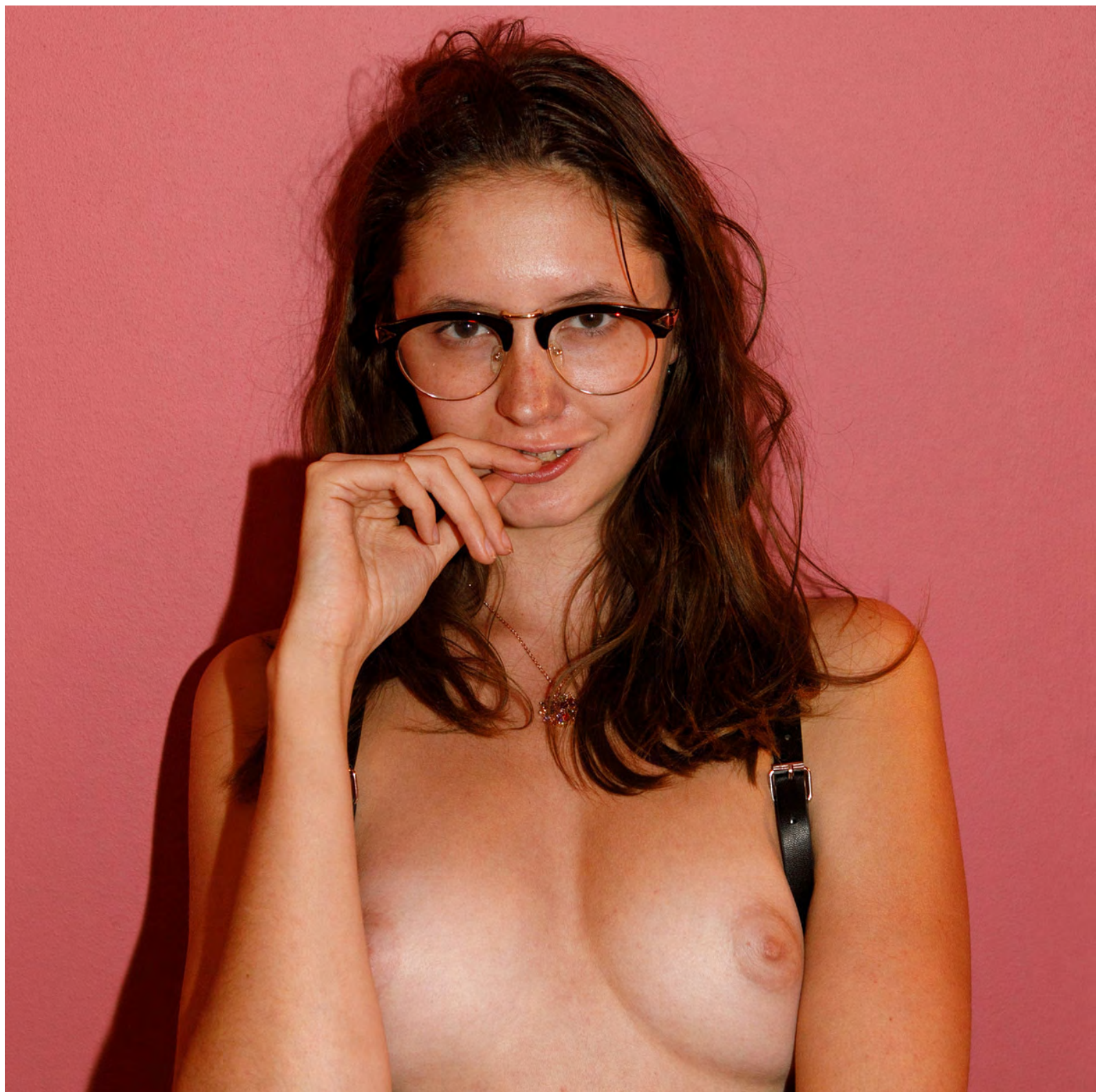
Over that past week of waiting, I realized I did want to create life with him, to be full of him even more. He had so much love for me, in his soul, in his art,



in how he expressed himself with his paintbrush and his body. It would be risky, but I wanted to try. I had a feeling that that intercourse that morning was what knocked me up, given how much he had saved up and how fertile I was, even as we still kept fucking unprotected for the next week as he finished his last three paintings before going off to college. By the time of my next period, it didn't happen, and weeks went by and I confirmed it through a test that I was pregnant.

Months later, he was home for a break and painting me again, both of us naked, me now with a big, large bump and holding it as he brushed with a concentration and frenzy that felt otherworldly. Once again that day I got up, slowly and yet eagerly, pushed aside his canvas, took his giant cock, and got on top of him with a kiss on his cheek.

“Let's go,” I said. And we did.





Hentai Life

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"Mon! Dad! I made the school marching band!"



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HUMOR LASCIVO



"Albert, I couldn't marry a man who didn't trust me!"

LASCIVIA — BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

The Surprising Link Between Sex and Longevity

By Dr. Maria Uloko, MD

We know that a balanced diet, exercising regularly, and getting enough high-quality sleep are all essential for living a long and healthy life. But there's another major contributor to wellness that often flies under the radar, especially for women: sexual pleasure.

As it turns out, continuing to prioritize your sex life — whether solo or with a partner — can do more than just boost your mood or improve intimacy. It might actually help you live longer.

Science is increasingly showing that staying sexually active and satisfied throughout your life isn't just a matter of intimacy and enjoyment, but it may also help you live longer and feel better as you age.

At Vella, we believe pleasure isn't just a nice-to-have, but rather a key aspect of health. So let's explore how staying sexually active and satisfied throughout your life might just be the most enjoyable way to age gracefully.

Can sex really help you live longer?

It may not be that sex causes longevity, but rather that prioritizing sexual wellness reflects a body in balance. Like a canary in the coal mine, our sexual function can signal when something's off, whether it's hormonal, vascular, neurological, or emotional.

Studies show that people with regular, satisfying sex lives tend to have lower rates of chronic disease, better heart health, stronger immunity, and improved mental well-being. One large study of 15,000 U.S. adults found that adults having sex weekly were nearly 50% less likely to die from any cause than those with infrequent sexual activity, not because sex is magic, but because it often correlates with systems that are functioning well.

5 health benefits of sex

We often think of sex as something you do when you're in a new relationship or younger in life, but the truth is, the health benefits of sex don't have an age limit. Here's how maintaining a fulfilling sex life contributes to long-term health and potentially greater longevity.



1. Boosts immunity

Regular sexual activity can strengthen your immune system by increasing the production of immunoglobulins, your body's natural disease-fighting agents. Plus, the hormonal shifts that occur during intimacy may support your body's inflammatory response, helping your system recover more effectively from injuries or stress.

Research has shown that sexually active women have a more responsive immune system, with a balanced mix of both inflammation-fighting and infection-fighting agents.

One study found that sexually active women had lower levels of inflammation in the middle of their cycle and higher levels of protective immune chemicals, which can help the body respond to illness more effectively. These women also had stronger pathogen-killing ability in both blood and saliva, suggesting better defense against bacteria and yeast like *E. coli* and *Candida*.

Another study showed that when women begin having sex, their bodies increase the production of immune substances in the vaginal area, which help protect against sexually transmitted infections (but that's not an excuse to forego using condoms!).

2. Protects your heart

Sex isn't just emotionally heartwarming, it's heart-healthy, too. We often think of sex as a source of emotional closeness (and it absolutely is), but what many people don't realize is that it's also a powerful act of self-care for your heart.

Sexual activity gently raises your heart rate, much like light cardio exercise. This boost in circulation helps keep your blood vessels flexible and supports healthy blood flow throughout your body. Over time, this kind of activity contributes to lower blood pressure, reduced levels of LDL (the "bad" cholesterol), and healthier overall cardiovascular function.

But the benefits go deeper than just getting your heart pumping. Sex also helps to manage chronic stress, which is a major factor in the development of heart disease. During intimacy, your body releases oxytocin and endorphins



— feel-good hormones that calm the nervous system and counteract the effects of cortisol, the stress hormone that's linked to high blood pressure, inflammation, and heart issues when left unchecked.

For postmenopausal women in particular, staying sexually active may be especially beneficial. Research has shown that sexual activity can help support cardiac autonomic function, meaning your heart responds more effectively to physical and emotional demands. In short, sex helps your heart stay strong, responsive, and resilient.

Given that heart disease remains the leading cause of death for women, prioritizing a loving, satisfying sex life is good for the heart in every sense of the word.

3. Helps balance hormones

One of the lesser-known benefits of a regular sex life is better hormonal balance, which plays a huge role in how we feel, look, and age.

Research shows that sexually active women tend to have higher levels of key reproductive hormones, like estrogen, luteal progesterone, and luteinizing hormone (LH), compared to women who aren't sexually active. These hormones help regulate everything from menstrual cycles to fertility, but they also impact mood, energy, metabolism, and even skin health. In fact, sexually active women are also less likely to experience irregular ovulation, which is often a sign of hormonal imbalance.

Another study found that higher estradiol levels (a form of estrogen) were linked to greater sexual desire, while higher progesterone (which tends to have a calming effect) was associated with fewer sexual encounters. This suggests a natural two-way connection: not only can healthy hormone levels boost sexual desire, but being sexually active can help regulate and support those hormone levels over time.

So yes, your pleasure isn't just about feeling good in the moment. It's a way to support your body's natural hormonal rhythm actively and feel better in your skin as you age.



4. Improves mental health and emotional resilience

Sex can do wonders for your mental state. It increases serotonin and dopamine, two neurotransmitters linked to happiness and emotional stability. Studies show that the frequency of sexual intimacy is linked to greater life satisfaction and reduced daily stress.

It's no surprise, then, that research shows sexually active people tend to report greater life satisfaction, lower stress, and fewer symptoms of depression and anxiety.

But it goes even deeper than just feeling happy. Sex has a profound effect on the hormones that influence emotional resilience, especially during times of hormonal transition like perimenopause. For instance, higher levels of progesterone, which can be supported by regular sexual activity, have been linked to greater life satisfaction, lower perceived stress, and a stronger ability to bounce back emotionally. This is particularly valuable for women navigating the emotional ups and downs that often come with aging or hormonal shifts.

Estradiol, another key hormone, plays a major role in how we process emotions. It actually affects the brain's emotion regulation networks, helping us respond more calmly and effectively to stress. Sex hormones like estradiol and progesterone don't just affect mood; they influence our nervous system's response to stress and even impact things like empathy and emotional sensitivity throughout the menstrual cycle.

All of this means that sexual activity may help regulate hormones in a way that supports emotional balance and psychological strength. It's a feedback loop: sexual pleasure helps regulate hormones, and those hormones help you feel more grounded, connected, and resilient.

Beyond the science, sex also helps us feel emotionally close, seen, and desired. That sense of connection boosts self-esteem, which can improve confidence not just in the bedroom, but in everyday life, at work, in relationships, and in how you move through the world. Feeling valued and emotionally nourished helps combat loneliness, fosters self-worth, and enhances overall mental wellness, especially as we age.



5. Strengthens pelvic floor muscles

For women, regular sexual activity also helps strengthen the pelvic floor, which is essential for bladder control, core strength, and even sexual pleasure.

During orgasm, the pelvic floor muscles naturally contract, which helps strengthen and tone them over time. One study found that combining orgasms with Kegel exercises was more effective at improving postpartum pelvic strength than doing Kegels alone. That means sex can enhance the benefits of your pelvic workouts.

Hormones like estrogen and progesterone, which are influenced by sexual activity, also help maintain healthy muscle tone in your pelvic region. When these hormones are in balance, your pelvic muscles tend to work better and feel stronger.

And let's not forget the mind-body connection. When you feel emotionally strong and less stressed — something sex can help with — your muscles respond better. Lower stress means less tension in the body, which can make it easier to stick to pelvic floor exercises and keep those muscles functioning well.

What does this mean for women?

It means pleasure isn't a luxury, it's essential. Keeping your sex life active and satisfying isn't just good for your relationship or mood; it may help you live longer, feel younger, and stay healthier as you age. And it's never too late to start.

Whether you're navigating changes in libido, hormonal shifts, menopause, or just the stress of daily life, know that your sexuality is still vital and worth nurturing. Tools like Vella's Intimate Elixir and Women's Pleasure Serum, designed to boost arousal and comfort, can help make pleasure more accessible, especially when your body needs a little extra support.

We also need to normalize talking about sex and aging. There's no expiration date on intimacy or satisfaction. Many women find that their sex lives get better with age — less pressure, more confidence, deeper emotional connection. What could be better?



FAQ

Can regular sex really help you live longer?

Yes, several studies suggest that regular sexual activity is associated with longer lifespans, especially due to its benefits on heart health, immune function, stress reduction, and hormonal balance. People who have more frequent orgasms and emotional intimacy have shown lower overall mortality rates.

What are the physical health benefits of sex that relate to longevity?

Sex supports cardiovascular health, boosts immunity, reduces inflammation, balances hormones, and provides a form of physical activity. These effects work together to reduce the risk of chronic illnesses like heart disease and osteoporosis, contributing to a longer, healthier life.

Is it safe to have sex later in life?

Absolutely. Many doctors recommend maintaining an active sex life as a part of healthy aging. It's essential to listen to your body, communicate openly with your partner, and consult a healthcare provider if you have concerns, particularly regarding conditions such as heart disease or hormonal imbalances. But in most cases, sex is not only safe, it's beneficial too.





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LASCIVIA — EL TEMPLO DE VENUS



Eros & Art





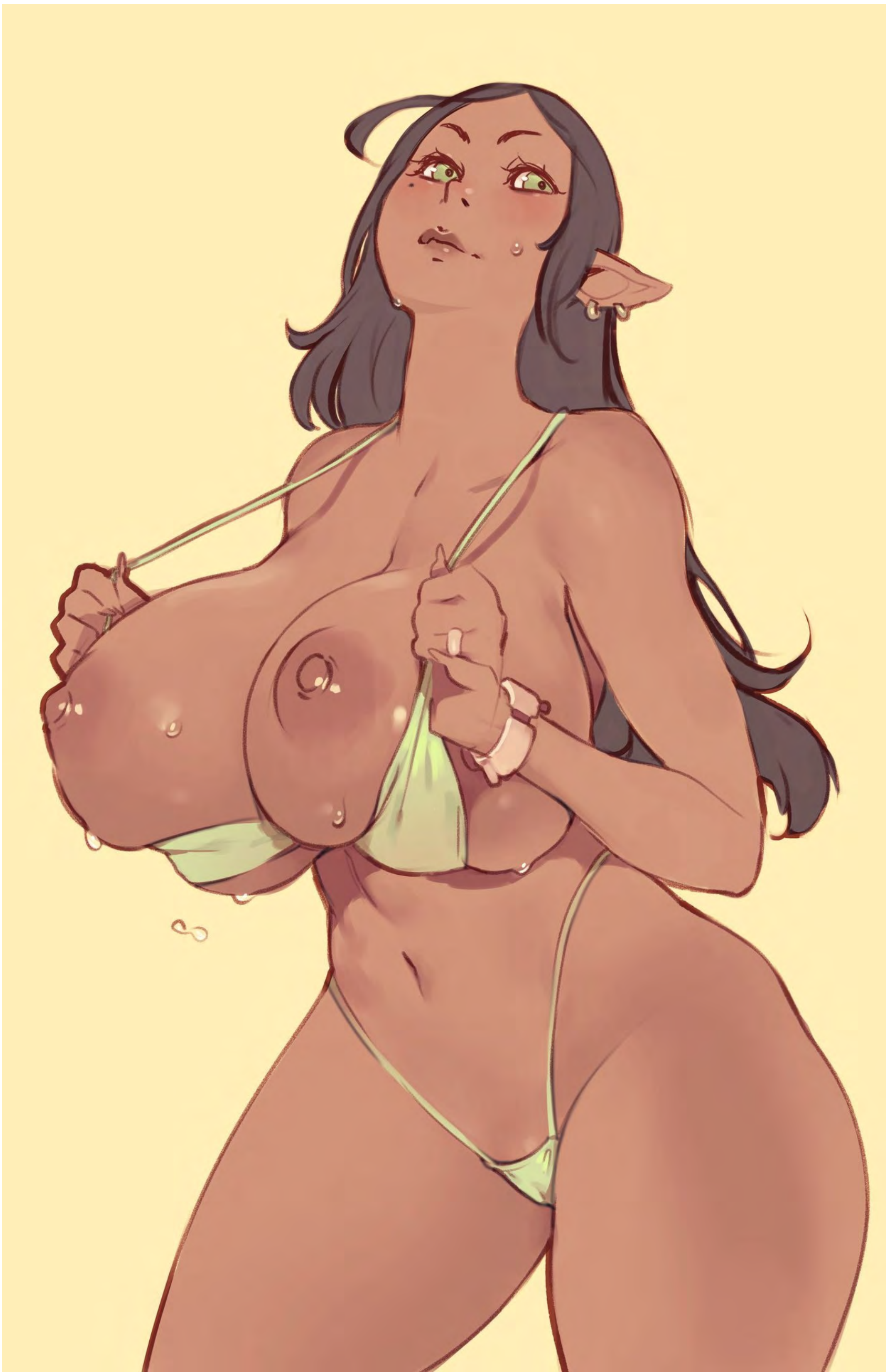
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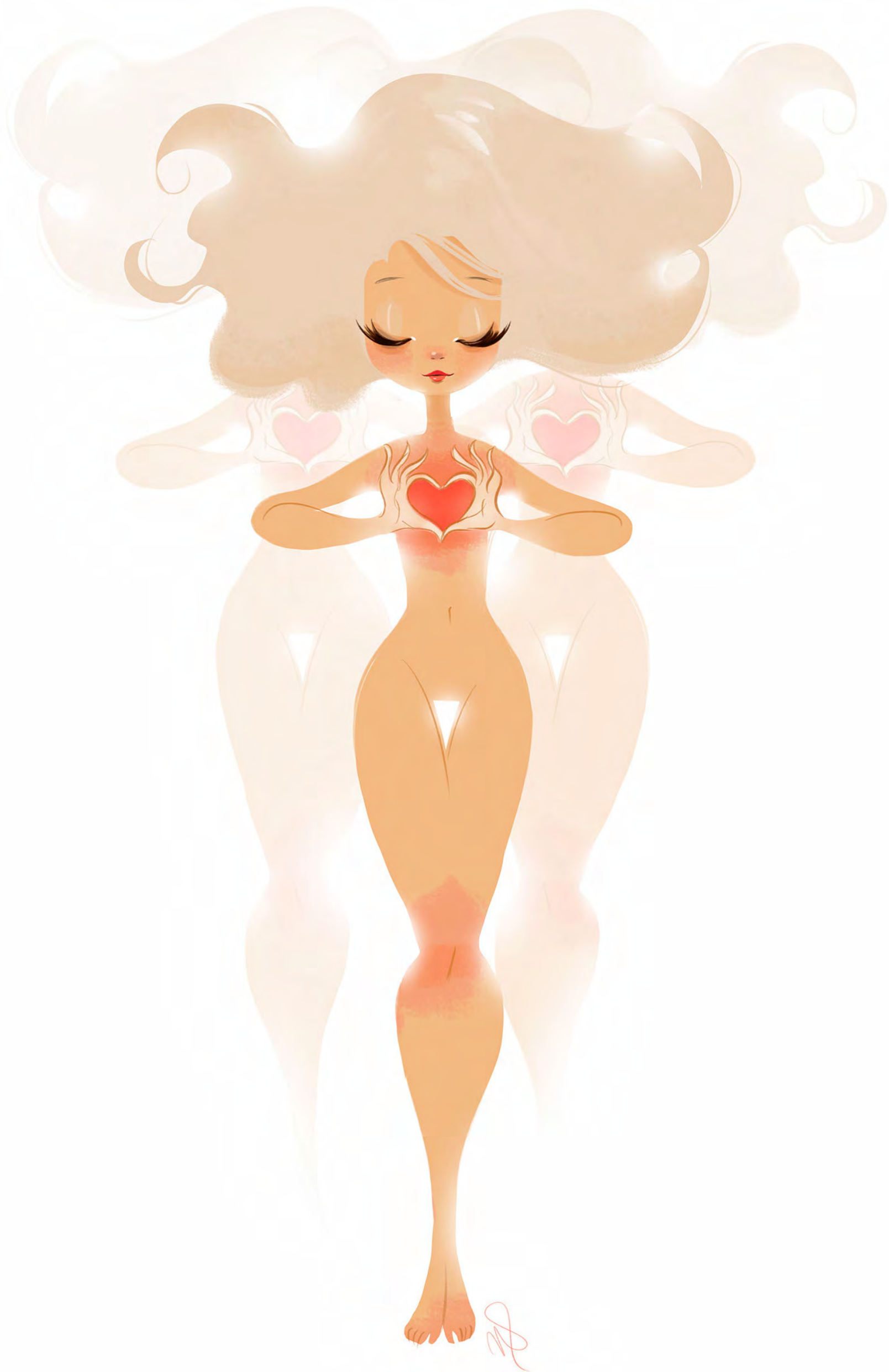




















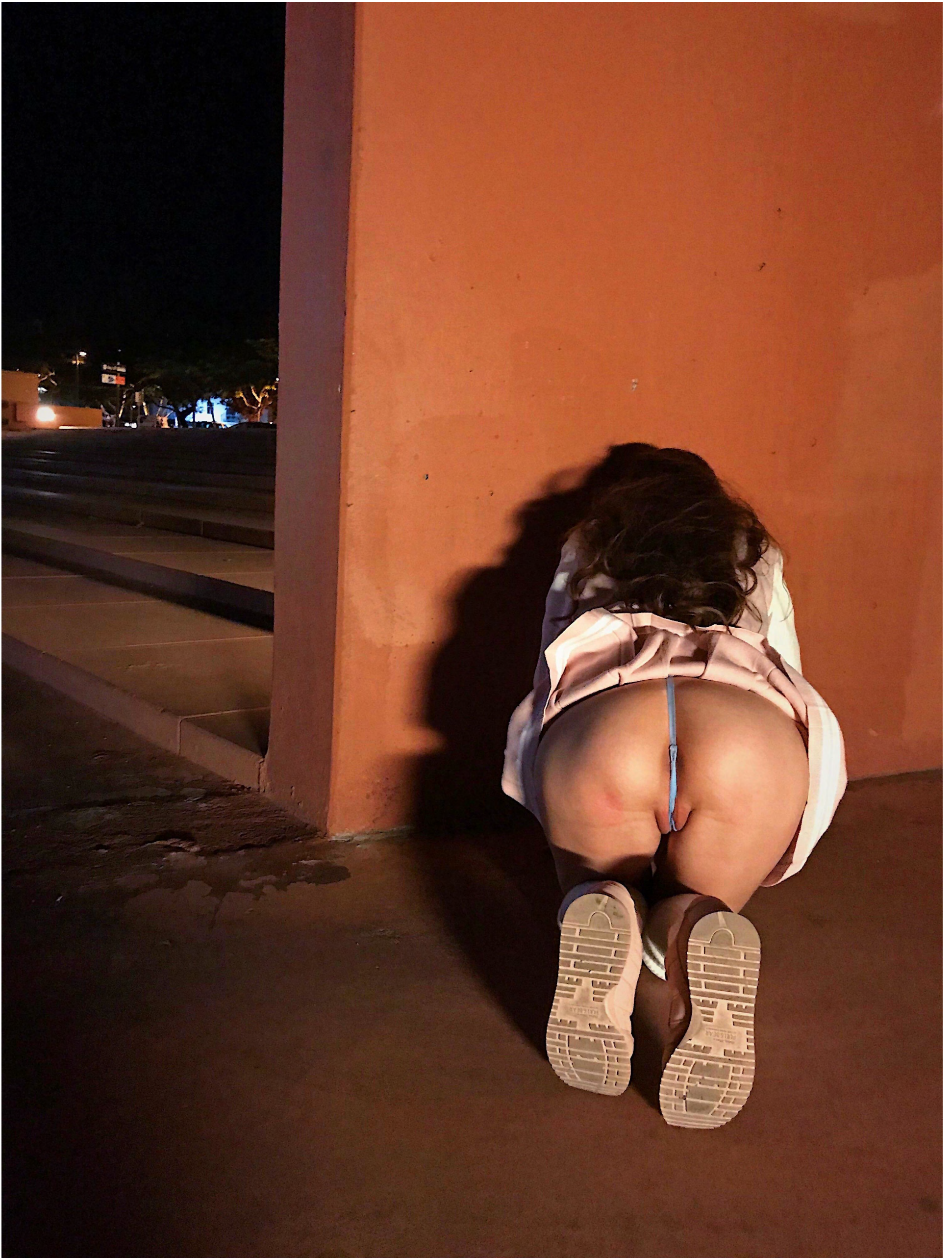








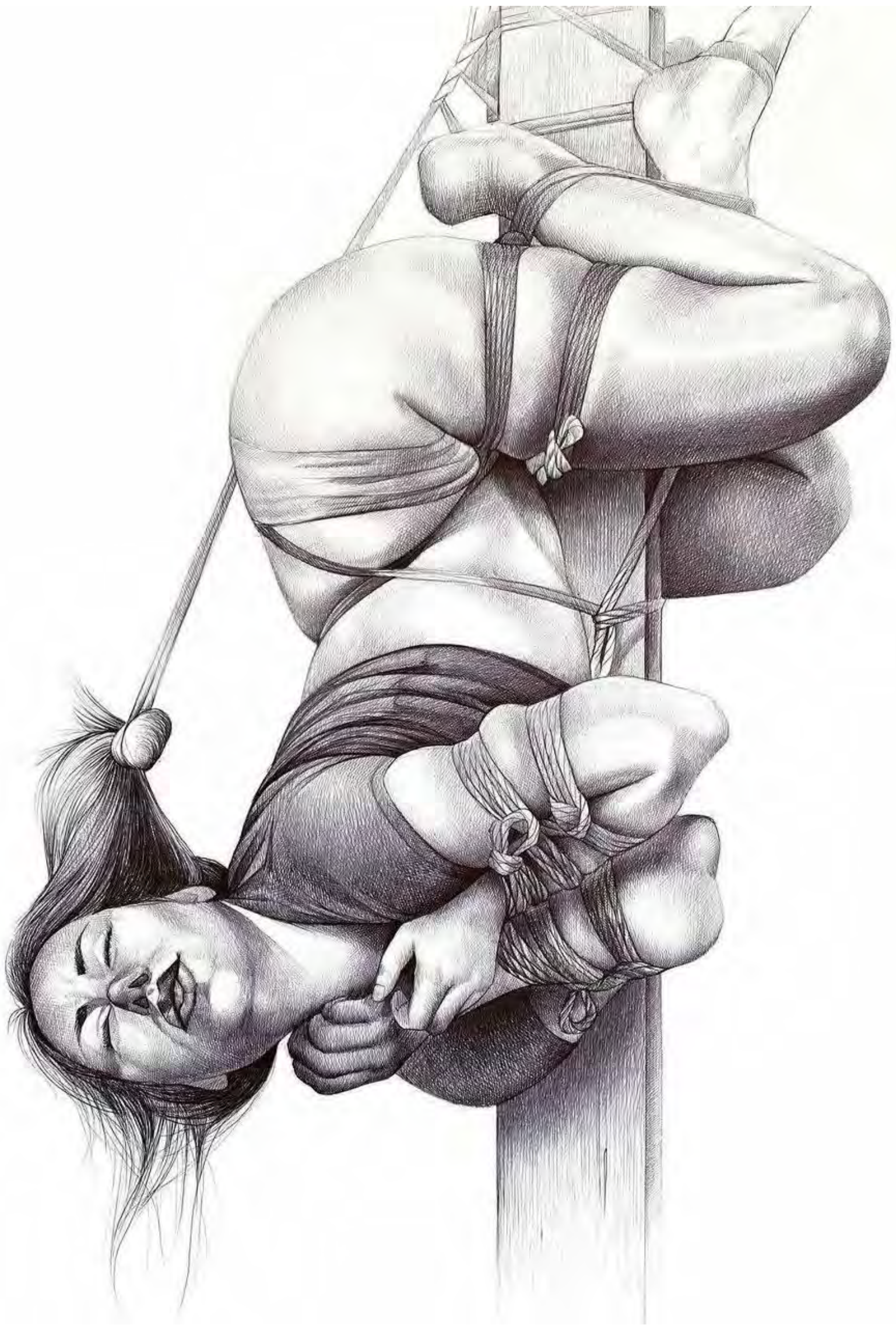








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C'MON SIMP, JUST PULL IT OUT ALREADY!

IT'S BEEN IN THERE FOR HOURS!

JUST YANK IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN, NOW!!!

DON'T LEAVE A GIRL WAITING!!

BADA BUMP!
BADA BUMP!
EXCITED HEARTBEAT











lover

You offer yourself with your eyes to the passerby, to the one who looks at you, mature, overflowing, to the one who asks for your body like a tomb.

Malignant young woman, virgin, burning, closed, I am seeing you and loving you, your blood in turmoil, your head turning and ascending, your body horizontal above the grapes and the smoke. You are perfect, desired!



LASCIVIA — THE GATES OF TWILIGHT

A Second Sexual Revolution?

By Elizabeth Nolan Brown

Talking with Carter Sherman about hookup culture, the sex recession, and her new book.

Young people today are having too much sex. Wait, no, maybe they're not having enough sex. And when they do have sex, it's the wrong kind—too porn-influenced, too gay, too...something. Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong: that's the main refrain we hear about young people and sex.

Carter Sherman isn't interested in telling today's youth that they're doing sex right or wrong. But she is interested in the ways politics, culture, and technology are radically reshaping sex for millennials and members of Gen Z. "We are living through nothing less than the second coming of the sexual revolution," she proclaims in *The Second Coming: Sex and the Next Generation's Fight Over Its Future*, out this week.

I recently spoke with Sherman about her book, hookup culture, the sex recession, dictionary porn, abstinence-only education, and more. Here's a transcript of our conversation, lightly edited for clarity and length.

Reason: *In the book, you don't really use the terms sex positive and sex negative, and instead you talk about sexual conservatism and sexual progressivism. Can you talk about that distinction a little bit?*

Sherman: I don't know that I actually have strong opinions on sex positivity and sex negativity, but I felt like they weren't great terms for what I was trying to describe in the book because, frankly, I'm less interested in individual beliefs on sex and more interested in movements. Sex positivity and sex negativity [are] oftentimes so distorted by the way that we talk about them that everybody has a different view about what they mean. So I would be talking to young people—I interviewed more than a hundred young people, people under 30, for the book—and I oftentimes did ask them if they were sex negative, sex positive, how they would identify in that way. They oftentimes said that they were sex positive, but then they would have such an array of beliefs about sex and sex work and relationships between men and women, that it just started to feel like a label that didn't really convey what I wanted to convey to the reader. So instead, I turned to these terms—sexual sexual progressivism

and sexual conservatism—to identify the movements that I was seeing and the common threads that I saw in these attitudes.

For me, sexual conservatism describes the movement—politically, culturally, historically—to make it difficult, if not dangerous, to have sex that is not straight, that is not married, that is not potentially procreative. Because part of what the movement is interested in doing is making it harder to access abortion and hormonal birth control. Then sexual progressivism is this trend that I noticed among the young people I interviewed that was not only indicative of an interest in expanding access to abortion rights, to LGBTQ+ rights, to contraception, but also an interest in really rethinking the ways that we approach sex, and by extension the ways we approach gender, and taking a more expansive view of both to free people from narrow ideas that I think have left a lot of young people feeling quite stifled.

One of the things that first drew me to your book and made me want to read it was your exploration of hookup culture and how so much of the media and pundit class got the story wrong there. Why do you think people were so willing to believe “hookup culture” hype?

I think because it's sexy, frankly. People love to tell young people that they're doing sex wrong, and this idea that sex was running amok on college campuses and high schools is really sort of fun to think about in a lot of ways. Obviously, this discussion about hookup culture came with all of this talk about downsides, but then you get to talk about this rampant sex while also moralizing about it, and people can never resist doing that.

Do you think that there's any phenomenon today that you see getting this same treatment, with people pushing a false narrative or a narrative that there's not really evidence for because it's sexy or politically advantageous or confirms what they want to talk about with sex anyways?

I have two answers to this. I think the dominant narrative about sex among young people right now is the “sex recession,” which is this idea that young people are having sex later and less. That said, there is more evidence for that than there was for the hookup culture narrative. I don't

want to say that that's a false narrative, but I do think it's one of the dominant narratives.

As far as an actual false narrative that I think we talk about too much or that the media talks about too much? Probably the narrative that we have around porn. I worked at Vice News for six and a half years, and I spent a lot of time during that time talking to sex workers, talking to porn stars, talking to full-service escorts. I anticipated that when I interviewed young people, there would be probably a myriad of opinions about sex work and about porn. What I found is oftentimes people had really negative views of porn and they felt like porn had really warped them, and I think they got that because they were being told all the time by the media that porn was really bad for them, and that it was leading them to have rougher sex, more degrading sex. The fact of the matter is we just don't know if that's true.

The science on porn is really muddled. It is riddled with biases about what degrading sex looks like. For example, some researchers assume that anal sex is always degrading. So I think young people have really imbibed this notion about sex that it is hurting them, and we just can't really back that up with the science that we have.

I often see this phenomenon where younger people seem to believe anything that's hard about sex or dating or relationships these days is hard because of porn or because of the internet—that it's some technology-enabled phenomenon. It's like, no, dating and sex and relationships have always been hard.

If sex was easy, we would've figured it out by now.

But you do find that there is evidence for the sex recession? That it is not another media-created myth?

No, I think there is definitely more evidence for the sex recession. I mean, when I was in high school in my junior year, 2011, a major [Centers for Disease Control and Prevention] survey found that 47 percent of high school students had had sex at that point. By 2021—so 10 years later—only



30 percent of high school students had had sex, and that's an enormous drop within 10 years, and it's not something that we can just blame on the pandemic. This was a trend that we had already started to see, and frankly that the media had already started to talk about, before the pandemic locked everybody indoors.

This is obviously not an explanation for the high school thing, but I did think it was interesting, in your book, the bit about marriage rates being one reason why people in their twenties are having less sex, since married people have more sex on average than non-married people. That's something no one ever really talks about. Do you have any explanation aside from the marriage thing for why younger people might be having less sex? Or why high school kids are having less sex? Do you have a pet theory?

I have many pet theories, many which I try to work out or breathe to life in the book. It's very hard to see the sex recession and not think that smartphones and social media have something to do with it. We do know that mental health started to decline around 2010, which is about the time that everybody started to have social media in their hands all the time in the form of smartphones. If you're spending a lot of your time on your phone—if you're spending all this time looking at images of supposedly perfect bodies on social media—there is some evidence that indicates that people are less likely to have sex because then that leaves people feeling like they have to be perfect looking in order to get naked.

There's also this change in the approach to relationships, and I do think that that trickles down to high school. People are not looking to get married even within the first 10 years after graduating high school in the same way. They are just approaching and thinking about what monogamy or what sex looks like very differently than past generations.

One of the things that I actually found very interesting was one young woman who I write about in the book told me that she hadn't had sex because she was afraid that she would encounter an incel or a man who identifies as "involuntarily celibate." Basically the incel ideology holds that women owe men sex, and incels have really flourished in the manosphere, and she just basically felt that that ideology had really trickled out into

the wider world in such a way that she could never be sure that she wasn't going to be engaging with someone who hates women. As we do see this greater polarization between men and women politically, I have to wonder about how men and women can even come together to have sex if they can't bridge the ideological divide. I'm not saying that they should bridge the ideological divide—I don't want anybody to be having sex with people who hate them for their gender. But it does raise questions about how as a country people can move forward, when we're so polarized all the time over politics.

You said you talked to more than a hundred young people for the book?

Yeah. Predominantly folks under 25, and then some folks under 30.

Was there anything that really surprised you or challenged what you thought you were going to find during these interviews?

A lot. I feel like I was challenged all the time, or surprised all the time, by young people's inventiveness, particularly online.

One of the interviews that I probably enjoyed the most was this one young woman was telling me that she used to, let's say, titillate herself by going on Urban Dictionary and looking up dirty words, like sex, for example. If you go and look up sex on Urban Dictionary, you will find that people have written these short smutty vignettes that use the word in it, sort of how a normal dictionary would use the word in a sentence. She would look at those vignettes to basically turn herself on. I did not know that you could even do this. I'm shocked that people would write these. I'm shocked that people would go to these to get aroused. I really enjoyed that part of interviews because people would share all of these surprising and fun stories about their early sexual adventures, and I think people really had never shared a lot of them before. So it was a nice process of discovery for both of us in these interviews.

You write about a couple of people having mentioned dictionaries as places where they found sexual content, and I just think that's such a perfect detail because it gets out at how teenagers are going to find sexually oriented

material no matter what lengths we go to to try and stop them. What does that tell us about our current efforts to restrict sexually oriented materials and how they're doomed to fail? Things like efforts to remove books from libraries or check IDs for online porn in the name of stopping kids from seeing sexually-oriented stuff?

I totally agree that this is doomed to fail. I think that in this day and age, you can go online and Google and find any kind of sex you want within a few minutes and probably a few kinds of sex you don't, and there's just no way around it. You wrote about this, I think, in one of your columns where recent research has shown that in states that have these age verification laws around porn and are trying to effectively ban porn for young people, people just ended up using [virtual private networks] or going to sites that don't adhere to those age verification restrictions. People are hardwired to look for sex wherever and whenever they can get it, and the internet has given people so many more opportunities to find sex. If you try to restrict it, they're probably just going to go into darker and more concerning places. I think it's better to bring this stuff out into the light and talk about it and have open discussions so that people can navigate these things effectively.

That sort of ties into your whole chapter on sex education in the U.S. and its failures. The U.S. spent a ton of money on abstinence-only education. How did that work out?

Poorly!

This was actually a surprise to me when I started researching the book—I did not realize that this explosion in abstinence-only sex ed happened right around the time that I entered school.

I'm older than you, but also a millennial, and I also didn't realize that it really ramped up with us.

We would've been running headlong into it and had no idea. Basically since 2000, I believe, the U.S. has spent more than \$2 billion on abstinence-only sex ed. And yes, there's a sex recession, but the sex



recession happened years into that so I don't think you can really blame or credit abstinence-only sex ed. In fact, a federally funded study has found people who receive [abstinence-only sex ed] are likely to have sex for the first time at the same time as people who don't receive it. And they're likely to have the same number of sexual partners as people who don't receive abstinence-only sex ed.

So the evidence shows that this is not successful. It can even be really harmful; people can come away from abstinence-only sex ed feeling more shame about their bodies, particularly among girls. Students of color have reported feeling like they were being discriminated against in abstinence-only sex ed. Black students have talked about feeling like they were expected to be more sexually active because of historical stereotypes around Black sexuality. I just don't think that this is a good use of government funding. [It] feels wasteful.

It seemed like we got out of this culture war about what was being taught about sex in schools for a little bit. And now we seem to be in it worse than ever.

And now we've also expanded that to look at things like, what's the internet telling us about sex? We should ban that.

Who are you hoping reads your book and what do you hope that they take from it?

I think that oftentimes these books are written for parents, and I do want parents to read this book because I think it is important to understand what Gen Z and younger people are going through. I also hope that Gen Z and millennials read it to understand what they went through, and to have a sort of revelation that you and I have had, like, "Oh, I was a part of this great experiment in abstinence-only sex ed. I had no idea."

And I hope that it sheds light on the ways that politics impact the personal and the ways that sex—while we might think of it as a thing that happens between two or more people in the bedroom—is actually greatly shaped by what goes on in legislatures, what goes on at school boards, what goes

on in courtrooms. We're really living in a time where people are starting to make that realization because of how much politics is demanding our attention at this moment. I hope that this book continues that revelation for folks.

*I also just read this book called **The Kids Are Online**, and it seems to do the same thing your book is doing, except for social media, trying to point out how a lot of the hype is wrong and how something—like sex, or social media—can be bad for young people but also good at the same time. How young people experience both of those things simultaneously. I think books like these are important because it's good for millennials and people in Gen Z and whatever comes next not to get these skewed impressions about what their own peer cohort is doing, which can lead to feeling like you need to do things you don't want to, or to shame if you don't.*

I felt so bad about being a virgin, as you probably saw if you read the beginning of the book. And, realistically, people were not having as much sex as I thought they were. I could have really avoided a lot of that pathological shame if I had just known that.





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IMAGENOBSCURA

LASCIVIA — EYES WIDE SHUT

What happened to the erotic film?

By Gareth Roberts

Sexy time at the cinema is becoming a thing of the past. That's according to research on the prevalence of vices in top live-action films from film maven Stephen Follows. His study shows that drug taking and violence are as popular on screen as ever in the 21st century. Profanity has dipped only slightly, but sex has dropped off a cliff since the year 2000.

The decline of sex in films

Depictions of intimacy in the top 250 grossing films of each year compared to other vices



Using the year 2000 as a baseline to compare subsequent frequency of depictions of vice

Chart: The Spectator (5u8ZG) • Source: [Stephen Follows](#) • [Get the data](#) • Created with [Datawrapper](#)

We used to love what they used to call a steamy blockbuster. I came of age in an era where the ‘erotic thriller’ – 9½ Weeks, Fatal Attraction, Basic Instinct – were the box office draws, in which big stars lost their drawers. Comedies like A Fish Called Wanda, Green Card or When Harry Met Sally relied on frisson and fizz for a large part of their appeal. Adult relationships – whether cutely romantic or dangerously obsessive – got bums on seats.

“Depictions of sex in cinema have collapsed”

PEA

ALBERTO GRIMALDI
presenta



un film di
PIER PAOLO PASOLINI

SALÒ

O LE 120 GIORNATE DI SODOMA

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No more. The big cinema hits are superhero, horror, sci-fi and fantasy, and not at the grown-up end of those genres. As with so much of this century's mass culture everything feels arrested in very early adolescence, the fraught kidult time when you may well be thinking about sex and worrying about sex, but not actually having sex. This is cinema on puberty blockers.

The expanding Chinese market, with its stricter rules and very different social attitudes towards sex, is an obvious factor here. CCP-appointed censors are just not going to pass such western capitalist decadence. And then, of course, there is porn, and the problem for Hollywood of 'How you gonna keep them down on the farm now that they've seen Paree?' When pretty much any sexual display can be accessed in a couple of clicks, the suggestion and tantalising teasing of the erotic loses its intrigue.

I'm afraid that the prudes of old were right about mystery being the greatest aphrodisiac, and imagination being the most important sex organ. The familiarity of over-exposure has debased the coinage of the hot. The prevalence and availability of porn has trashed the lure of cinematic sex. I grew up when dog-eared, very well-thumbed soft porn books were passed around at school. When schoolboys whispered excitedly about glimpses of bits in films. This was an era when fleapits did roaring trade on the promise of a fleeting second of boob, surrounded by comedy turns from the likes of Bob Todd and Robin Askwith. Knickers and bras were pored over. Porky's was regarded as sophisticated.

We now have the deeply unsexy phenomena of 'sex positivity' and 'body positivity'

But how can cheeky or titillating – such as they were – function against the backdrop of OnlyFans? The modern audience, to be frank, is spent. Why bother adding simulated sex to your film when the punters can get a look at the real thing for free in seconds? Then, of course, there is the general squeamishness and awkwardness around sex. What filmmaker

《愛》のきびしさ哀しさを衝撃の表現で貫き
全世界を話題の渦にまきこんだ
今世紀最高の問題作

ガトー・バルビエリ<サントラ盤>ユナイトレコード
アンディー・ウィリアムス<GBSソニー>/ハーブ・アルパート<A&M>/ドク・セヴェリンセン<RCA>
ポール・モーリア<フィリップス>/ベンチャーズ<リパティ>/エル・チカーノ<MCA>/ロビン・ケニヤッタ<アトランティック>
サウンス・オーケストラ<PYE>/フーリン・カザン<テイチク>/ロミ・山田<コロムビア>

成人映画

映倫
48210

ラストタンゴインパリ

マーロン・ブランド/マリア・シュナイダー/ジャン＝ピエール・レオ/マッシモ・ジロッチ

Last Tango in Paris

テクニカラー

監督:ベルナルド・ベルトルッチ

撮影:ピットリオ・ストラッロ/音楽:ガトー・バルビエリ

United Artists
ユナイト映画

would want to get themselves into a tangle of intimacy coordinators, lawsuits, social media criticism, and walk into the very centre of a multitude of angry ideological battlefields about consent, identity and sexism? You can and will be judged. Much better, much safer, just to have some punch-ups and some gore, or discuss weighty philosophical issues through the medium of Batman or Star Wars.

I remember some years ago discussing with a friend the likelihood that the pendulum of our culture would, inevitably, swing away from its sexual tone. That pattern – naughty alternating with prudish – has always held true historically; the still shocking outrageousness of Restoration comedy flared only very briefly between Cromwellian Puritanism and the Society for the Reformation of Manners. But how, we wondered, could that possibly happen in our hyper-sexualised age?

The answer was staring us in the face. We now have the deeply unsexy phenomena of ‘sex positivity’ and ‘body positivity’. Everything is out on display, jiggling about on a Pride parade in the open air – but it’s a turn-off, more effective than any bucket of cold water from the Junior Anti-Sex League. Sex is still all around us if we want it – but it is just too much bother. Remember when we used to make jokes about it? That world is as lost as Atlantis.

Relaxation is key to intimacy. You need to relax to begin the different, pleasant, tensions of sex. (Again, yes I know that some people enjoy the risk of being caught – let’s ignore them.) But we cannot relax, because politics and porn have overlaid even more neurosis on to sex, which we were pretty neurotic about anyway. Safer for the cinema, safer for everybody, not to go there.

A movie poster for the film 'Sister Emanuelle'. The image shows a nun in a white habit standing in a forest, looking down at a nude woman who is kneeling on the grass and looking up at her. The title 'SISTER EMANUELLE' is written in large, stylized yellow letters with a black outline at the bottom.

**SISTER
EMANUELLE**

VOUS N'AVEZ JAMAIS ÉTÉ
DANS UN CLUB DE STRIPEASE ?



À mon seul désir 2022

When aimless Manon begins work at My Sole Desire, a strip club that offers high concept performances, she instantly bonds with her fellow strippers, particularly Mia, an aspiring actress with a boyfriend and child. Manon learns that it is “not easy money, but fast money” and when she finds herself falling for Mia, she is forced to question her priorities as she explores her newfound erotic life.



Aishiteru 2022

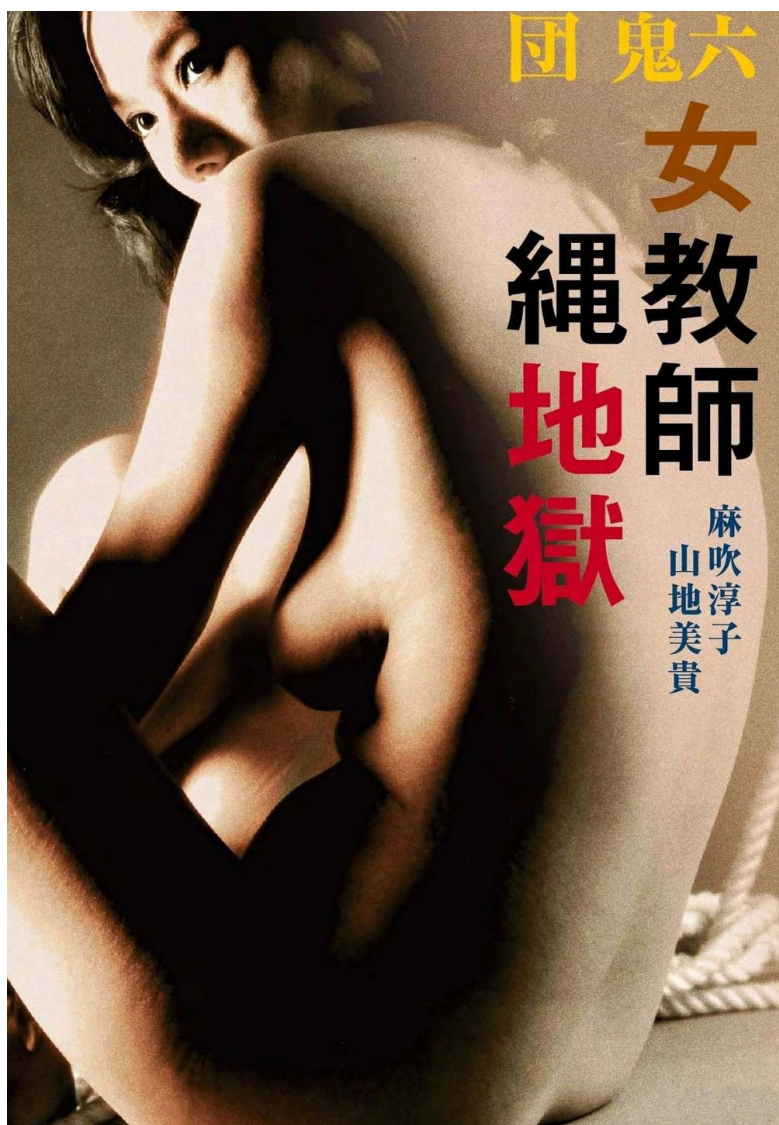
Misa is an underground idol and being filmed closely for a documentary. One day, an owner of BDSM club “H” perceives Misa’s potential and headhunts her as a dominatrix. Misa is confused at first, but when she meets the top dominatrix Kanon, she learns sexual pleasure she never knew. She then decides to pursue a career of both idols and BDSM.

HAZ CLICK
AQUÍ PARA ENTRAR
EN LA CARPETA



Body of Influence 1993

A successful psychiatrist (Cassavetes) has his world turned upside-down by the appearance of a mystery woman (Whirry) who cannot recall her own past. Along with a friend (Roundtree), he tries to unlock her secret only to uncover a bizarre series of events.



Dan Oniroku Onna kyôshi nawa jigoku 1981

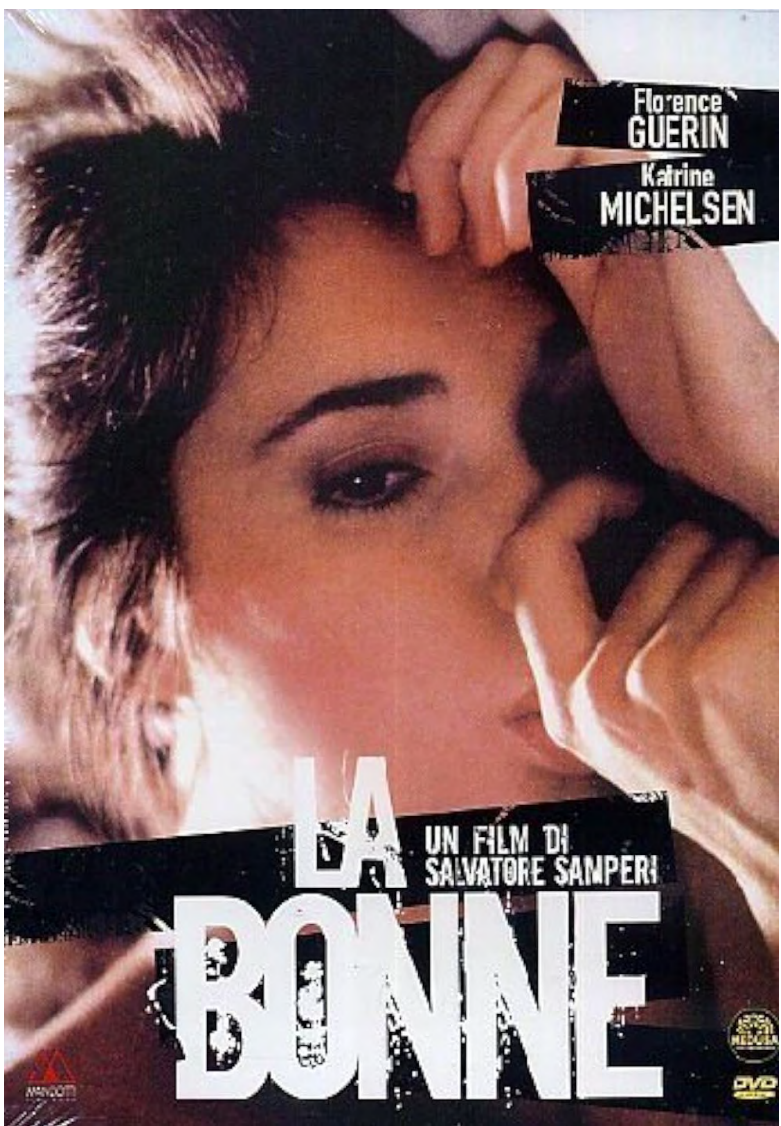
A young teacher rescues a student from a rapist and is raped herself. A colleague seems sympathetic to her after the rape, but soon goes berserk and kidnaps her and the student (when she comes to pick him up).



EMANUELLE PERCHE' VIOLENZA ALLE DONNE?

Emanuelle - Perché violenza alle donne 1977 AKA Emanuelle Around the World

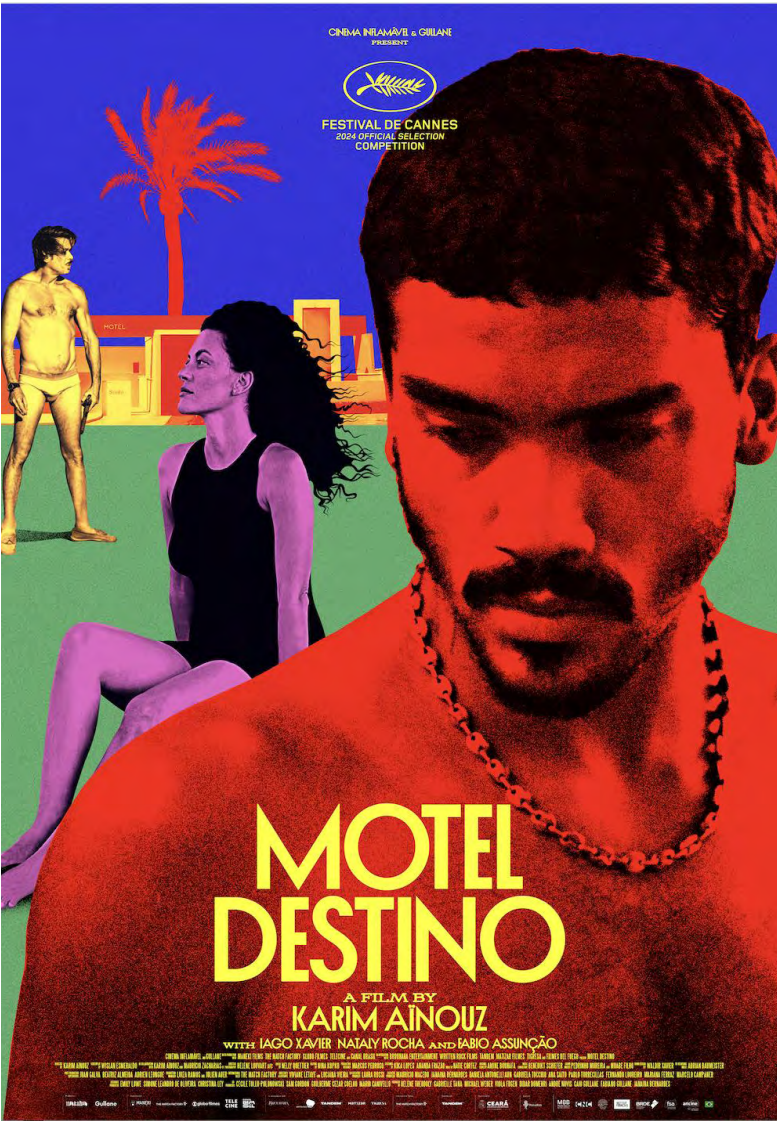
Famous undercover journalist Emanuelle teams with her friend Cora Norman to uncover a white slave ring that traffics in women kidnapped from various locales around the world. Her investigations leaves plenty of time, however, for globe-trotting and bed-hopping. As each lead turns up bad, Emanuelle begins to wonder if she can ever put an end to this horrible slavery ring.



La Bonne 1986

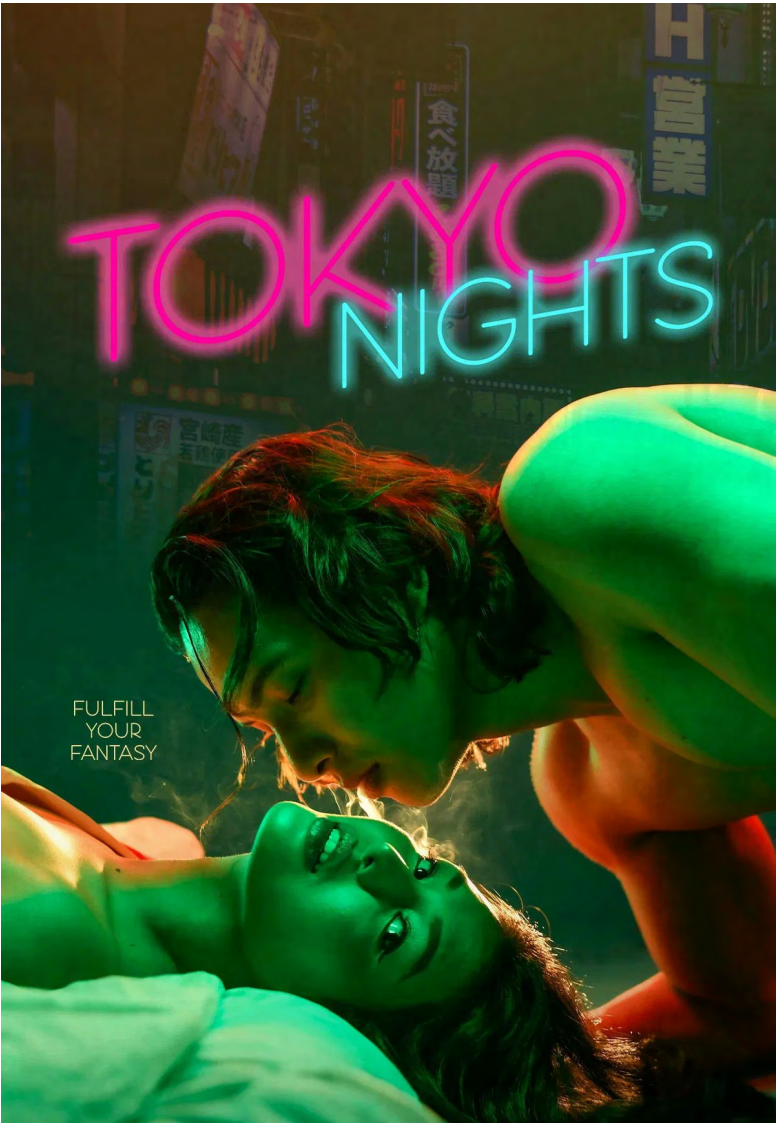
Vicenza, 1956. Beautiful Anna, a lawyer's wife, feels abandoned by her husband, Giacomo. They live with his sick mother and she doesn't like this. She badly wants to have a child, but she is infertile. She is very shy and introverted. Their maid, Angela is the opposite, and Anna grows closer to her. She convinces Anna to try increasingly daring erotic games and gradually the two women begin a relationship which allows the wife to lose her inhibitions, and to humiliate herself.

**HAZ CLICK
AQUÍ PARA ENTRAR
EN LA CARPETA**



Motel Destino 2024

Under the burning sky on a roadside on the coast of Ceará, Motel Destino is the scene of dangerous games of desire, power and violence. One night, the arrival of young Heraldo definitively transforms the daily life of the place.



Tokyo Nights 2025

Newlywed couple Kara and Max are on their honeymoon when they encounter Kara's ex-boyfriend. Their honeymoon turns even spicier and toured around by Kara's ex-boyfriend.



UP! 1976

This kicks off with the murder of one Adolf Schwartz (who bears a striking resemblance to another famous Adolf) via the placement of a ravenous piranha fish in his bathtub. Who did it? Nobody knows or cares; they're too busy being distracted by busty Margo Winchester, who hitchhikes into town and gets involved with all the local men. It ends with a series of complicated plot twists that reveal that just about everyone is really someone else. And if it gets too confusing, Russ Meyer helpfully arranges for a one-woman nude Greek chorus to pop up at intervals to explain what's going on.



VIOL@ 1998

Marta is an interviewer for a poll company: she listens to other people's dreams but she lives a cold and single life, after having left her boyfriend just before the marriage. One day she tries an online sex chat with the nickname of Viola and 'meets' Wittler, and a sort of burning sex relationship starts. Day after day, he gets more and more power over Marta until he manages to get her real name and address, and the border between online life and real life vanishes.

**HAZ CLICK
AQUÍ PARA ENTRAR
EN LA CARPETA**



*Every month the best selection of eroticism
and pornography, only in LASCIVIA magazine!*

LASCIVIA — THE NINTH ART

14 Best Graphic Novels for Adults: A Must-Read List for Every Book Lover

By Alexander Summer

If you're on the lookout for must-read graphic novels for adults, you've got some fantastic options. "The Road" captures survival and hope, while "The Odyssey" offers an engaging retelling. Don't miss "DUNE" for stunning illustrations and depth. "The Hobbit" is perfect for all ages, and "The Iliad" is an epic introduction to classic literature. These selections bring stories to life in unique ways. Stick around, and you'll find even more incredible titles to explore!

The Road: A Graphic Novel Adaptation

If you're a fan of Cormac McCarthy's haunting prose, then "The Road: A Graphic Novel Adaptation" is definitely for you. The artwork by Manu Larcenet is both beautiful and tragic, capturing the dark, chaotic mood of the original novel.

While it stays faithful to McCarthy's themes of survival and hope, some memories are left out, but the emotional impact remains powerful. I found it to be an immersive experience, making it a perfect alternative for those short on time. Overall, this adaptation stands out as a masterpiece, a must-have for any lover of the source material.

The Odyssey: A Graphic Novel

The Odyssey: A Graphic Novel stands out as an exceptional choice for adults seeking a visually engaging retelling of a timeless epic. Mr. Hinds' watercolors beautifully capture the ocean's moods and the characters' emotions, making the story come alive.

However, I found the narrative sometimes loses its thread, and character distinctions can be tricky. While the graphic violence and mature themes stay true to the original, they might be shocking for younger readers. Overall, this adaptation makes the classic more accessible, sparking interest in literature among various age groups, especially reluctant readers. It's a fascinating take on Odysseus's journey!

DUNE: The Graphic Novel, Book 1

DUNE: The Graphic Novel, Book 1 stands out as a perfect choice for both seasoned fans of Frank Herbert's iconic saga and newcomers enthusiastic to immerse themselves in its rich universe. I first encountered Dune at fifteen, and I've returned to its depths many times since. This graphic novel captures the essence of the original while offering stunning illustrations by Raúl Allén and Patricia Martín. Each thick page enhances the experience, bringing the emotional weight and grandeur of Herbert's world to life. I can't wait for Volume 2, as this adaptation truly honors the narrative and its enthralling characters.

The Hobbit: A Graphic Novel (Hobbit Fantasy Classic)

As a fan of J.R.R. Tolkien, I found "The Hobbit: A Graphic Novel" a delightful adaptation. It captures the essence of the original story in just 134 pages, making it accessible for all ages. The vibrant illustrations enhance the adventure, though I understand some may not appreciate every artistic choice. I love how it serves as a family bonding tool, allowing parents to read with kids—my friend's 4-year-old can't get enough of the visuals! Whether you're revisiting Middle-earth or introducing it to a new generation, this graphic novel is a must-have for your collection.

The Iliad: A Graphic Novel

For anyone seeking an engaging introduction to classic literature, "The Iliad: A Graphic Novel" stands out as an excellent choice. This adaptation breathes life into Homer's epic, making it accessible, especially for younger readers. The artwork beautifully captures the essence of the Trojan War, and the visual cues enhance comprehension of the story. While it does tackle mature themes, it's an effective teaching tool for high school students, promoting deeper understanding of the characters and events. Readers love the combination of history and graphic storytelling, finding it much easier to follow than traditional formats. It's definitely worth exploring!

The Hidden Life of Trees: A Graphic Adaptation

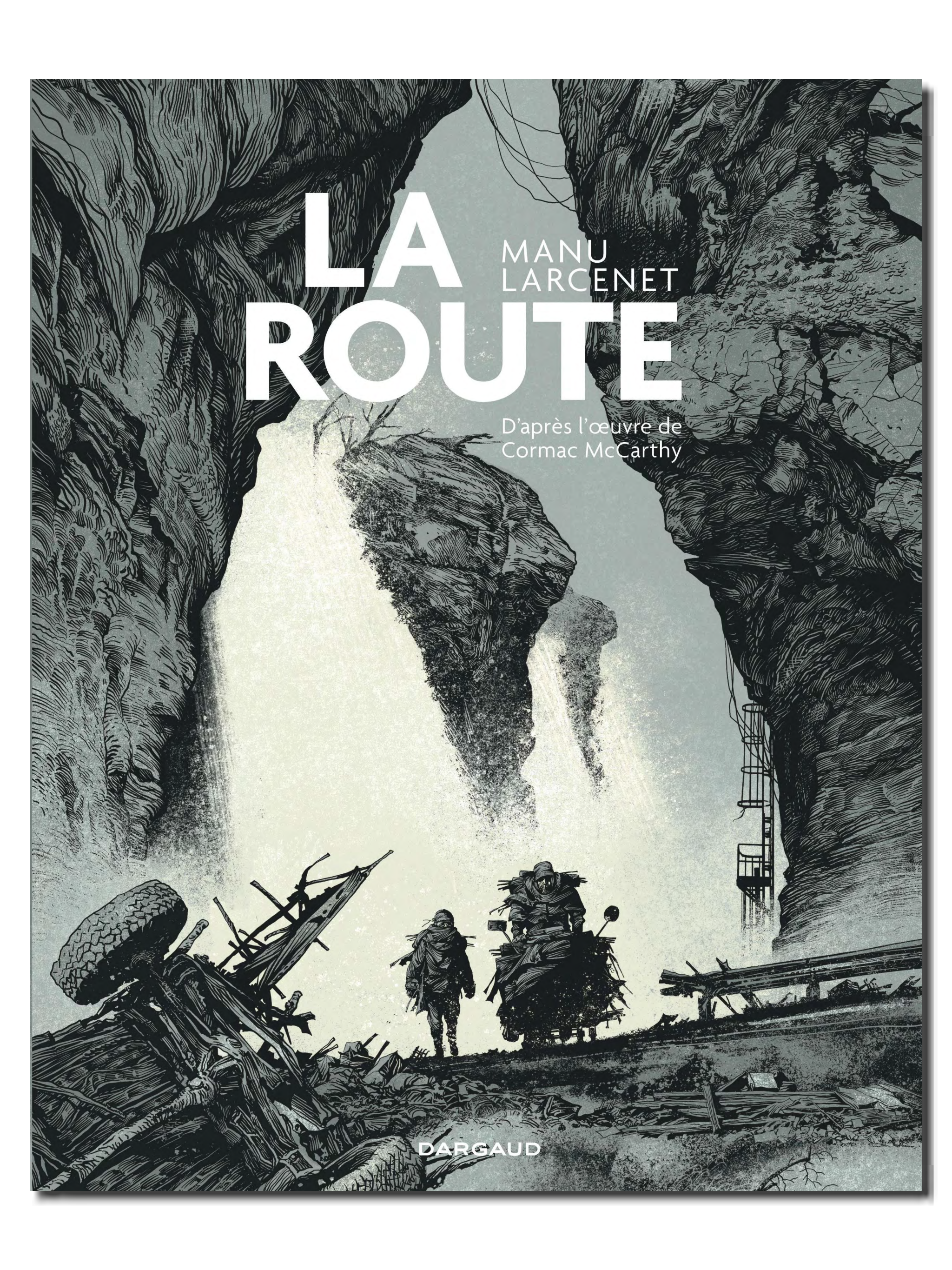
The Hidden Life of Trees: A Graphic Adaptation stands out as an essential read for anyone enthusiastic to deepen their understanding of nature, particularly the intricate world of trees. Peter Wohlleben's journey from curious child to passionate educator shines through engaging illustrations that make complex concepts accessible. It's not just a visual treat; it's a crucial message about the dire consequences of environmental neglect. I found it fascinating and informative, making it perfect for both adults and kids. This graphic adaptation complements other contemporary environmental literature, and I'd say it deserves a spot on every bookshelf and in classrooms everywhere.

The Sandman 1

Immersing yourself in *The Sandman 1* can be an enlightening experience, especially if you appreciate intricate storytelling and rich character development. Neil Gaiman's masterpiece weaves together dark themes with a cast of unforgettable characters like Death and the Corinthian. The quality of this collection is impressive, offering 20 issues for less than a dollar each. I found myself captivated by the stunning artwork and poetic narratives, which transport you to a mesmerizing dreamland. Whether you prefer the comic or the Netflix adaptation, I highly recommend diving into this series. It just might hook you on reading like it did for me.

1984: The Graphic Novel: (Authorized Orwell Edition)

If you're someone who appreciates classic literature but struggles to engage with traditional texts, then "1984: The Graphic Novel: (Authorized Orwell Edition)" is an excellent choice. Fido Nesti's adaptation captures Orwell's essence beautifully, with gritty artwork that immerses you in the story's dark atmosphere. The visuals make complex themes more accessible, especially for those who typically resist reading. As I explored the parallels between Big Brother and today's government actions, I found the commentary incredibly relevant. With its positive reception,



LA MANU LARCENET ROUTE

D'après l'œuvre de
Cormac McCarthy

DARGAUD

this graphic novel is a must-read for anyone concerned about freedom of speech and societal issues. Don't miss it!

Poe: Stories and Poems: A Graphic Novel; Illustrated by Gareth Hinds

A standout feature of “Poe: Stories and Poems: A Graphic Novel,” illustrated by Gareth Hinds, is its ability to make classic literature accessible to younger audiences. I found the combination of Poe's haunting tales and Hinds' striking illustrations enthralling. The thematic checklists and footnotes assist in understanding, making it a great entry point for kids interested in horror. While I'd prefer a standard size and longer adaptations, the balance of well-known and lesser-known stories like “The Tell-Tale Heart” keeps the suspense alive. This graphic novel is not just for kids—it's a delightful read for any Poe fan.

A Wrinkle in Time: The Graphic Novel

For anyone looking to introduce young readers to classic literature, “A Wrinkle in Time: The Graphic Novel” stands out as an excellent choice. This adaptation beautifully illustrates Madeleine L'Engle's timeless tale, following Meg, Charles Wallace, and Calvin on their quest to save Mr. Murray. Hope Larson's unique blue-toned artwork brings the story to life, capturing emotions and fantastical elements that engage both newcomers and longtime fans. While it might differ from the original novel in some character interpretations, it retains the essence of L'Engle's message about self-acceptance and the importance of differences. I highly recommend it for young readers!

Fangs

“Fangs” stands out as a delightful choice for anyone seeking a lighthearted escape into the domains of supernatural romance. This charming graphic novel by Sarah Andersen features the quirky relationship between a vampire and a werewolf, filled with witty dialogue and adorable art. The

stunning illustrations and textured hardcover make it visually appealing. I found it to be a warm, fluffy hug of a comic, perfect for a quick read. The humor and heartwarming moments left me wanting more. It's an ideal gift, especially for younger readers, and a fantastic addition to any graphic novel collection. Don't miss out!

Final Cut

Charles Burns' **Final Cut** stands out as an essential read for adults seeking a graphic novel that explores deep into the complexities of teenage life and emotional turmoil. The moody artwork captivates with its eerie atmosphere, drawing me into Brian and the redheaded girl's struggles as they create a home movie. I felt their isolation and unfulfilled desires, reflecting themes of unrequited love and identity. While the narrative is visually stunning, I found some character motivations lacking depth, leaving me feeling detached at times. Despite its shortcomings, **Final Cut** remains a significant addition to Burns' body of work, sparking anticipation for his future projects.

Shuna's Journey

Shuna's Journey stands out as a compelling choice for adult readers seeking an immersive graphic novel experience. Hayao Miyazaki's stunning watercolor illustrations capture a haunting world, inviting you to explore themes of humanity's bond with nature. Through Shuna's quest for a magical grain, I felt the weight of environmental exploitation and human suffering. The narrative isn't about grand heroics; instead, it offers a reflective journey with a hint of nihilism, yet it ends on a hopeful note. If you appreciate artful storytelling and deep emotional depth, this beautifully crafted work deserves a spot on your reading list.

Sapiens: A Graphic History: The Birth of Humankind (Vol. 1)

For anyone curious about human history and evolution, “Sapiens: A Graphic History: The Birth of Humankind (Vol. 1)” stands out as an enthralling choice. This visual adaptation of Harari’s bestselling book combines stunning illustrations with deep insights from various fields, making complex ideas about our past accessible and engaging. I found it perfect for sparking discussions about evolution and society, especially among younger readers. The hardcover’s thick matte paper enhances the vibrant colors, reminiscent of classic educational materials. It’s not just informative; it’s a enthralling journey that broadens perspectives and challenges assumptions about what it means to be human.

Factors to Consider When Choosing Graphic Novels for Adults

When I choose a graphic novel, I look closely at the artistic style and narrative depth. The themes and subject matter also play a huge role in my enjoyment, as does how well the story engages me. Plus, I consider whether it stays true to its original source or brings something new to the table.

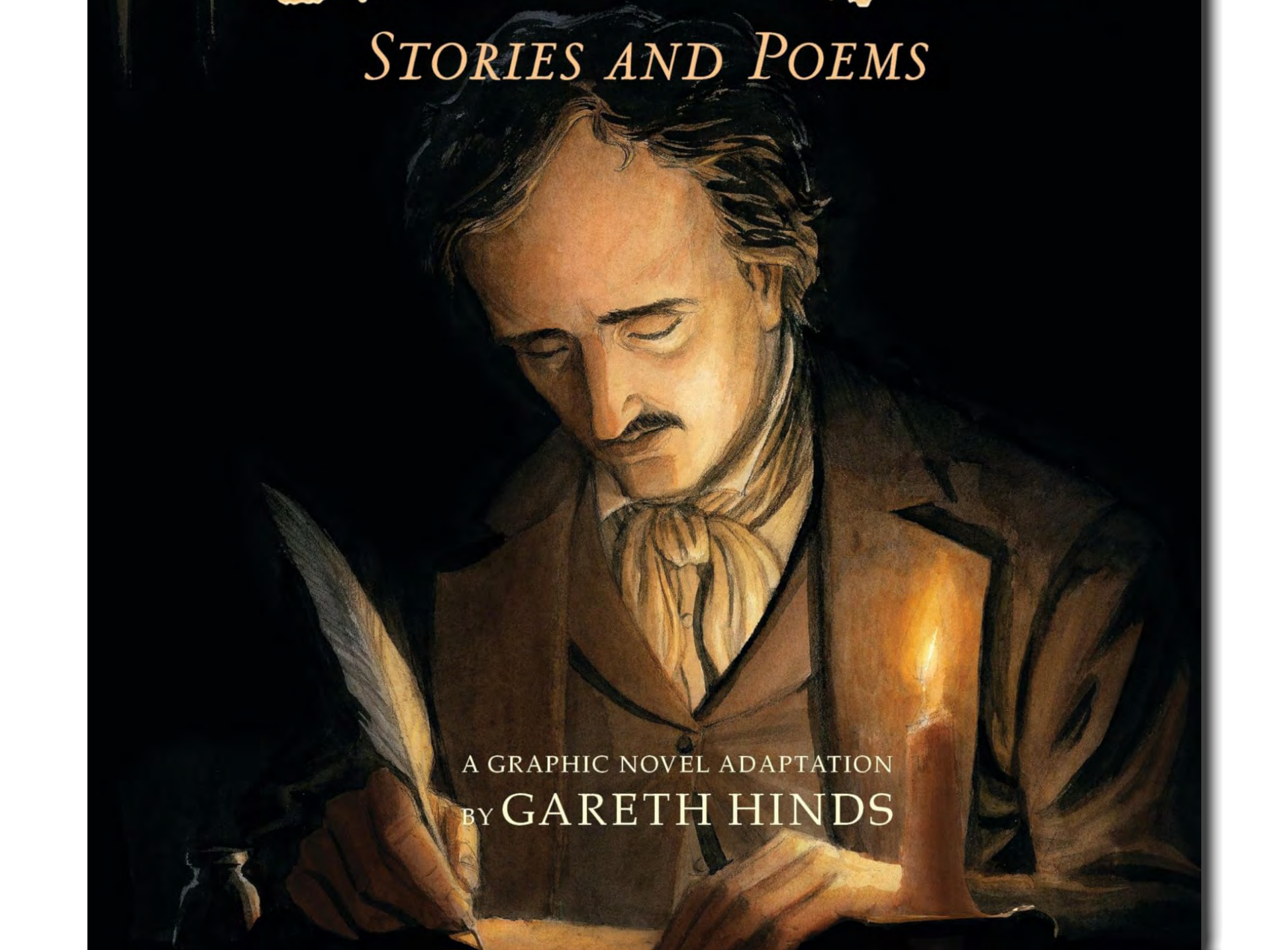
Artistic Style and Quality

Artistic style and quality play an essential role in how we experience graphic novels as adults. I’ve found that intricate details and chaotic styles can evoke various moods, making the emotional experience richer. A well-executed artistic style enhances narrative clarity, allowing me to easily distinguish characters and follow the storyline. On the other hand, poor illustrations can confuse or disengage me entirely. The color choices and techniques used can greatly affect how I perceive the themes; certain styles can elevate or diminish the underlying messages. High-quality



POE

STORIES AND POEMS



A GRAPHIC NOVEL ADAPTATION
BY GARETH HINDS

art, with skillful inking and coloring, makes for a visually appealing experience. I often appreciate unique artistic interpretations that offer fresh perspectives, deepening my understanding of the story.

Narrative Depth and Complexity

While selecting graphic novels for adults, I always look for those that explore complex themes and narratives, as they tend to offer a richer reading experience. I find that intricate character development and emotional depth engage me more, allowing for a stronger connection to the story. Adaptations of classic literature or historical events can be especially rewarding, intertwining personal and societal struggles in ways that are both educational and thought-provoking.

Additionally, I appreciate graphic novels that balance detailed artwork with sophisticated storytelling, as this interplay enhances my understanding. Finally, I'm drawn to works that challenge conventional storytelling techniques or present non-linear narratives, as they stimulate my critical thinking and offer fresh perspectives.

Themes and Subject Matter

Choosing graphic novels for adults often hinges on the themes and subject matter that resonate on a personal level. I find that stories exploring mental health, emotional struggles, and complex relationships often speak to readers like me who crave relatable narratives. It's also rewarding to immerse oneself in works addressing social issues such as government overreach and environmental concerns, as they spark thought-provoking discussions.

If you enjoy darker storytelling, look for graphic novels that tackle mature content and existential themes. Additionally, historical or philosophical themes can enrich your reading experience by providing cultural insights. Finally, adaptations of classic literature offer fresh perspectives while maintaining the depth that adult readers appreciate. These factors can truly enhance your graphic novel journey.

Audience Engagement and Accessibility

As I explore graphic novels, I quickly realize how engaging they can be, thanks to their unique visual storytelling techniques. The varying panel layouts and artistic styles pull me into the narrative, making it hard to put the book down. I appreciate how these works distill complex themes into more digestible formats, perfect for readers of all skill levels. The combination of illustrations and text clarifies intricate ideas, especially for visual learners or those who struggle with dense prose. Plus, many graphic novels cater to specific age groups, ensuring the content resonates and feels appropriate. Overall, the engaging artwork and succinct storytelling make graphic novels a fantastic option for reluctant readers, inviting them into the world of literature with ease.

Adaptation Fidelity and Originality

When I pick up a graphic novel adaptation, I often find myself pondering the balance between fidelity to the source material and the originality of the retelling. Adaptation fidelity is vital; it shapes how closely the narrative, themes, and characters mirror the original work. This fidelity can considerably influence my engagement and satisfaction. However, I also appreciate when adaptations take creative liberties, allowing fresh storytelling techniques that still honor the original's emotional essence. Sometimes, details may be omitted due to space, which can impact character development. Ultimately, I enjoy adaptations that balance fidelity with artistic expression, inviting both newcomers and long-time fans to explore the story in a new light while preserving its core themes.

Frequently Asked Questions

What Age Group Is Suitable for Reading Graphic Novels?

I believe graphic novels can appeal to a wide range of age groups. While kids and teens enjoy them for their vibrant art and engaging stories, adults can appreciate the deeper themes and complex characters. I've found that

many graphic novels tackle serious subjects, making them suitable for mature readers. Ultimately, it's all about personal preference and what resonates with you. So, I'd say graphic novels are for anyone who loves a good story!

How Do Graphic Novels Differ From Traditional Novels?

Graphic novels? They're like traditional novels got a makeover and joined a circus! While traditional novels rely solely on words to paint their worlds, graphic novels combine striking visuals with text, creating a dynamic storytelling experience. I love how they can convey emotions in a single image, making me feel connected instantly. Plus, they often tackle complex themes in a more approachable way. So, if you haven't tried one yet, you're missing out!

Are Graphic Novels Considered Literature?

Absolutely, I believe graphic novels are a form of literature. They combine visual art and storytelling, creating a unique narrative experience. Just like traditional novels, they explore complex themes, character development, and rich world-building. I've found that graphic novels can evoke deep emotions and provoke thought, much like any classic piece of literature. So, if you're hesitant about considering them literature, I encourage you to immerse yourself in one and see for yourself!

Can Graphic Novels Be Educational?

Graphic novels can be as educational as a well-crafted documentary. I've found that they often tackle complex themes, making learning engaging and accessible. For example, when I read graphic novels on history or science, the visuals paired with the narrative help me grasp concepts better. They can spark discussions and inspire deeper thinking, which makes them valuable tools for education. So yes, they definitely have a place in the learning landscape!

FANGS



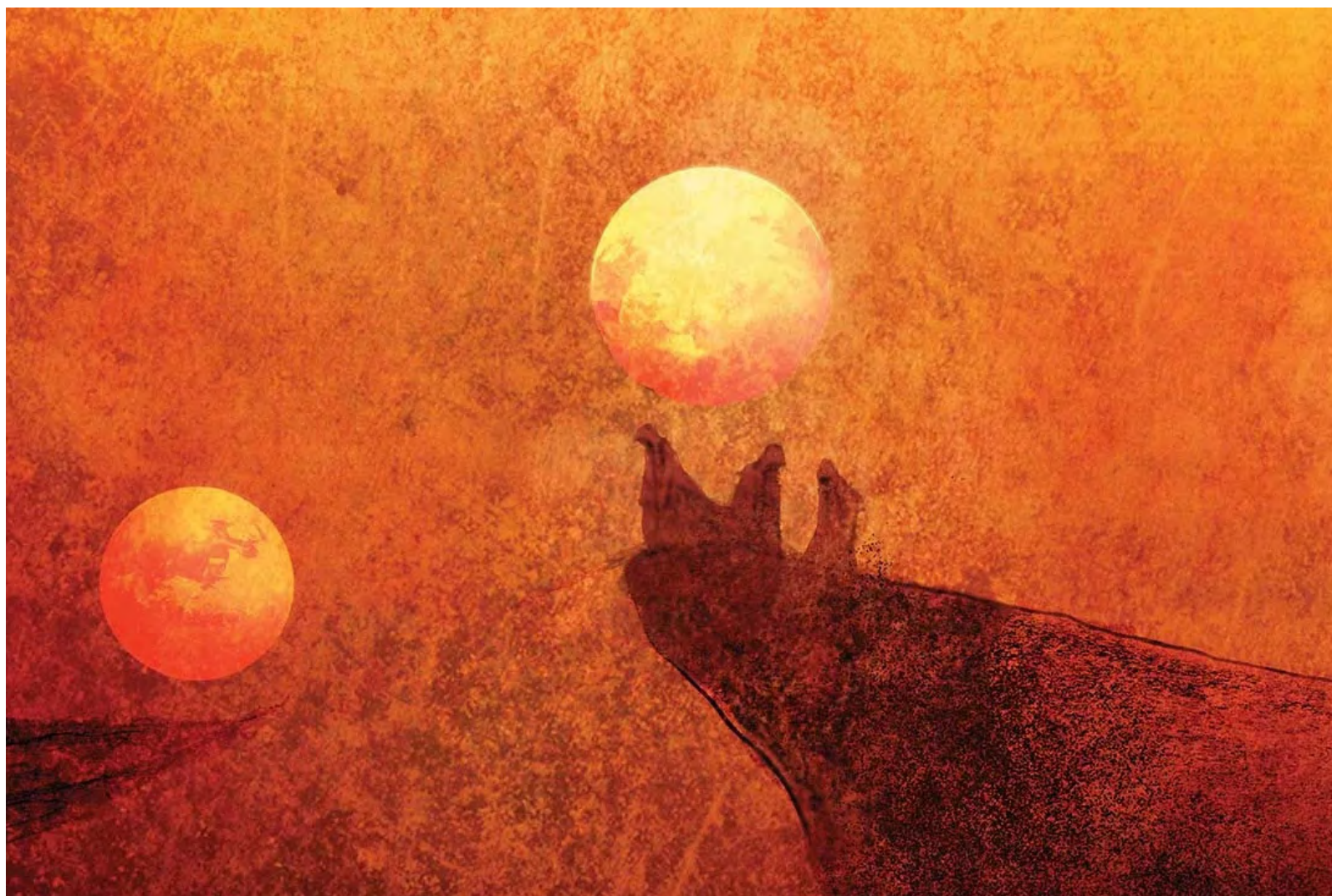
SARAH ANDERSEN
author of *Sarah's Scribbles*

Where Can I Find Graphic Novels for Adults?

If you're looking for graphic novels for adults, I've found a few great places. My local bookstore often has a dedicated section, and I love browsing those shelves. Online retailers like Amazon and Book Depository offer a wide selection, too. Don't forget to check your library; they usually have a graphic novel collection. I also enjoy visiting comic book shops where I can discover new titles and hidden gems. Happy reading!

Conclusion

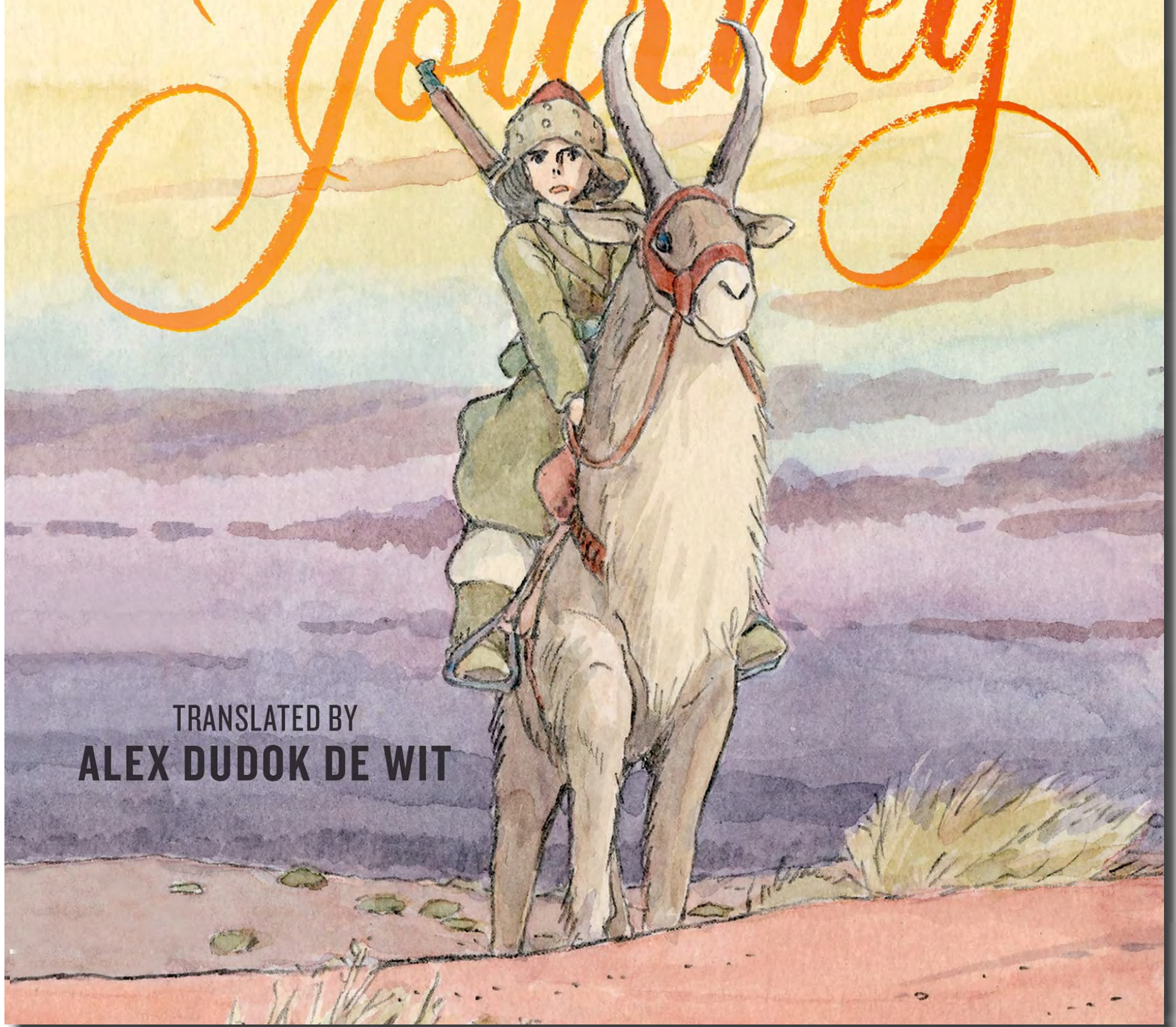
In exploring these 14 graphic novels, I hope you've found a few that pique your interest. Each story offers a unique perspective, blending art and narrative in ways that can challenge our understanding of literature. Isn't it fascinating how graphic novels can convey complex themes just as powerfully as traditional prose? As you immerse yourself in these works, remember that reading is not just about the story; it's about the journey and the emotions they evoke within us.



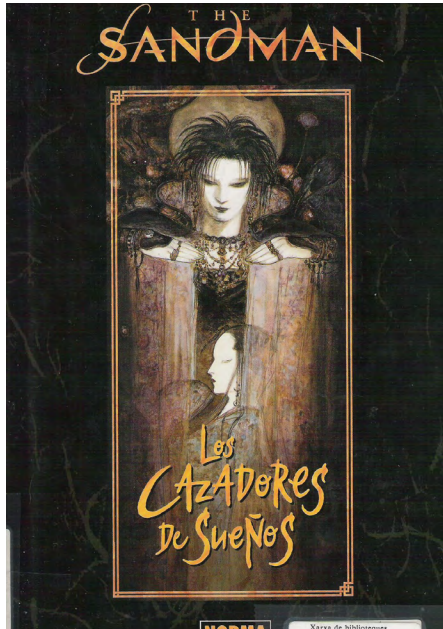
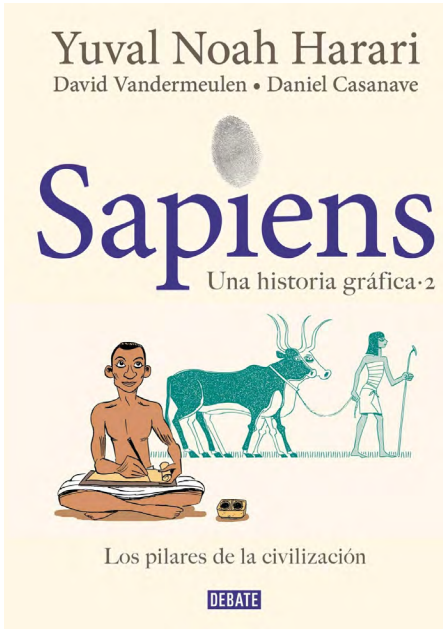
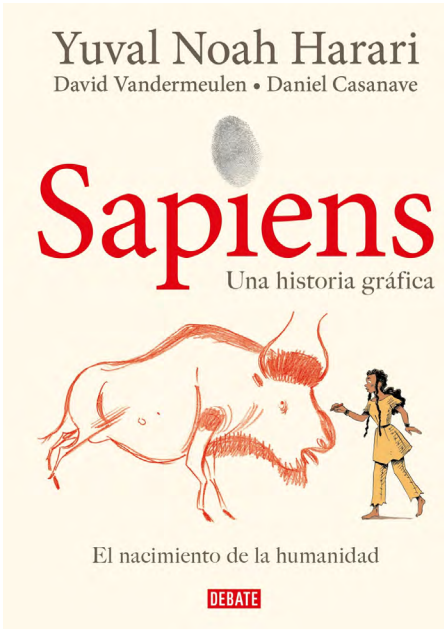
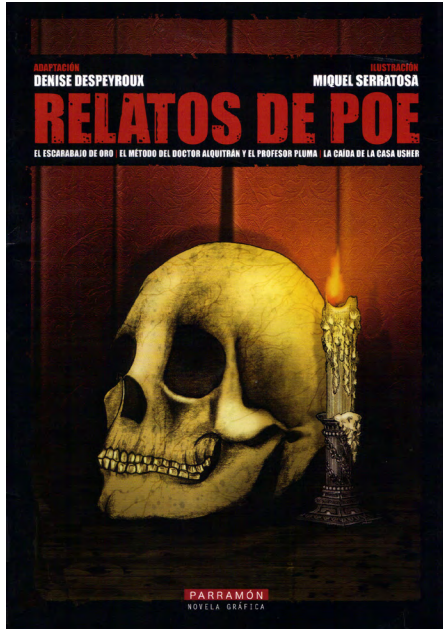
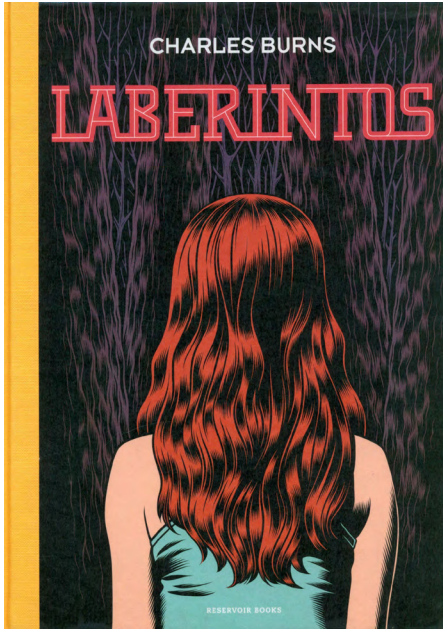
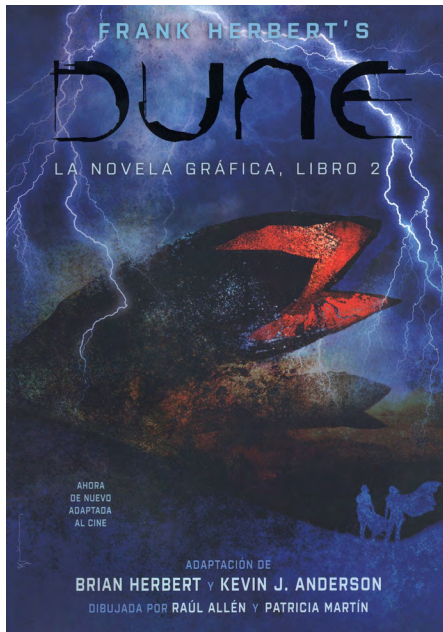
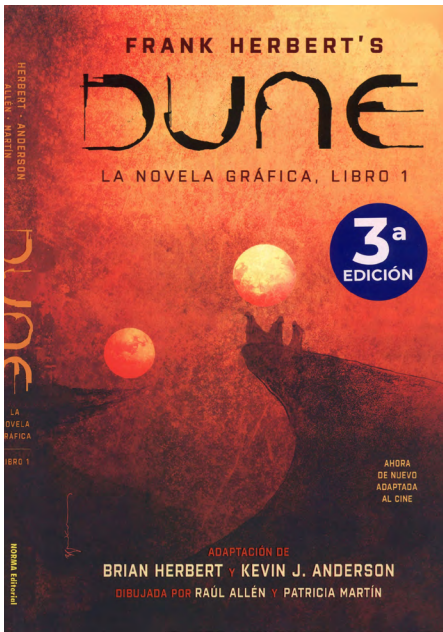
HAYAO MIYAZAKI

Shuna's Journey

TRANSLATED BY
ALEX DUDOK DE WIT

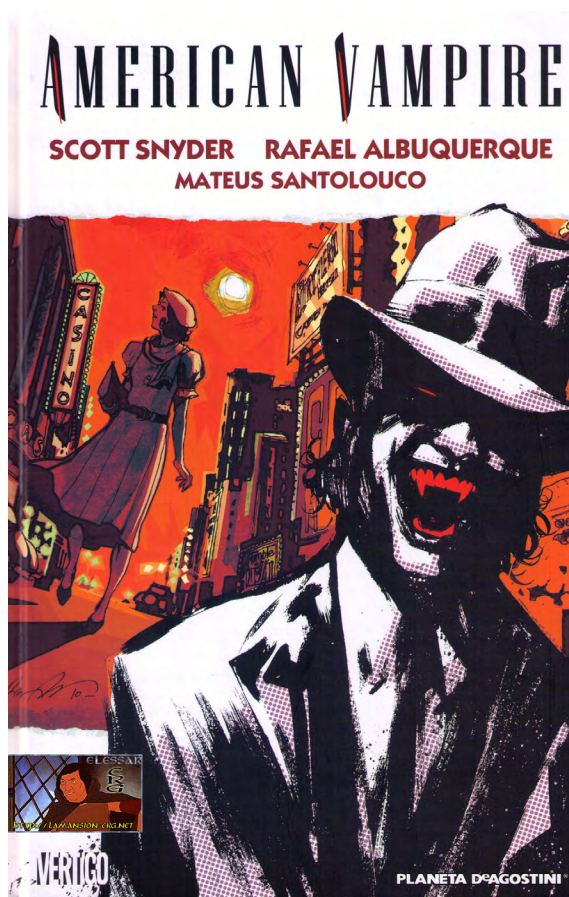


DEL CINE AL CÓMIC





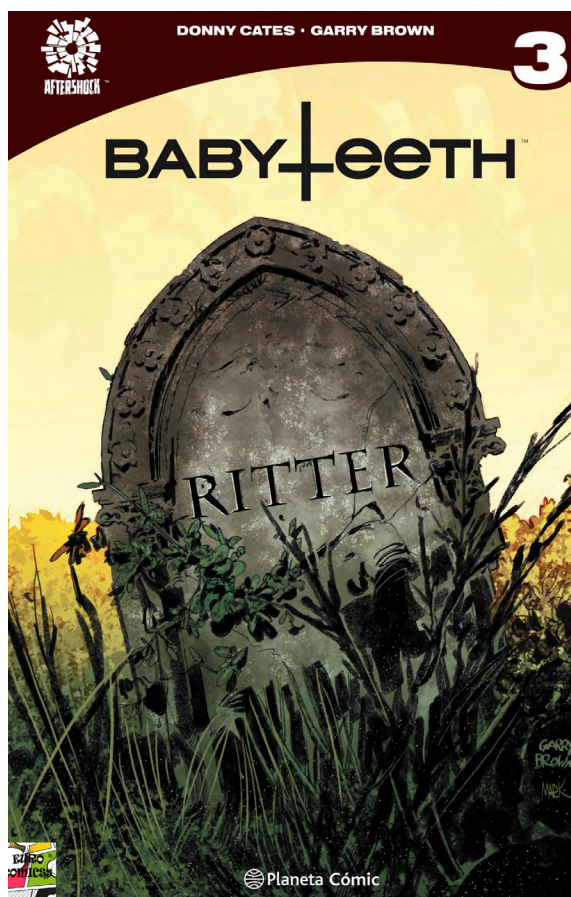
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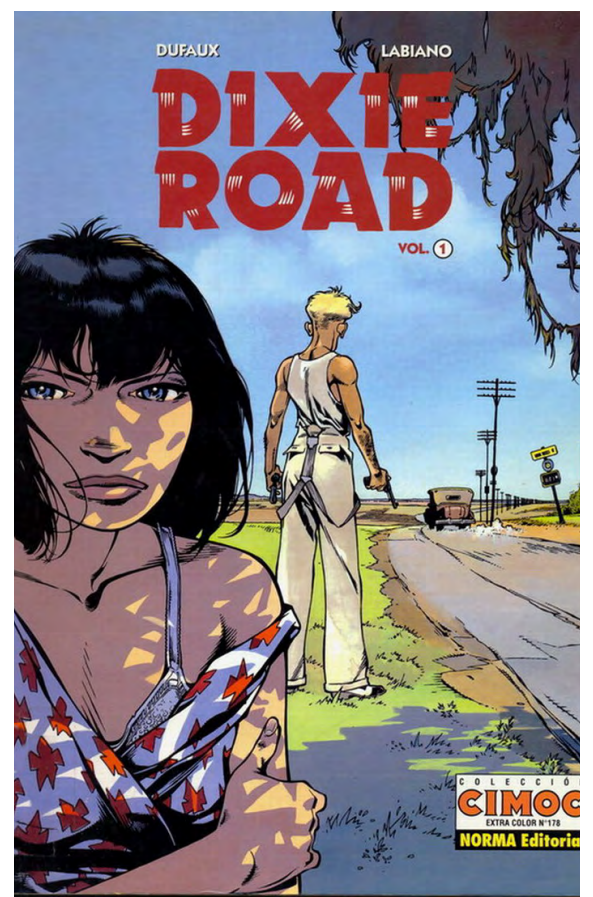
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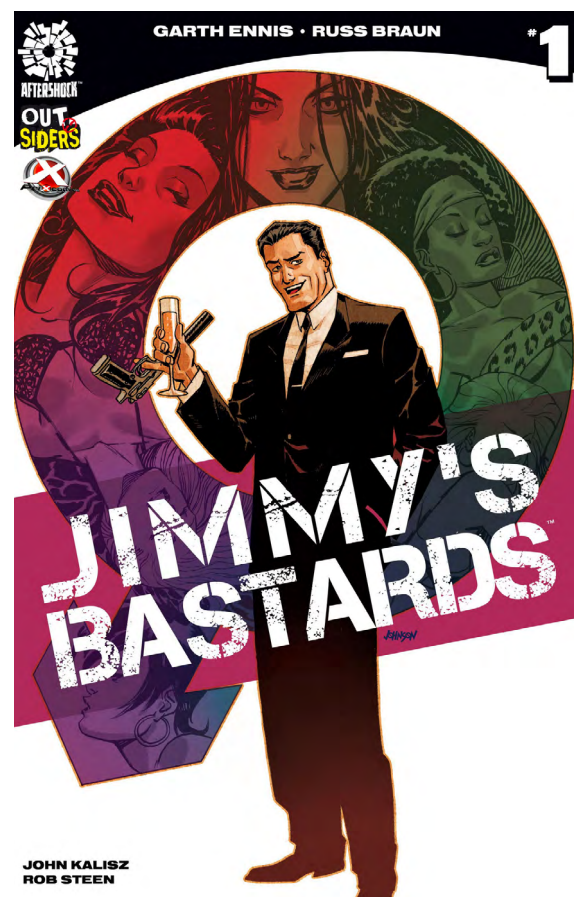
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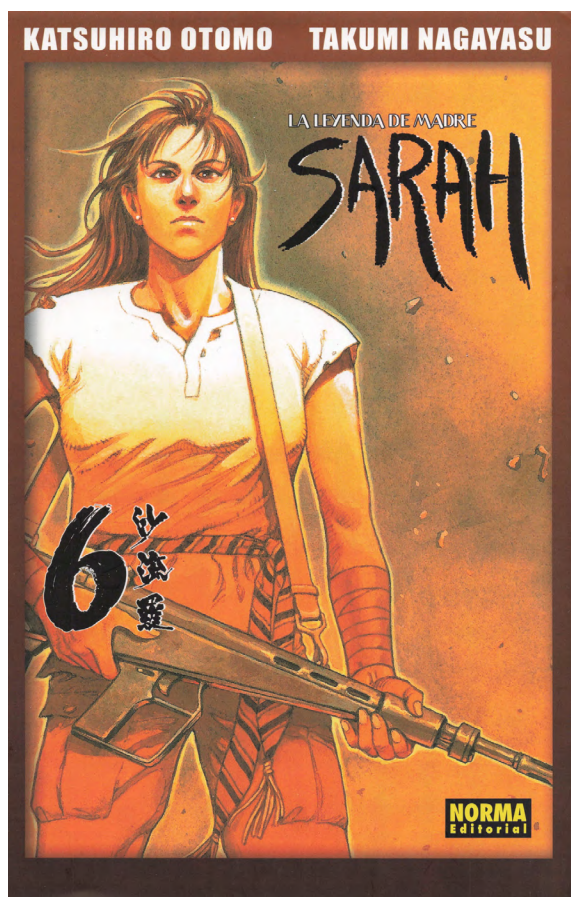
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LA LEYENDA DE MADRE SARAH
TOMO 6



LAS PRUEBAS DE SHAZAM

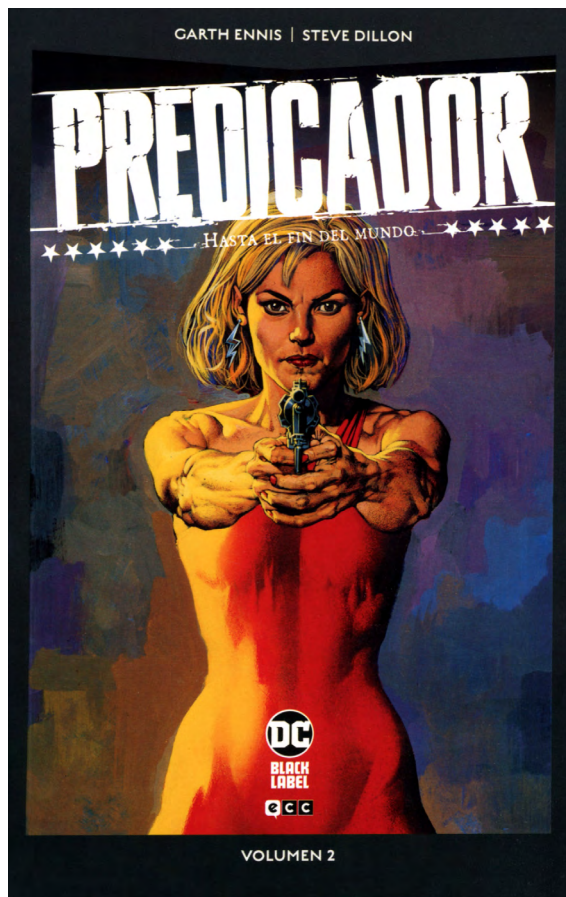


LAS QUINTILLIZAS TOMO 4

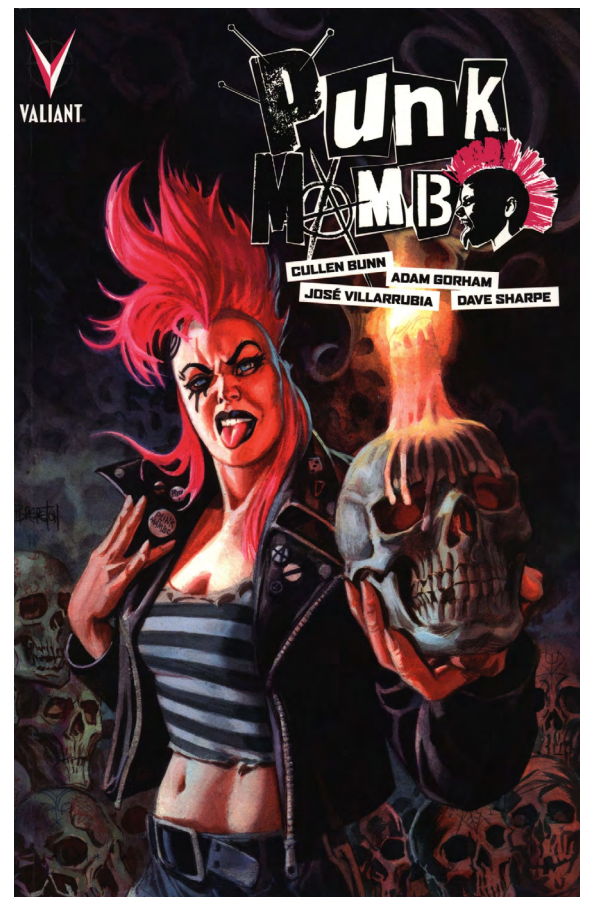
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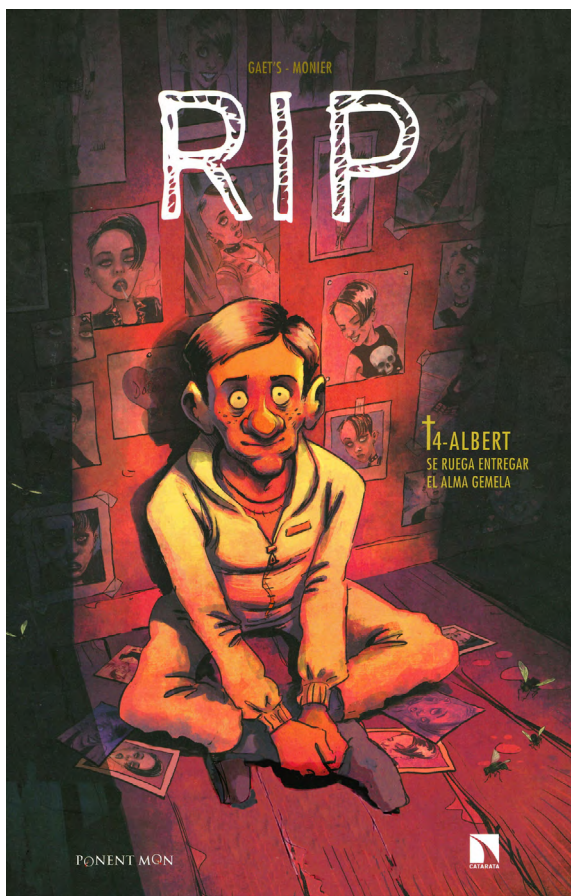
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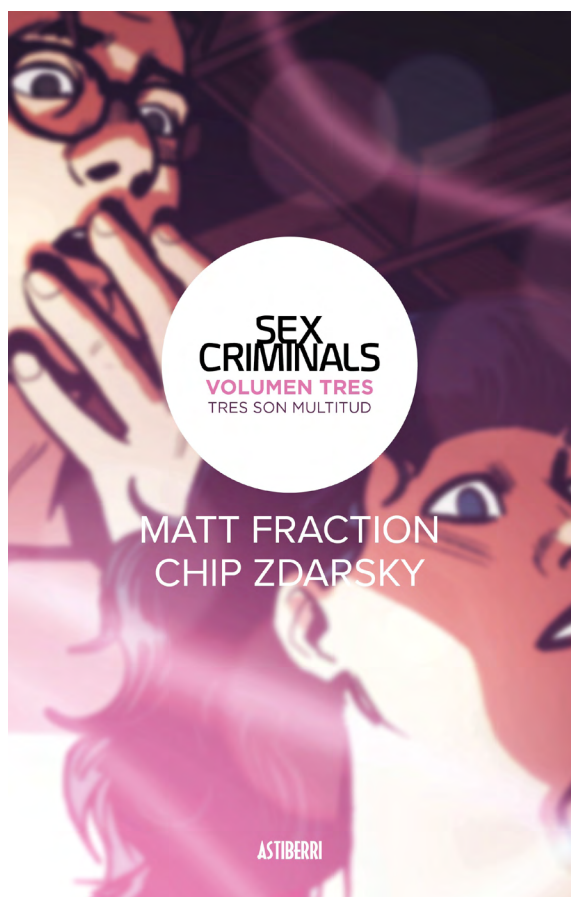
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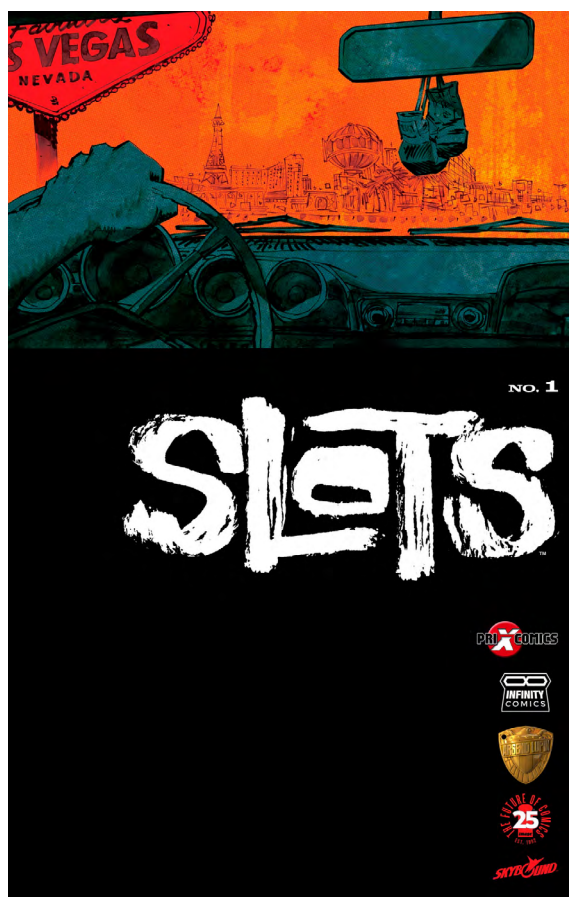
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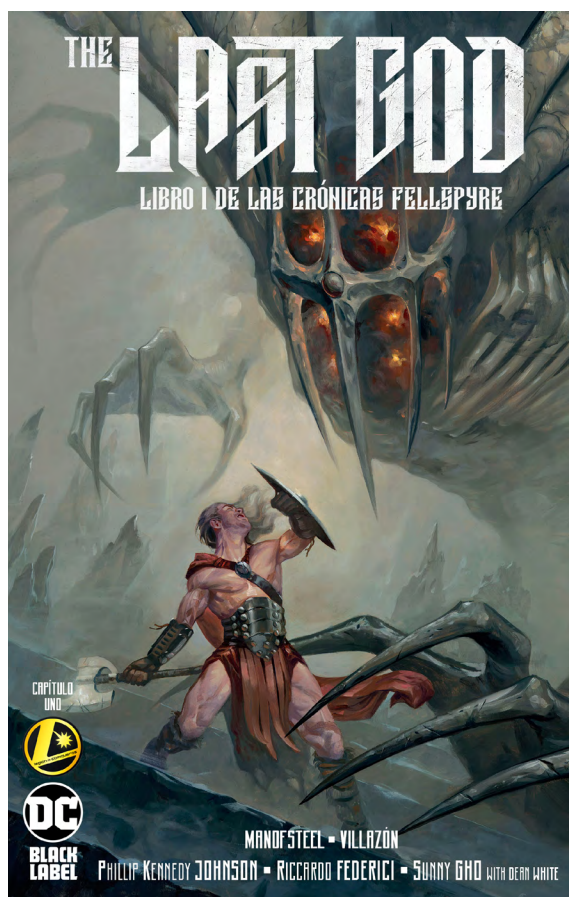
SLOTS



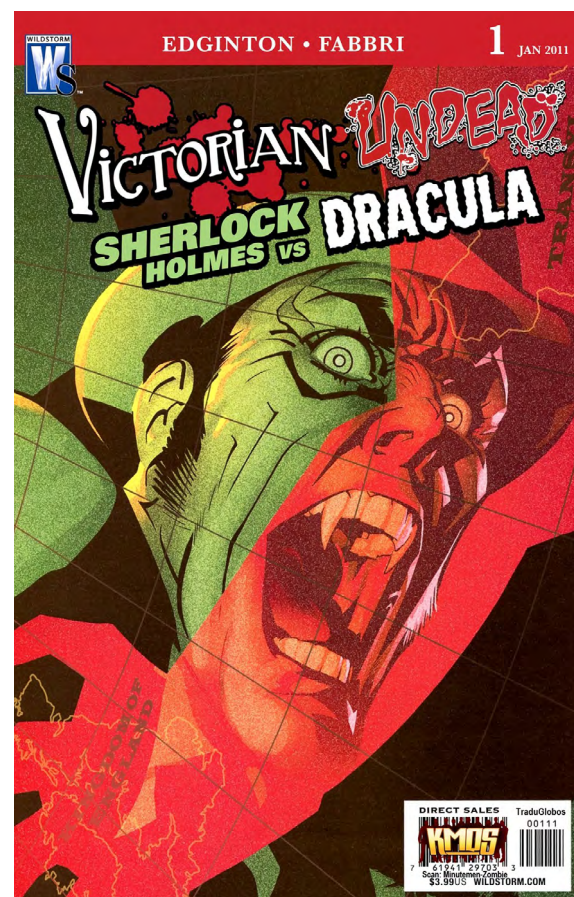
TERRA OSCURA LIBRO 1



THE BARBARIAN KING - VALERIA



THE LAST GOD



VICTORIAN UNDEAD -
SHERLOCK HOLMES VS DRACULA

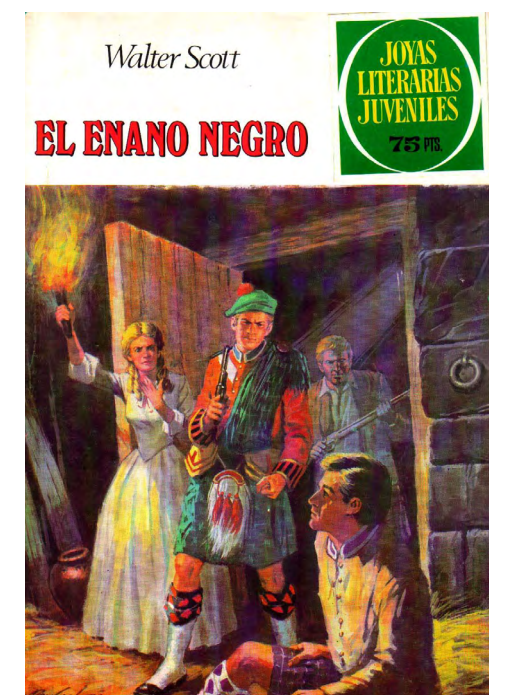
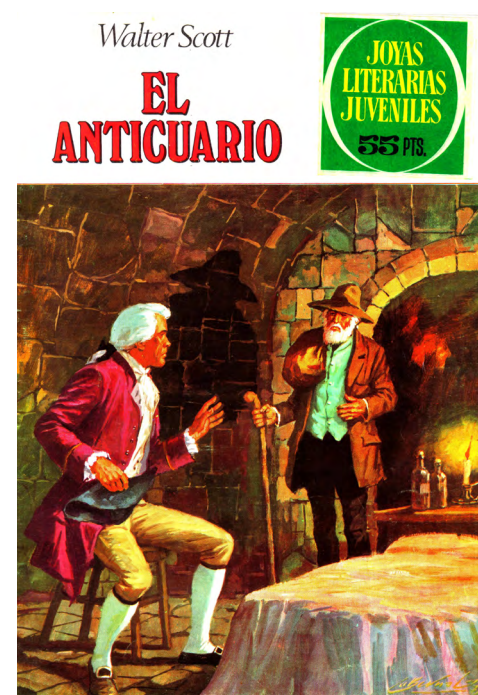
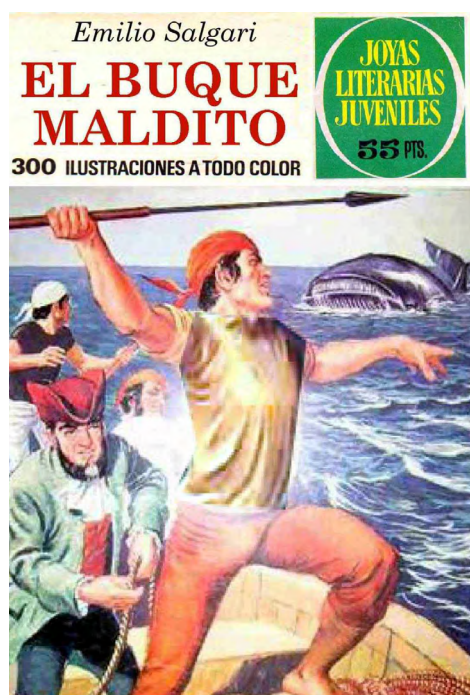
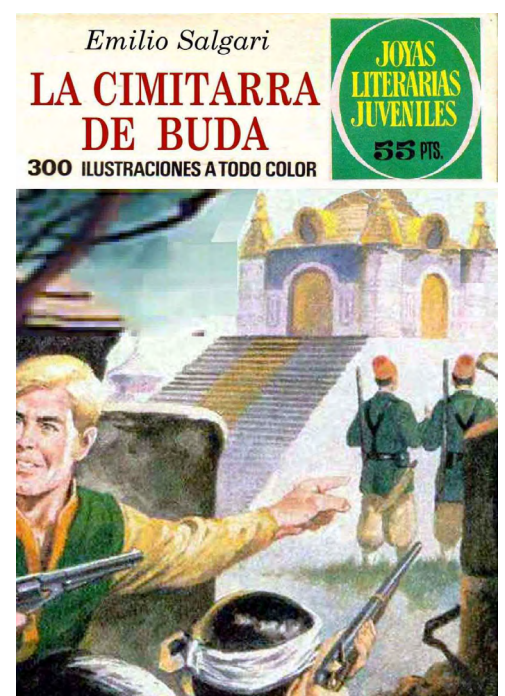
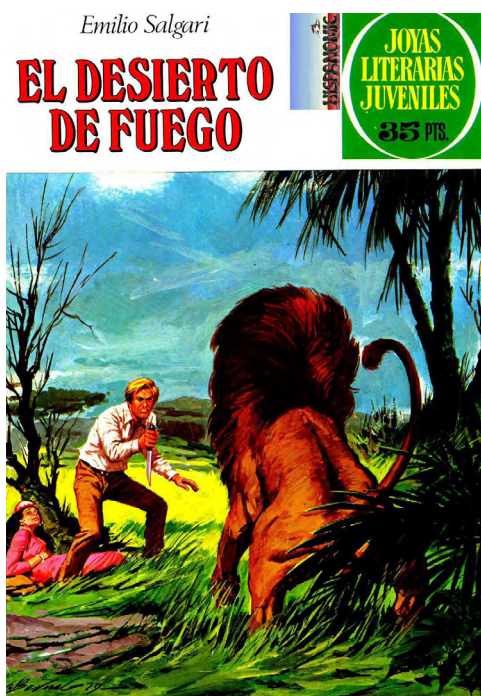
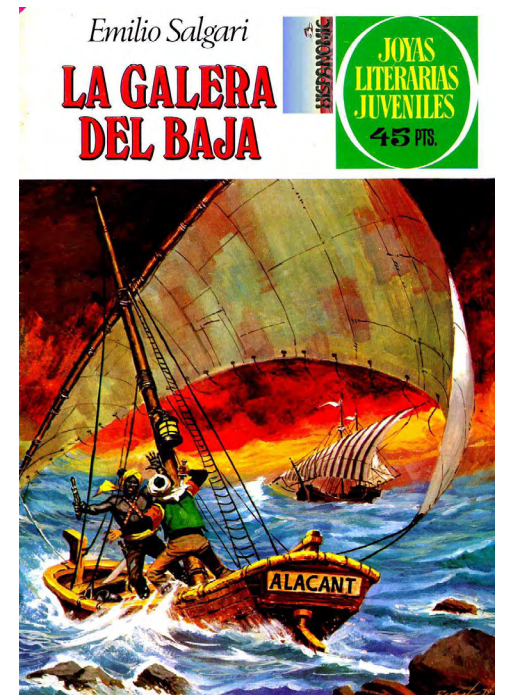
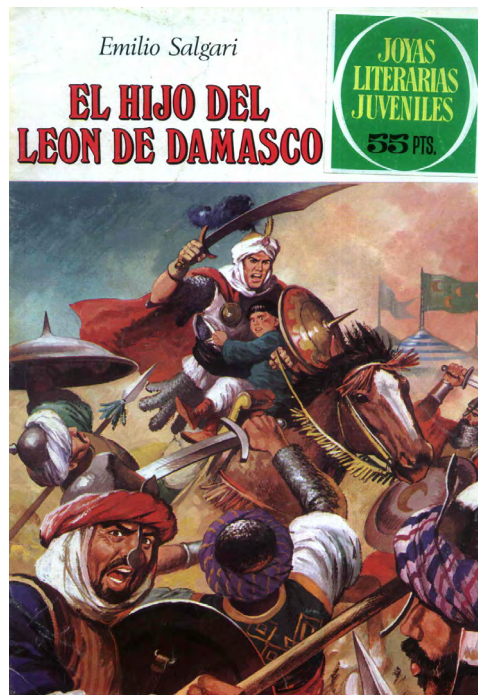
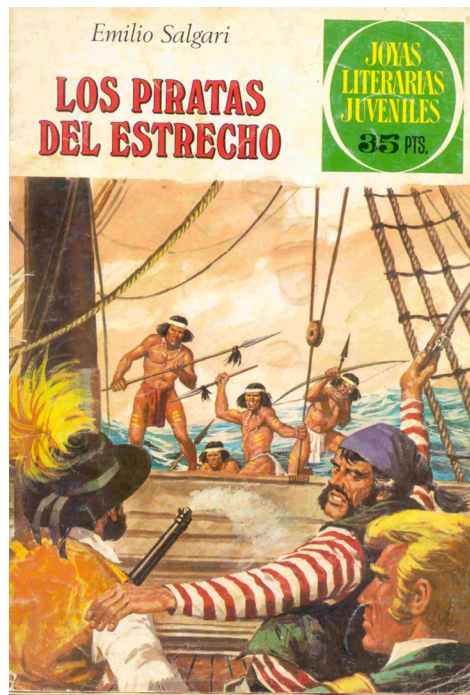
HAZ CLICK
AQUÍ PARA ENTRAR
EN LA CARPETA



Joyas Literarias Juveniles fue una serie de 272 adaptaciones a historieta de clásicos de la literatura, fundamentalmente de aventuras, que se empezó a publicar en 1967 en las revistas de Editorial Bruguera. Su posterior recopilación y expansión en tebeos monográficos constituyó uno de los grandes aciertos de la editorial en la década de los setenta, junto a la Colección Olé! y la revista Gran Pulgarcito.

JOYAS LITERARIAS JUVENILES

CLICK
HERE TO ENTER THE
FOLDER



HUMOR LASCIVO



"Conan O'Brien can't keep a guy up as long as I can...!"

LASCIVIA — LAST TANGO IN PARIS

Coming Clean

By jacfox

I opened the door to my Edwardian townhouse, in a small Midlands town. I expected to see my usual cleaning lady, Mrs Anderson, a pleasant woman in her fifties.

Instead, a young woman stood there, carrying the usual array of equipment. Her dark hair shone and was pulled back into a ponytail, bangs in front, showing off a flawless honey colored complexion. Maybe five feet three tall. It was hard for me to guess her age. Her smudged white work overall failed to show her figure clearly, being somewhat baggy with jeans beneath, but they hinted at something curvy, at least around her rear.

“Mr Stewart?” She smiled sweetly, revealing a charmingly imperfect set of slightly overlarge front teeth within a wide mouth. Always my weakness as a young man.

“Yes?”

“Mrs Anderson has been reassigned, sir,” she explained very politely. “I’m Louisa. Louisa Brown. I’ll be your cleaner from now on. I hope that’s okay?” She tilted her head and narrowed her eyes.

“Please, come in. Where are my manners?” I led her through the hall to my study. It’s a small reception room in an otherwise spacious old house, lined with bookshelves, a desk against one wall and a hearth with an open fire opposite, a large thick rug over waxed boards. A bay window gives onto a somewhat unkempt back garden. “I’m working in here. If you’re not sure about anything, just come and ask. You’ll find extra cleaning materials in the kitchen and a vacuum cleaner in the hall cupboard. The house isn’t unusual and there aren’t any spaces you can’t go in, so I’m sure you’ll easily find your way around.”

She nodded, and glanced at my desk. “What do you do--if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Oh--didn’t they tell you? I’m a writer. Mostly technical stuff. I try my hand at fiction now and then.” I didn’t tell her what genre...

Her eyes shone. I noticed for the first time how dark brown they were. “Wow. Impressive. You must tell me about it sometime--if you have time.”

I grinned. “Not that impressive, really, but it would be a pleasure. Now, I guess we both better get on with our work.”

“Oh. Yes, of course. Thanks.” She gave me a grin back and my stomach flipped. You foolish old man. You must be old enough to be her father, and then some.

I realized it must be a result of the loneliness I’d suffered now for a good two years. The first year after I lost my wife, Yvonne, I was completely at sea. At least I was writing again, though it wasn’t my best stuff. I knew I needed to get out more, but it still felt like a mountain to climb.

About a half hour later I got up to make a cup of coffee. I returned to my study to find Louisa cleaning there. When I entered she started, and looked as if she felt guilty about something. She blushed, which did nothing to reduce her attractiveness.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you,” I said.

“No, I’m sorry, I never asked if it was okay for me to clean in here.” She gave me a strange look for a couple of seconds that I found hard to decipher at first, then smiled again. I could get used to that smile.

“No problem. Do you mind if we talk while you work?”

“Not at all, Mr Stewart.”

“Look, if I’m allowed to call you Louisa, you can call me Jack. A long as you’re okay with that,” I added hastily.

“Of course, Mr...um, Jack. What did you want to talk about?”

“Is this your main occupation, Louisa?”

“Oh, no--I’m a student. I do this to help pay my way. Funds are tight.”

“I’m sure. What do you study?”

“Theatre and cinema arts. It’s mainly a vocational course with options for some technical and professional jobs.”

“That’s a tough one. Do you have any experience?”

“A little, though I’m only coming up twenty soon, so I haven’t had much opportunity yet.”

“I’m surprised. You look more, um, mature than that, to me. Though don’t get me wrong. Everyone under fifty looks young to me, and quite a few over fifty.”

She laughed, a husky, real woman’s laugh, like the aural equivalent of a good Irish whiskey. “I’ll take that as a compliment.” She tilted her head a little and fluttered her eyelashes, a hint of a smirk tugging at one corner of her mouth.

What was that about? Then I remembered what I’d been writing on my computer...Did she see it? Shit... no wonder she gave me a strange look at first... but just then, that flirting? No, no way...surely she wouldn’t...would she? I swallowed and forced a smile.

It was her turn to look puzzled.

We chatted on, and I learned that she lived at home, took part in drama productions and had a predilection for cosplay. That did nothing to calm my overheated imagination.

“I imagine that would help with the idea of getting into role.”

“Oh, yeah. Cosplay and role play are one and the same to me, a vehicle for improv.”

She checked her watch and sighed. “I have to go, Mr--”

“Jack, remember?”

That smile again. And that slightly upturned button nose and those dark brown eyes. “Jack. Thanks for the chat. It’s good to have a client who shows an interest.”

I saw her out and checked her next visit day. “Have a good week, Louisa.”



“You too--Jack.”

After I watched her, mesmerized by her lovely ass, sway down my drive with her kit and get into her battered little hatchback, I returned to my study and found it almost impossible to concentrate. My thoughts became more lurid and my erection persistent to the point where the use of my fleshlight became a necessity. I put on a favorite porn clip of a very voluptuous mature woman, conscious of trying to stop imagining Louisa in one or another cosplay outfit.

It didn't work. To my shame, Louisa won, and I came. Hard, and fast.

I'd bought the fleshlight a few weeks before and it reminded me just enough of the real pleasure of sex, that I began to form vague intentions of somehow finding a sexual partner. I didn't want anything more; it was impossible to imagine replacing Yvonne. However, I didn't like the look of mature dating sites, sugar daddy sites, and even less the use of escorts. I might not want a new wife, but it didn't mean I had no need of a sense of connection. I realized with a jolt that was what I'd begun to feel with Louisa, just from our conversation.

I spent the next week arguing with myself daily about the nonsense running through my head. How could I possibly imagine, in my wildest dreams, a young woman like that could be remotely interested in me? Other than, possibly, as a source of amusement, at best a kind of avuncular friend--slightly kooky, (not to mention kinky, if she read my work). Of course, I'd read plenty of fantasies about relationships between nubile young women and dirty old men, but that's all they were, as far as I was concerned.

The second week she turned up dressed in a way that did nothing to calm my racing thoughts. She had ditched the baggy overall for a tight blue one that was plainly too small. Her breasts, though not unusually large, strained at the fabric. Her nipples poked, pert and provocative. The top button was undone, no obvious sign of any bra beneath. Bare legs, skin gleaming, sandals with modest platform heels. Her hair had been pulled back on a French bun, leaving several strands falling in front of her ears. I wasn't sure what makeup she might have worn the week before, but she looked... glowing?

Her eyes glimmered with amusement. “Mr. Stewart? Jack?”

“Louisa! Sorry. I’m, er...grappling with a writing issue and my mind was in two places there,” I half-lied. I felt a blush creep up from my neck. It had been in several places, all of them located on her body. My greatest challenge was to adopt a position least likely to reveal my predicament. I held the door wide, using it as cover, and managed a broad grin.

She hauled her gear into the hall and set it down. I left her to it and retreated to my study, blowing out a long breath as I sat behind my desk and grabbed my throbbing cock, giving it a good squeeze before adjusting my dress, as they used to say. I wasn’t about to risk her walking in on me masturbating.

Half an hour later, still struggling to concentrate, I decided to wander out and see if I might run into my bewitching young cleaner again. I turned toward the kitchen, and stopped dead.

Louisa knelt, polishing the large brass doorknob to the kitchen door, an original I took care to conserve. She seemed to be paying very careful attention to it, breathing on the shining surface with a slightly wet, pink open mouth and rubbing her cloth with slow circular movements.

Swallowing hard, I couldn’t decide if she knew I was there, until she suddenly looked my way. Blushing, I harrumphed and pretended to be inspecting a non-existent fault in the plaster wall next to my head. I looked at her again. “Oh! Louisa. I was just going to make a, um, cuppa... would you like one?”

A hint of a smirk twitched her lips. My mind fizzed with a firework display of filthy, sleazy thoughts.

Still kneeling, she fluttered her eyelids for a second. Sweet Jesus, La Belle Dame Sans Merci, or what? “Thanks, Mr... Jack.” She stood, finally bringing me a little partial relief from my torture.

We chatted about mundane matters for a pleasant half-hour over tea, then I returned to my hopeless task of trying to write up some technical notes for a washing machine manual.

After Louisa left, my erotica, on the other hand, flowed as freely as the heavy freight of sperm that shot from my straining cock along with it, needing no other stimulus than the memory of Louisa kneeling and the friction of

my boxers. Like a waking wet dream. How did she do that to me? I couldn't remember how long it had been since anything like that had happened. Probably not since the end of my teens.

Louisa continued to clean at least as well as Mrs Anderson had for the next few weeks. Each week she turned up in the same tight-fitting overalls, but sometimes also wore what looked to be seamed stockings, sometimes bare legs. Sometimes her makeup was almost tarty, at others demure.

The next episode came when she spotted a mark on the wooden floor in my study, while I was working. She bent over, her curvy butt sticking up so far that her overall slid far enough up to reveal a tight black thong, almost disappearing into her fleshy labia, just a little hair visible. I stifled a groan and put my hand over my eyes, opening my fingers to see if I had imagined it. Before she got up, I managed a quick rearrangement that was enough to make my rock hard erection twitch dangerously.

None of this happened in ways that I could unequivocally say were full-on deliberate seduction, however, and so the tantalising fruit dangled so near... and yet so far.

I managed to persuade her to have a tea or coffee break with me each time, and included it in her hours. I made up a reason for needing more hours and to my delight she accepted very readily, grateful for the extra money. During her breaks, and when she cleaned the study, we would talk about literature, film, art, pop culture, travel...anything and everything, other than relationships or family.

We didn't always see eye to eye.

"I don't get what you see in a singer like Dua Lipa. For that matter, half the female singers just sound like little girls to me. When you think of the greats who created the road map for them, singers like Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holliday--they don't even seem like they're from the same planet."

Her eyes flashed. "I suppose you think the last great singer was Annie Lennox."



“Now you’re talking!” I loved yanking her chain like this. Her features became more animated, the bloom on her cheeks deepened, her nostrils flared and her eyes brightened. God, how was it that someone so attractive, like her, looked even sexier this way?

The fleshlight came into more and more regular use, and I gave up trying to use other sources of inspiration. I felt a little guilty, but told myself there was no real harm. It wasn’t as though I was about to risk ruining it by hitting on her for real.

Some of her insights surprised me, and reminded me to take care not to patronise her.

She’d seen my copy of *Butter* on the bookshelf. “Do you think Asako Yuzuki is really intent on showing the ingrained misogyny of Japanese men, or is she just writing food porn?”

I laughed. “You’ve read it?”

“Er, dur...” She rolled her eyes

I gave her a wry smile. “Of course. Sorry. For me, she does both really well. I think Japanese society seems to have some big issues around sex, and especially expectations of women. The foodie bits...they just leave you drooling, don’t they?”

That drew another of her husky, sexy laughs, guaranteed to fuel my fantasies

She still had to finish my study that day. While I returned to my computer, struggling to concentrate, she fetched her bucket and mop and began to mop the waxed floor. I surreptitiously kept taking little glances up from my screen. Her breasts wobbled as she energetically pushed the mop back and forth. I shifted uneasily in my chair.

Then she looked up and caught me watching. I blushed, but so did she, I thought, and smiled, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

As she turned to walk away, I wondered, was it my imagination again? Her derriere swayed and the mop slapped against her overall, spilling water down

her uniform and leaving a wide damp patch over one breast just when she stepped through the door. Was she giggling just then?

*

The next Friday Louisa turned up with a rather glum look on her face.

“Louisa, are you okay?” I stood in front of her to engage eye contact.

She looked at me briefly then dropped her gaze. “It’s okay, Mr. Stewart...Jack. Maybe we can talk at break time?”

“Of course. Take a break whenever you want.”

Twenty minutes later she swept into my study and flopped down onto the easy chair opposite my desk.

“I turned twenty yesterday.”

“Oh! I didn’t know. I hope it was a good one.” I had a feeling it hadn’t been.

“Mr. Stewart, I want to say something to you, but I’m afraid it’ll get me sacked.” She bit her lower lip. Did she realise how sexy that was?

I gathered from the formal ‘Mr. Stewart’ that she was seriously worried about something. “No it won’t, Louisa. I don’t judge. I don’t see any evidence that you’ve done anything wrong here. You haven’t stolen from me, done your work badly, or been aggressively rude. You’ve been nothing but a pleasure to have around.”

She looked up, a spasm of what looked like hope crossing her eyes. “Really? Do you mean that?”

“Yes. Now, tell me. Confess, whatever it is. It can’t be so bad.”

She shivered, her eyes darting to mine then dropping down.. “Confession is the only word for it, Mr. Stewart... Jack. I...I...I want you to...fuck... me...to--to... use me... sir...I need to be your dirty little slut, your whore, to use however

you want.” She blushed a furious red and looked into my eyes, real anxiety and--desire there?

I jolted forward in my chair. I couldn’t believe my ears. Was this my overheated imagination making up words she hadn’t uttered at all? “Louisa... did you just say, you want me to...use--?”

“Me. Yes. My body, all of it. Any of it. Sexually. Not any other way. God, shut up.”

I stared in bewilderment. “Why--what on earth would make you want me?”

Her face finally cracked into a crooked smile, then a smirk. “Hey, don’t diss yourself,” she murmured throatily. “You might be a lot older than me, but age is only a number, right? I reckon you’re fitter than a lot of guys half your age. You’re not at all bad looking, and you look after yourself. I...it’s hard to explain. Coming here, talking with you...I feel like you get me.”

“I thought I did, yes, though now I’m not so sure.”

She stood, a crestfallen look on her face. “I’m sorry. I guess I should ask for another cleaner for you.”

“What? No! Sit down, Louisa. Talk to me. I want to understand.” I wanted a hell of a lot more than that, but I still wasn’t ready to trust my senses.

She sat, mouth still downturned, eyes sad.

“Look,” I said, “I’m not mad with you, or upset or outraged, or anything like that. It’s just so...unexpected? Is there something that made you think I might accept your offer?”

She blushed again and I began to wish she wouldn’t. It made her so damn attractive. “I know I shouldn’t have, but the first week I came, when I cleaned in here, your computer was open. You were working on a story.”

I furrowed my brows. “Ahh...” It was my turn to blush. “Yeah...I do write some erotica from time to time...it’s a way of getting some, um, release...escape, anyway, from my loneliness.”



“What happened to your wife? I know she died, but...I hope you don't mind me asking.”

“Not at all. It was an aneurism, one we obviously knew nothing about. Here one moment, gone the next. She was my everything, Louisa. We were never able to have kids, but she was more than enough for me. I was lost without her. Still am, if I'm honest.”

Her eyes creased at the corners. “I'm sorry.”

“Yes...anyway, you read my dirty little secret.” I gave her a half smile. “Did you like it?”

She leaned forward, a gleam of mischief and hope returning to her eyes. “It was...So. Fucking. Hot. When you have the young shop assistant backed up in the storeroom with nowhere to go, and she suddenly stops pretending to protest and drops to her knees... I went back to my room later and wrote another chapter with myself as your next conquest, taking the part of a stranded cyclist you stop to help. I rubbed one out while I wrote. It made me squirt, Jack, I'm telling you. You have one dirty mind. I have a weakness for that kind of perviness. Girls can be pervs too.” She giggled.

“Good to know,” I said on a grin, fingering my collar. “But I still don't get it, why me? There must be plenty of good looking, fit boys in college.”

She rolled her eyes. “If you want to be a bimbo, don't challenge their fragile little egos, perform to their fantasy image of what you should be like, then yeah. I mean... Some aren't so bad, but even then it's always about them, never me. Not just their getting off, but even mine. It's no more than a proof of their wonderful masculinity. And when you're like me...less than their ideal...you're supposed to be so grateful for their attention. And if you want to be a slut? Then that's exactly what, and all you are, and everyone is going to get to hear about it.” She garbled all this in a rush and glared, not so much directly at me, but at the male gender in general.

“Wow. I've heard about toxic masculinity, but I didn't realize it was like that.”

“They either want to treat me like a harem girl or get me to mentor them. Yes, I want to be used, but on my terms, by someone who understands what I mean by that.”

I leaned forward. “I think I’m beginning to. You want to surrender control but still keep the ultimate power to determine what happens? Is that it?”

“Close enough.” She smirked and flushed again, sending another surge of excitement exploding through my guts. “I want to lose any sense of responsibility, be completely in the moment, conscious only of my body and my partner’s, of the connection, of the pleasure. I want that surrender to be something I know I can trust to the other person, that if I say stop, it would stop. I don’t want to have to think about that. I just need to know up front.”

I nodded. “And maybe you want someone who you hope will be able to show you things you didn’t know you could respond to, both in yourself, and in what we do together.” We. I’d said it. I swallowed, hard. And I was already responding to things I didn’t know I would be turned on by.

She jumped up. “So you will do it with me? Take charge? Use me? Take me places I’ve never been, with my explorations?”

I raised my hands in a calming gesture. “Louisa, I’m unbelievably flattered that you would choose me for what you’re seeking. But I don’t think we can just jump in like this, without really thinking about the possible consequences.”

The crestfallen look returned.

I felt completely torn in two. My lust was palpably threatening to rip me open. But I was afraid of what I might end up doing to this vulnerable, gorgeous young woman. Maybe afraid of my own feelings after so long without anyone in my bed.

“Look... why don’t we think about this for a few days. Perhaps you’ll regret it if you go ahead without considering all the angles.” Stupid. All the angles? Really?

She stood, looking down, and gathered her gear. “Okay, Mr. Stewart. If that’s what you think we should do.” Her eyes weren’t moist, were they?

I walked her to the door. After I opened it for her, she turned to me, with a look of defeat in her eyes, I thought.

There was a long pause. We must have made a miserable looking pair.

Suddenly, I couldn't take it any more. All the times in my younger life when I'd passed up opportunities, not just for sex, but a few other things besides, spun through my head like a kaleidoscope of accusations. Of wasted life.

Something snapped. I took half a step forward and her bucket dropped to the floor. I grabbed her head and pulled it to mine, and our mouths met in a hot, wet tangle of desperate tongues and inside lips. Like two overripe fruits smashed and twisted together, noisy, gasping, moaning.

We broke, panting, flushed, eyes gleaming. "Mr. Stewart...sir...are you taking up my offer?"

I managed a smile. "Let's work out some ground rules, Louisa. Very few people would see this as acceptable, given our age difference, and that I'm sort of your employer."

We returned to my study, still breathing hard.

She sat, but with a look of excitement growing in her eyes. My own excitement was threatening to take over my reason.

"I get that...sir...I'm more than happy to keep it between ourselves. I have no intention of broadcasting it. I only have a couple of girlfriends, and they certainly wouldn't understand. I'm on the pill. No way I'll be calling foul on you further down the line. I'll give you a signed affidavit if you want, and a recording to say exactly how consensual this is, how it's all my idea."

I raised a palm. "There's no need for that, Louisa. I'm more than willing to trust you, simply because of how much trust you're placing in me. You're making yourself every bit as vulnerable--more so, really--as I am."

She smiled radiantly. "And that tells me I'm right to trust you. Now, so you know, I'm clear of STDs. I'm happy to take your word on that for your part,



and...anything goes, as long as it doesn't risk permanent harm. Both of us can call a stop. I'll yell pax."

I smiled at that throwback to my own schooldays, and wondered what had made her choose it.

She sat forward, taut. "Both of us can suggest new things to do. I'm really excited to try this...sir."

I smiled and shook my head. "I just hope I can live up to your hopes and expectations, Louisa."

"No, sir...I hope I can live up to yours..." She stood and walked to my desk, leaning forward and unbuttoning her work overall. She placed her hands on the desk, and her braless breasts swung free. Completely bare under the tight blue coat, her tits were nothing less than gorgeous, not by any means huge but more shapely than I'd expected on what I now realized was a relatively slight frame.

She fixed me with a heavy-lidded stare. "Now, use me...please..."

I took a deep breath. "In that case, Louisa... you'll recall you came to me at break. You must complete your cleaning first."

"What?" She stood, an almost angry expression creasing her features.

"You asked me to use you. Obedience is the first rule." I spoke sternly, my heart racing. It was a role I'd never played but it came disturbingly naturally.

She bowed her head and even gave a little curtsy. "Yes...sir."

I bit back a smile. "The sooner you're done, the sooner you can collect your reward. Go on, now." I dismissed her with a wave of my hand and she dutifully trotted off.

I raced up to my bedroom and took a quick shower, then dried and checked my appearance. I put on a dab of woody cologne then dressed in loungewear bottoms and a simple black tee. I stuffed condoms, latex squares and lube, left over from my married life, into the pocket, just in case.

When I returned to the study, she had already reached it and was cleaning there.

“I only have this room left to do, sir,” she said, biting her lip seductively as she glanced at me.

My erection tented and an obvious damp patch marked the apex. “You look very warm. Take off your overall, Louisa.”

She flushed and licked her lips, stood and faced me, then peeled her uniform off. She had nothing on, apart from block heeled sandals. Her figure was stunning, breasts jutting out and a tiny bit pendulous at the same time, nipples pointing slightly sideways in the centre of slightly puffy wide aureoles. They were already hard. Her butt curved deliciously, her waist slender, her legs very shapely. A neat black triangle pointed to her fleshy sex lips below, visibly hanging from what appeared to be a swollen mound. She pushed out her breasts and her bum for my benefit.

“Do you like what you see, sir?” she murmured throatily.

“Yes. Very much.” I swallowed, but steeled myself. “You still need to finish cleaning.”

She smirked and then took her time, moving artfully around the room, finally bending to dust a low table with her legs spread to reveal both her glistening vulva and her crinkled anus.

“Louisa, have you been playing with yourself while you’ve been working?” I said in my masterly voice, just about managing to avoid it cracking.

She stood and looked at me in mock-shyness over her shoulder, biting her lower lip apprehensively.

Damn. I could so just fuck her right now, right there. “Well?”

“I’m sorry, sir, I’ll make it up to you, I promise.” She turned and walked to my desk, standing beside my chair.. “I’ve finished now. What do you want me to do, sir?” She pouted and twitched her hips from side to side.

“Bend over the desk, Louisa.” I stood.

She flushed. Her lips parted and the look in her eyes grew hot. She fixed her gaze on me as she slowly bent over beside me, raising her gorgeous curvy bum in the air, squashing her tits against the desk.

I moved behind her and bent near to her crack, picking up the scent of her excitement and the musk of her anus. As she quivered and adjusted herself to give me the best angle for entry, I brought my hand down in a sharp smack against her right buttock.

“Ahh! Ow--what--uhh...yes...punish me, sir...it’s only what I deserve...”

I waited a few seconds until she gave a little whimper and squirmed her bum, then came down firmly with another smart smack against her left buttock. It stung my hand a touch and I almost laughed, but the sight of her, prone and vulnerable, and the sense of power and lust balanced against the trust she was placing in me, made me almost well up.

After maybe half a minute had gone by, during which I got a hold on my reactions, she let out a moan and looked back at me with half-closed eyes, tears gathering around the glimmering need I saw there. I stuck my courage to the place and gave her another three sharp smacks.

“Ow! Ahhh! Please...”

I bent my head to her ear. “Do you promise to behave now, Louisa?”

She nodded and sniffed, her mascara running a little.

I stood back. “Good. Get on your knees and suck my cock. Now.” When she began to get up, a look of delight curling her mouth, I pushed down on her shoulders and she dropped to her knees with a little yelp.

She looked up into my eyes, a sparkle in her brown depths as she nuzzled the bulge in my lounge pants, sniffing at the damp patch.

I pushed the waistband down and sprang my straining cock into the open.



“Oh...it’s so big...I’m not sure I can manage it,” she whispered shakily.

It was--is. Enough of a girth that I can’t close my own hand around it, let alone hers. “Yes. You will. Do as you’re told.”

“Yes, sir.” She ran trembling fingers from my scrotum to the tip, then brought her nose to my balls and sniffed all the way up my shaft. She looked up at me with a little blob of precum on the end of her nose. “You smell good, sir...” Her tongue slid over the head and swirled it round a few times before running a kiss all the way down the length. “And you taste so good...” She teased the frenulum with little darts of her tongue-tip, making me shiver.

I had to feel that mouth on mine again. I bent down and took her face in one hand, pulling her into a kiss, tasting her lips and encouraging her to open her mouth with my tongue, until we were meshed in a perfect osculation of soft, wet mutual exploration, our tongues dancing around each other for what seemed an age. I could spend an entire evening just kissing this girl and die happy.

“Your mouth tastes good too,” she muttered.

“You taste dirty. Now, suck me.”

Keeping her eyes on mine all the time, she took me in her mouth again and worked my cock like it was the last one on earth. If she didn’t have much experience, she must be a true natural. She seemed to particularly like distending the side of her mouth with my glans, the way porn actresses so often do.

After licking and sucking this way for a while, taking little over half of me inside, she inched me gradually further back until I was nudging her uvula. She gagged a couple of times and struggled to get the right angle, but finally cleared the last hurdle and stared into my eyes with a glow of pride.

I stared back, feeling the surge of lust anew. “Very good, Louisa...well done.”

She let me free for a moment and gasped. “Thank you, sir...I’m only here to please you, sir...to be your little slut...” She slid me back in and this time took me easily, to the hilt.

I took her head in my hands and held her steady while I fucked her face, beginning slowly and building up until she was drooling, the saliva spooling down over my cock and balls and onto her bouncing breasts.

The noises she made were nothing short of pornographic.

“Mmm...sllk...gllg...gllg...gllg...gllg...ahh!...mmm...sllk...slurp...gllg...gllg...gllg...”

“You are a good little slut, Louisa... so fucking good... unhhh...uhh...”

From time to time she gagged and took a huge gulp of air, but then impaled herself with total commitment and resumed the very audible throating.

I let her work her magic for the next few minutes then decided if I didn't switch it up I would soon come. It was far too good to bring it to such a premature end.

I stood back, her mouth giving me up with a reluctant wet plopping noise. Tears had begun to make her eyeliner run and her lipstick was a mess. The saliva ran off her chin and hung down in a thick skein that looked for all the world like she had already dragged the spunk from my aching balls.

After gulping down a couple of breaths, she made a little noise of disappointment in her throat. I grabbed her shoulders, hauled her up, and pushed her back onto the top of my desk.

She squealed then leaned up on her elbows, her legs spread wide, her gorgeous pussy bursting open for me like a dewy rosebud. The scent hit my nostrils and they flared, sending a sharp tingle down my spine, and my heart into my mouth.

Dropping to my knees I brought my head up to her glistening vulva, burying my mouth inside the luscious folds, the scent and the tangy sweetness on my tongue making me want to cry out. My tongue busied itself deep inside her hot wet hole, flicking at her clit, nibbling at it, sucking it until it grew maybe twice the size.

Little cries and bleats of pleasure escaped her throat, anxious anticipations of a pending tsunami.

I slid two fingers into her hot little hole and probed her sweet spots, working firmly and quickly.

Spulch...spulch...spulch...

“Ohh...sir...please...”

Spulch. Spulch. Spulch.

“Mmm...oh, fuck...harder...please...”

Spulch! Spulch!

She cried out. “Faster...ahh...”

Spulschspulchspulch!!

Her legs started to shake and her cries became a sustained moan, then her obscenities came steady and fast. “Oh...fuck...Jack...this is so fucking good... stick your tongue right inside my cunt...yes! That’s it! Your finger in my ass... ohhh...that’s so good...finger fuck my bum while you suck and lick my hole... I want your cock in there too... mmm... ohhh... Jack...finger fuck my pussy too...yesss...Ohh...fuck...fuck...”

My other hand replaced the two fingers in her tight hole and fucked fast and very wetly, while my now slick fingers transferred to her bumhole, stroking gently round the rim then pushing inside carefully but without hesitation.

Then she began to ejaculate, little milky streams spurting out over my hand and her pussy. I dropped my mouth to her clit once more, tasting the sweeter cum, and suddenly she burst in a screaming, back-arching orgasm that ripped through her in wave after wave, making her whole frame shudder. “Ohh!! Jack!!..You fucking...dirty...unhh...bastard...OHH!!...” She went on like that for what must have been half a minute or so.



I hadn't seen anyone come like that, ever. I almost felt ashamed that it had to be me to witness it, someone who had no real right in my own eyes. But when her eyes opened again and she focussed on me, the disgust I feared she must feel on remembering who she had co-opted to achieve her release wasn't there, only something deep and unfathomable, like the depths her eyes called to mind.

When Louisa recovered enough breath to speak properly, she fixed me with that deep soulful stare, and pulled my cock towards her sex. I'd forgotten it for a little while, lost in the wonder of her climax, but now the urgency of the need swept over me again.

"Use me," she growled, "make me your dirty little fuck toy, your filthy plaything, your slutty whore...I want to feel your cum fill me up...use all my holes...cum in me over and over..."

I nudged her opening, the head slipping easily inside, then rammed into her. She gasped, then grunted like a man as I began to fuck her urgently. My balls slapped against her bum cheeks and I reached forward to fill my hands with her lovely breasts, cupping, kneading, thumbing the nipples, dropping my mouth to lick, nip and suck on them, making her shiver and moan. I moved up to kiss her neck and then her mouth, deeply and wetly, tasting my cock on her soft mobile lips, smelling it on her breath.

After a few minutes I pulled her upper body up against me and gathered my arms around her back.

She took the hint and wrapped her legs around my torso, then grunted as I picked her up and swung her round off the desk, her arms wrapped around my neck, her mouth glued to mine, our tongues engaged in a dance of sexual hunger.

I moved to the rug in front of the hearth and eased her down to it, landing her on her shoulders while holding her bum against my thighs and staying inside her. I half-squatted over her, still fully inside but now almost vertically above, piledriving her. She dropped her ankles back to her head and brought her hands to her breasts, squeezing them together and flicking her tongue across her nipples, while I devoted myself to fucking her in that position. It

was something I'd only ever done a handful of times and not for a long time, and I surprised myself at still having the suppleness to do it.

It also gave me access to her clit and her anus, and I used my fingers again to bring her to another state of shuddering excitement. I kept her on the brink by pushing in and withdrawing completely, very slowly, over and over, until she was begging for release.

“Please...let me come...please...oh fuck...I need it so badly...please...”

I reverted to fucking her more urgently, gyrating and rotating my cock to get the best angles I could for her, then she blew again, groaning and pushing up against me, rubbing her clit with her own fingers, yelling the same sweet profanities once more.

Looking down into that sexy face, when she opened that souldeep gaze on me again after her tremors finally subsided, I felt a rush of blood pounding in my ears, my cock suddenly expanded to its absolute limit, and I arched and cried out. “Oh... fuck... I'm cumming... OOARHHHH!!.. OH...Louisa!!... unhh... urghh... OHHH!!... AHHH... mmm...oh fuck...”

“Yes! Give it to me! I want to feel it right up inside...ohhh!... Sir!” An aftershock rippled through her until she fell away from me, quickly knelt up, and began to lap at my still dribbling cock twitching in front of her very flushed face.

“Mmm...gllg...mnngg...sllk...oh...that tastes so fucking hot...” She succeeded in coaxing a little after-spurt of my own, giggling when it splashed onto her nose and lips. She swiped it lazily with her fingers and licked it off with deliberation, staring me out steadily.

I felt so shaky after my climax that I dropped onto my knees beside her, then we fell back together onto the rug, panting, lying side by side.

After a long fuzzy hiatus of aftersex glow, she turned her rosy cheeks towards me. “Thank you...sir.” She grinned mischievously.

I sighed, propping myself up on one elbow. “I should have known you'd be trouble. For someone who sounds like they haven't had all that much

experience, you seem to be very clued in about sex. I'm not complaining," I added with a grin of my own.

"I like to think I know my own body pretty well. I've been exploring it for quite a long time. And before you go thinking it, about the dom thing, I don't have daddy issues."

"No?"

"I don't have a daddy, period. Not alive, anyway."

My face fell. "I'm sorry. Since you asked about my wife, can I...?"

"Sure. He died in an accident just a few weeks after I was born. I love him, as far as that's possible, because of everything I've been told, but that's just an abstract thing, I suppose. Mom never found another partner and I'm not sure she wants to. She dates. Often slightly younger men. There's one particular guy who comes and goes in her life. He was sort of disappointed in love too and doesn't look like he'll ever commit. She has plenty of fun and brought me up to love men in general and not feel guilty about sex."

"That's tough, but your mom sounds like a pretty amazing person."

"She is. The sex thing...well, I became aware very early because of my mom's dating habits. I walked in on her one night when I was far too young to understand exactly what was happening, and didn't see what precisely went where, but I could see they were having a shitload of fun and remembered the general idea. It made me curious, and when I started to think more about boys in middle school I peeked on her a couple of times and got a real eyeful. I felt guilty and told her, but she laughed about it and gave me a great talk, loads of reading material, and a lecture about not being ashamed."

"I wish I'd had a bit more guidance like that when I was a kid. My dad's generation wasn't quite that switched on. I discovered my own body's potential quite early too, but it took a long time for me to get my head round that."

She giggled. "I started playing with myself right after reading the stuff mom gave me, thinking about the guy she'd been fucking and the size of his dick. But the shame thing isn't all plain sailing, is it? It takes more than a permission



from a parent to just rise above it. Social media, social mores in general, the whole slut shaming thing from the misogynist shits...in your teens your head is a whirl with all that crap, on top of hormones, body image insecurity, and studies to boot.”

I let my gaze wander down her body and back up again. “I hope you don’t suffer from any body image problems now,” I said. “That would be so sad. You have a gorgeous body, and I would have said that at 19, 29, 39...anything with a nine in it.”

She laughed. “Did you notice women really early?”

“Oh, yeah. And I orgasmed too, though not productively, and I didn’t have a clue what it was about at first. Girls like you filled my dreams from then on.

“So, then. The sub thing... is that a good way to feel shame and guilt in a safe space? Use the dirty talk to kick it in and then use it to fuel even more excitement through the feeling of forbidden pleasures, ending up getting it out of your system?”

She screwed up her nose. “Umm...maybe...I don’t like to overthink it, really. It’s hot, feeling dirty gives me license to go for all the pleasure I can find, and it definitely excites the fuck out of me.”

“Talking of which...” I gazed at her body again, and ran my hand over her breasts, teasing her nipples and slowly massaging her perfect yielding curves.

She looked down at my cock, which was once more fully erect. I felt like a teenager again myself. Not surprising really.

She moaned. “Fuck, Jack... you really are horny, aren’t you? Younger guys have got nothing on you.” She leaned in for a kiss, her earthy-scented mouth still sticky from the remnants of my sperm, and began to stroke and rub my shaft and balls very nicely.

“You do that so well,” I muttered.

“And you’re driving me nuts with your nipple play.” She shuddered and moaned softly. “I think I might learn to come that way...I want to learn all the ways I can.”

“Just relax, then,” I said more firmly. “Do as you’re told. Be a good girl for sir.”

She fluttered her eyelashes and giggled. “Yes, sir. I’ll do whatever you say, sir.”

“All right...masturbate, enjoy yourself, while I use my mouth and my hands on your tits. I’m going to get some oil and some lube.”

She sighed and closed her eyes, wriggling a little as she spread her legs. A delicious musk arose from her swollen, oozing pussy, my cum still seeping out of her pink folds. One of her hands moved to her labia and started to spread them, two fingers slithering up and down the inside arms of her clitoris then rubbing on her stiffening nub.

I got up and fetched lube and baby oil, then poured a little oil on her breasts and some lube on her fingers. When she used her other hand on my cock I put some there as well, then returned to focusing on her nipples and the surrounding fullness of her breasts. I teased her rock hard nipples with my tongue and fingertips, alternating with sucking gently on the curves of her satin soft breast skin, grazing her nipples with my teeth, squeezing, cupping her breasts and encouraging her to use her own mouth alongside mine. This way we were able to kiss indulgently, our tongues battling over her nipples, making her giggle and gasp alternately.

Her hands were making wet noises on both our sexes, and soon she tugged on my shaft, clearly urging me back between her thighs. I complied readily, and pushed back inside her rippling, reeking hot cunt with a grunt, then set up a strong fucking rhythm.

She threw her arms around my neck and gazed up into my eyes. “This is so... unhh...fucking good...don’t stop...”

As if I could. I grunted with urgent desire, my cock seeming to grow larger still as she bucked and gyrated beneath me. “Unhh...is this what you...want...”

uhhh...are you my...dirty...unhh...little cumslut? Hmmm? I want your...unhh... ass...Louisa..."

"Ohh...yes...I'm your nasty little whore...I want you...urgghhh...in my ass... filling it...oh!...with spunk..." She rolled from beneath me and turned onto her stomach, lifting her perfect round bum in the air just enough to allow me to get my head down there.

The temptation was too great to resist. She squealed as I smacked her bum cheeks again, three or four times, then gave in to the greater temptation.

I sniffed at the lovely crinkled hole. Musky but not too strong, and my tongue began to tease the rim until she bore down and her anus began to open. I knelt up and positioned my pulsating cock, then teased and probed gently for a while.

Louisa whimpered and gyrated her trembling butt against me. Her fingers pushed into her pussy and drew out a lot of juice, which she pushed into her bumhole, flexing and relaxing increasingly. She drew more of her own lubrication round from the one hole to the other, and gently but firmly I pushed inside her until my head popped her entrance. After waiting a few seconds, I pushed in an inch at a time, until she grew more urgent and began to push back against me, making me grunt and fuck into her decisively.

"Unhhhh...uhh... sir... yes....ohh...god...yes...unghhh...uhh...that's it....yes.... fuck my ass...sir...fuck it deep and strong... unghhh... fill it with your... ohhh!... unhhhh... hot... fucking...cum..."

While she dirty-talked me to an even greater state of arousal, I filled my hands with her lovely globes, stroking one moment, grasping and clawing the next, then running my hands forward to do the same with her breasts, squashed down against the rug. "Louisa...I'm going to explode...unhhhh...soon... ahh...right in your... unhh...ass..." I twisted and tilted, gauging her reactions to ensure I gave her the best angles for her own pleasure, and as I did her fingers began to work her own clit.

I took the prompt and slipped my own fingers inside her pussy at the same time, and she showed every sign of nearing her climax. It came in a tide of unstoppable shuddering release, spasms rocking through her body while she screamed my name and moaned more sweet obscenities into the rug.



It was too much for me to keep going any longer, and I burst inside her, my remaining hot streams almost tortured from my impossibly engorged tip, making me cry out and clutch her flesh ecstatically, pushing my cock inside her as hard as I could with each disgorging stream.

We were a hot sticky mess by this time, and collapsed exhausted, kissing slowly.

We must have drifted into light sleep for a time. When we separated we were sticking together. I woke, stroked her hair, and planted a kiss on each eyelid.

“Happy belated birthday, Trouble. I hope that was the present you wanted.”

She opened her eyes and smiled. “So much better than the stuff I didn’t need yesterday.”

When we finally scraped ourselves off the floor, I led her upstairs to the shower. We washed each other down, taking our time.

I rinsed the shampoo from her hair, then pulled her to me. She pushed her belly against my semi-erect cock and I leaned forward, lowering my head to hers...then reached behind and turned the shower full on, stone cold.

“Arghh! Jack--why would you do that?” She yelped and screamed, and struggled against me when I held her fast.

I chuckled and held on to her squirming, slippery body. “Good for your blood pressure. Thirty seconds at the end of every shower.” I reached behind her, turned off the water, and leaned the rest of the way in to complete the kiss, tongues very slow and deliberate. I could still taste both of us.

She smiled when we broke. “It does make you feel good when you stop--the cold shower, I mean.”

“Yes. Like banging your head on a brick wall.” I gave her a crooked grin and she came back with a playful punch to my shoulder.

I raised an eyebrow. “More punishment may be necessary if you behave that way, Ms Brown.”

She bit her bottom lip and looked up at me beneath lowered lids. I had to stifle a groan.

“I think your new duties will require that you always make me the last call on a Friday, Louisa.”

She fluttered her eyelashes. “As you wish...sir. I can, um, always add another shift one evening, if required...”

I raised an eyebrow and smirked. “That’s very...accommodating. I could always use the extra help.”

After we dried off and dressed, I invited her to have something to eat with me. “That’s if you have the time.”

“I’d love to! I’ll text home and tell Mom I ran into a friend and we’re picking up a takeaway.”

I took her to my small kitchen. I’ve always enjoyed cooking, but decided to keep it simple.

“There are some giant frozen prawns in the freezer. We could have them with some pasta, fry them off in butter with some garlic and chilli flakes. There’s a bottle of red open. Is that okay?”

She beamed as if I’d just told her we were going to have lobster and champagne. When the prawns were done, I cut off a piece and held it on a fork to cool for a few seconds then waved her over. “Make sure it’s how you like it.”

She stepped close and opened her mouth, her glistening pink tongue sliding out over her lower lip, staring at me very deliberately.

I slid the morsel onto her tongue and she took it off with her lips, very slowly, then moved it around her mouth, still keeping her gaze fixed on mine until she finally swallowed. She licked her lips with a slow tongue. “Delicious.”

I grabbed her shoulders and claimed another flavoursome kiss. “Mmm. Delicious.”

We laughed and joked through our all-too-brief meal, feeding each other a couple of times and sharing more conversation about her studies and my work.

Before she left, we worked out that she could come over on Tuesday evening, on the pretext of visiting a friend.

“Oh, and Trouble? Bring something to demonstrate your cosplay skills. I’d like that.”

She smirked. “I’ll do that, sir. I hope you’ll be pleased.”

I grinned for answer.

When it was time to leave she picked up her gear. I went with her to the door.

We exchanged a brief but very warm kiss, then as she turned to go, I smacked her rump firmly. She yelped, giggled, then turned around and winked. Her gaze turned sultry and I melted inside as she finally went through the door.

I sighed. Could life get any better? (TBC...

I first wrote this story a while ago, but revised it after reading Kat90xx’s stories. Anything you find exciting here is likely due to her influence, which I’m more than happy to acknowledge. If you haven’t read her stories, do it now!







Beauty AND THE Senior

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FOLDER**

HUMOR LASCIVO



LASCIVIA — THE LIFE

OnlyFans Bans Sex Workers: Impact and Alternatives Explained

By Ashley

The digital landscape for sex workers has been shaken by a seismic shift: OnlyFans, the platform synonymous with adult content creation, announced a ban on sexually explicit material in October 2021. This decision sent shockwaves through a community heavily reliant on the platform for income and visibility. While the ban was later reversed due to public outcry, the initial move exposed the precarious nature of sex work in the online sphere and sparked crucial conversations about platform dependency, financial security, and the ongoing fight for sex worker rights.

From Boom to Bust: The OnlyFans Earthquake OnlyFans' meteoric rise as a haven for sex workers was fueled by its subscription-based model, allowing creators to monetize their content directly. For many, it offered financial independence, creative freedom, and a safer alternative to traditional sex work. However, the platform's abrupt policy change, citing pressure from payment processors and banking partners, left thousands of creators scrambling for alternatives.

The Ripple Effects: Beyond Lost Income

The impact of the ban, even though temporary, was far-reaching:

- **Financial Devastation:** Many sex workers relied solely on OnlyFans income, facing immediate financial hardship and uncertainty.
- **Loss of Community and Visibility:** OnlyFans provided a platform for connection, support, and audience building. Its sudden shift left creators feeling isolated and vulnerable.
- **Stigmatization and Marginalization:** The ban reinforced societal stigma surrounding sex work, further pushing it into the shadows and perpetuating harmful stereotypes.
- **Increased Vulnerability:** Without the relative safety net of OnlyFans, some sex workers may have felt pressured to return to riskier forms of work.



Navigating the Aftermath: A Patchwork of Alternatives

While OnlyFans reversed its decision, the incident highlighted the need for diversification and platform independence. Sex workers are now exploring a range of alternatives, each with its own advantages and drawbacks:

Platform	Pros	Cons
JustForFans	Established platform with a large user base, similar features to OnlyFans	Higher commission fees, less focus on community building
FanCentro	Offers additional features like messaging and live streaming, lower commission fees	Smaller user base compared to OnlyFans
Patreon	Wider audience reach beyond adult content, focus on community building	Strict content guidelines, less suitable for explicit material
PocketStars	Decentralized platform, creators retain more control over content and earnings	Still in its early stages, smaller user base

Beyond Platforms: Building Resilience and Advocacy

The OnlyFans ban serves as a stark reminder of the vulnerabilities faced by sex workers in the digital age. To build a more sustainable future, several key steps are crucial:

- Diversification:** Relying on multiple platforms and income streams reduces risk and increases financial security.

“Sex workers need to think like entrepreneurs, constantly adapting and diversifying their income sources,” advises Dr. Teela Sanders, a sociologist specializing in sex work and digital labor.



- **Community Building:** Strengthening networks and support systems within the sex worker community is vital for sharing resources, knowledge, and advocacy efforts.
- **Advocacy and Policy Change:** Sex workers and their allies must continue to fight for legal recognition, labor rights, and protection from discrimination.
- **Financial Literacy and Business Skills:** Equipping sex workers with financial management skills and business acumen empowers them to navigate the complexities of online entrepreneurship.

The Road Ahead: A Fight for Autonomy and Recognition

The OnlyFans ban, though ultimately reversed, exposed the precarious nature of sex work in the digital realm. It underscored the urgent need for platform accountability, financial security, and societal acceptance. As sex workers continue to navigate this evolving landscape, their resilience, ingenuity, and collective action will be crucial in shaping a future where they can thrive with autonomy, dignity, and respect.

The OnlyFans saga is a stark reminder that the fight for sex worker rights is far from over. It's a call to action for platform accountability, societal acceptance, and a future where sex workers can thrive with dignity and autonomy.





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HUMOR LASCIVO



“Let’s humorthem. There’s enough international tension as it is.”

LASCIVIA

A PUBLICATION

"FOR GREAT PEOPLE"

HEAD SHOT

LASCIVIA — JUNGLE FEVER

What Does Double Penetration Feel Like and How to Enjoy It More

By Martha Pinkerton

Most of us by now are familiar with penetrative sex. In basic terms, a penis enters a vagina or a penis enters an anus. It's simple, mostly straightforward, and highly pleasurable. But those looking to expand on their experience may start wondering what does double penetration feel like?

Interestingly, a local study by The Georgia Straight newspaper cited that while 30% of women interviewed had engaged in a threesome, 60% wanted to in the future. While double penetration, or DP, is often seen as a scary endeavor not meant for the average person, when performed correctly, anyone who is slightly adventurous will be able to experience it. In actuality, there are many forms of double penetration. We'll walk you through everything you need to know about this umbrella of sex positions, and provide advice so it is as comfortable as possible.

Several types of double penetration

Before we get started, it's important to understand that there are actually many different forms of double penetration. While they all have the same thing in common, being penetrated in two different orifices, the combinations you can achieve are quite varied.

Vaginal + anal

Perhaps the most stereotypical, vaginal + anal double penetration involves a woman being penetrated in her vagina and anus. If you decide to engage in this style, there is a lot that needs to happen ahead of time for the act itself to be comfortable.

First, you need to be an expert at anal play. Having both orifices, which are right next to each other, be penetrated, can lead to an intense sensation. There is a lot of stretching that needs to happen and in order to avoid any tearing or pain, your anus should be familiar with either toys or another person.

Don't enter into vaginal + anal double penetration until you are full comfortable with anal sex.

Vaginal + oral

Many people tend to forget that oral sex counts as penetration, and when combined with vaginal sex, it is definitely a form of double penetration.

If you are new to the world of DP, then this may be a good place to start. While there are some logistics to consider, there is a good chance that as a woman you are familiar with both vaginal and oral sex, and so may feel more comfortable with this form.

Another option with oral sex is the use of a chin dildo. Essentially, this is a strap on that has a dildo on one end a mouth gag on the other.

Anal + oral

While not as common as vaginal + oral, anal + oral should be considered if you are comfortable with anal play. Double penetration is a sex act performed by both men and women and while women can certainly engage in anal + oral, it is usually men who engage in this process.

Again, with anal sex, be sure that you or your partner is comfortable and familiar with the act.

Partner + toys

So often we think of double penetration as necessitating the inclusion of a third person. This can be overwhelming as this issue of trust and communication become more important than the sex act itself. However, if you want to experience the thrill of double penetration but aren't comfortable with opening your bedroom to another person, the use of sex toys is the way to go.

There are many sex toys that can be used vaginally, anally, and orally, to mimic the sensations you would find with another person.

When going this route, start out slowly and make sure both people are comfortable.

Toys only

Those that don't have a partner available for double penetration don't have to miss out on the sensation. There are actually plenty of sex toys that can be used for this purpose. We suggest something flexible, such as a double dildo. Made from flexible silicone, you can insert it both vaginally and anally and have control over how deep it is.

Before starting out, however, play around with the toys and really get comfortable with them. Some can be intimidating and it can be a real learning curve trying to use a toy on your own. With a bit of practice, however, you can experience the sensation of double penetration.

How does it feel to be double penetrated?

Before you take the next step into double penetration, it's nice to know what you're getting into. Here are a few descriptions of how it may feel. Just remember that everyone is different and no matter how you feel, it is normal.

For girls

While every woman will have a different experience, here are a few common threads of how it will feel.

The good

First of all, double penetration feels good. This is the consensus from most women. The feeling of "fullness" is often discussed in relation to vagina + anal DP. Between these two orifices is a thin wall of tissue, called



the perineum. It is full of nerve endings and having it stimulated on both sides is amazing.

As for orgasming, women report experiencing some of their best ones yet. Everything is heightened and the feelings are overwhelming. If anything, it can be hard to keep going as most women report that it takes a lot less time to reach an orgasm with this method.

The bad

Vagina + anal penetration is all about rhythm. Get into the right groove and it's great. If not, there's a lot of bumping around that happens. Finding rhythm can take time and it's important, as a woman, to use your voice. There is a good chance that the first time, and especially the act of insertion can be uncomfortable. While this is normal, if the feeling becomes painful, you should stop, take a break, and start again.

As for vagina + oral penetration, the very act of communication can be hard as your mouth is otherwise occupied. Don't feel like you need to continue if you need to adjust or change positions. Furthermore, with this type of penetration, it can be hard to focus on your own pleasure and orgasm if you are working to bring another person to orgasm. Therefore, breaks may be necessary.

For guys

Double penetration often involves one woman and two men. While the woman needs to be completely comfortable, the men involved also need to have their needs met.

The good

Seeing your partner be completely satisfied is one of the benefits of double penetration. Even before you think of your own satisfaction, many couples turn to DP in order to satisfy the needs of the woman.

As for what men experience, the good is an intense sexual experience. If you're still nervous about engaging so intimately with another man, you can try a threesome without DP. This way you get to play around a bit and test your comfort limits.

Finally, one important aspect of double penetration is control. While ultimately it is the woman who needs to be in control of her own body, it is often the men who set the pace and there is power in knowing you are completely filling both the body and the needs of your partner.

The bad

Expect some penis on penis touching. This is especially true when it comes to vagina + anal DP. The act of insertion is definitely not as glamorous as you may envision and the perineum wall is very thin. You will be able to feel the other man.

This isn't necessarily bad but it is something you need to be comfortable with. Even with vagina + oral DP, you will be seeing another man's penis and this can't weird you out.

The biggest takeaway is that the person you invite to join you should be someone you are comfortable with at the least, and hopefully even someone you are attracted to. The more at ease you are, the more pleasure there will be.

With toys

Those just entering the world of double penetration may feel more comfortable with toys. There are many to use to start you off on this new world of discovery.

The good

Sex toys come in all sizes and shapes. No matter what your preference, there is a toy that will help you feel good. Toys also have a vibrating function which adds an extra layer of excitement.

For example, the Tracey Cox Supersex Vibrating Butt Plug has a remote that a partner can be in charge of. This way he gets that element of control while the woman gets maximum pleasure.

Toys also have the added benefit of not being human. One of the biggest obstacles to DP is that you have to invite a third person into the mix. This can be quite overwhelming, especially if one person is open to the idea but the other person isn't. Toys, then, are a great compromise.

The bad

Toys feel great but they are not people. There is a certain quality that even the most sophisticated toy just can't replicate.

Furthermore, you may be wanting what comes with inviting a third person. The extra sense of intimacy, the newness, the foreplay that accompanies sex. Sex toys are predictable, which is nice, but if you are craving a bit of unpredictability, at some point they just won't be able to satisfy you anymore.

Safety tips for DP practice

Always use lube

While a vagina may naturally secrete lubrication, an anus does not. Furthermore, sex toys need plenty of lube. You do not want to hurt your partner as this can cause pain and even tearing. Instead, use plenty of lube.

There are plenty of good-quality lubes to consider and you may want to try out a few before finding one that has the right texture and scent. Most lubes are now water-based, such as the Lovehoney Enjoy Water-Based Lubricant. If you are using sex toys, you should definitely use a water-based lube so it doesn't destroy the toy. Furthermore, water-based lubes mean you don't have to worry about allergies and they are easy to clean up.



Communicate!

There is a lot of trust that goes into the act of double penetration. As a woman you need to set boundaries ahead of time and not be afraid to communicate when something doesn't feel right. As a man, you need to be comfortable with another man again, don't be afraid to stop if you aren't comfortable.

For a lot of people, double penetration is just one part of a threesome. If it isn't working for you in the moment, there are plenty of other ways you can be satisfied.

Does it hurt?

When performed correctly, in a safe environment with plenty of practice, double penetration should not hurt. However, you should expect a level of discomfort when you first start out.

Having two penises so close together inside of you is a lot to handle. As well, it can be more than awkward getting into the right position.

Don't let this discomfort dismay you, though. The key is to start small, using butt plugs and then other anal dildos. Once you have mastered these sensations, you can dive into having two men satisfy you.

Double penetration techniques to consider

There are many positions that work well with double penetration and it all comes down to personal preference. For those just starting out, the cowgirl position works well. Start with the woman positioning herself on top of a man for vaginal intercourse. Then, the other man would enter for anal penetration.

One important technique is to get firmly secure with single penetration. Make sure everything lines up before having your second orifice filled. You might also want to roleplay beforehand. Sex needs movement and while one position might seem good, you may discover that there isn't enough space for all partners to move comfortably.

Finally, an important technique to consider is the use of pillows or cushions. If you find your movements are restrained, use a pillow or specific sex cushion to prop yourself into the right angle. This is helpful if something feels uncomfortable at first. It could just be that the angle needs to be adjusted slightly.

Final thoughts

We hope that you are now more familiar with the types of double penetration and a few tips on how to make each encounter more successful. As always, trust and communication are the most important. Each person involved needs to express their consent and if something isn't working, it's ok to stop. Beyond this, though, have fun and don't be afraid to experiment. For those wondering what does double penetration feel like, we suggest you start with your fingers, move into toys, and then find willing participants to make your dream a reality.





PORN FORCE

VIDEO PRODUCTIONS

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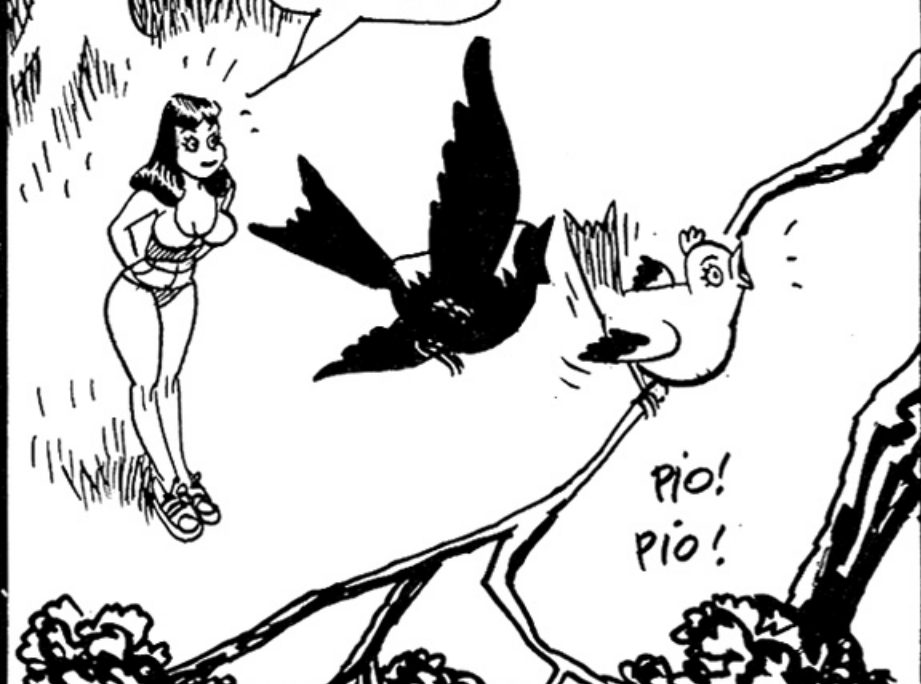
CLARA



OH, YA COMIENZAN EL ACERCAMIENTO,
URGIDOS POR LOS AIRES DE ESTE TIEMPO
MARAVILLOSO, QUÉ BIEN, QUÉ BIEN



Y - OH - OH - YA ESTAN A PUNTO DE CONSUMIR
SU AMOR, UN AMOR DURADERO, ETERNO,
QUIZAS



PIO!
PIO!

PIO!
PIO!



COMO TE ENVIDIO, PASARITA, ESO DE TENER
UN MACHO PARA SIEMPRE
CONTIGO



... MIENTRAS MI TRISTE
VIDA ES IR DE HOMBRE
EN HOMBRE CON SENTIMIENTOS
FALSOS Y ORGASMOS
FINGIDOS, SIIIIIGH!!!

¡SNIFF!

¡CUACK!

UFA, MENOS MAL QUE SE
HA LARGADO LA PESADA ESA



¡ME ESTABA
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Relatos Eróticos de
KAMATARUK

Relatos de mis dos Mitades: Zarrio | Kamataruk



*DONDE EL LADO OSCURO DE LAS
LETRAS COBRA VIDA*

LASCIVIA — FIRST DESIRES

Olivia

By Andi3000

“Read em and weep, jack offs. Full house.” Lowell laid out his hand and the rest of did the same. After just a second to confirm, he collected his second pot in a row. “I could get used to this.” Every Friday night was poker night and it was Lowell, myself, our friends Nate, Rusty and Vic. This night we were joined by Matty Wakefield, who had graduated the year before the rest of us, had his own group of friends, but still knew us well enough to get together and have a good time once in a while.

We anted on the next hand and everyone settled in, music on in the background, that outlaw country stuff from the 70s we all liked. Rusty said, “Hey my folks are going to Foxwoods again next weekend.” Rusty, like most of us, had yet to move out of his parents’ house. “How about we get together at my place Saturday night?”

I nearly jumped out of my seat. It was what I’d been waiting for all summer. A party at Rusty’s house. Booze. Weed. All of us probably spending the night. My heart was beating in my chest. I looked around the table. “That sounds cool,” Lowell said. “Any chicks?” We all knew the answer was probably no, but it was funny, and Rusty’s cheeks went a flame red to rival his hair. I glanced again at Nate, and the others. A few others were looking at Nate. “I mean besides your sister.”

Nobody laughed, but it was hilarious. Rusty’s little sister Olivia was a few years younger than us, wasn’t really part of our group growing up, but she had always been around. She was skinny wore glasses and even had braces still. She’d always been awkward and had only recently begun to show womanly curves. At one of the recent parties, which also happened to be at Rusty’s house, Nate popped her cherry in her parent’s bed. He told us all about it, how she looked naked and also how difficult it had been, how she had bled on the sheets and even cried a little. He also told us how great he had been, but who knew what to believe there? That’s what we all would have said.

Over the course of the summer, Olivia embraced her newly gained womanhood. For the first time I noticed her when we went over their house. She began to wear tighter, skimpier clothes. She still didn’t have big boobs or a round butt, but she dressed and moved in a way that accentuated her length, her sleekness. It hadn’t been serious with Nate, not that I was aware, and I thought about her more and more as the summer progressed. I convinced myself I had a shot. All I needed was the right situation.



“Next Saturday?” I said it and my voice cracked on the first word. Everyone looked at me. “Yeah,” I said in a too deep voice. “Yeah, that sounds cool.”

The week passed, Saturday came, and it was much of the same for the group of us. It was a small party. Matty came and brought along two of his friends, but there weren’t any girls besides Olivia. She had a few drinks early in the night, but for the most part she let us be. I don’t think anyone even noticed her but me. She was wearing loose fitting shorts and a t-shirt, not the type of clothes girls wore when they wanted to be noticed. Her long red hair was pulled back and she even had on her glasses, which I hadn’t seen on her since she took to wearing contacts earlier in the summer.

The group of us hung out for some hours, music playing and watching a ballgame on mute. We had all scrounged booze from our houses and a few of us had weed. It was slow, by party standards of the day, but these were my friends and we were having a good time. I could tell, though, that Matty’s friends were bored and I was reasonably certain they were regretting the decision to come. Sometime around 10, Olivia walked into the kitchen to mix a drink. I was in there, along with Rusty and Vic and Matty and his friends. Nate and Lowell were in the living room watching the last of the game.

“Hey,” one of Matty’s friends said. His name was Mike and he was taller and seemed to be more outspoken than the other, who’s name was Clifford. “About time we fired up some more of that dope.” He was looking at me and I shrugged, looked over at Vic, who also had a little bit.

Vic shrugged too. “Sure,” he said.

“Okay. Let’s go outside,” Rusty said, starting for the back door. Vic and Matty followed.

Mike glanced at Olivia, who hadn’t even flinched at our plan. “You wanna come?”

I stopped in my tracks, and so did everyone else. Rusty was halfway out the door. He shook his head. “Naw. That’s cool, guys. Let’s go.”

“Sure,” Olivia said, not missing a beat.



“Okay,” Mike said. “That’s settled.” And he headed out, followed closely by Clifford and Matty, less closely by Vic. I looked at Rusty and he looked at his sister.

“What are you doing?” he asked her, clearly annoyed.

“What?” she said. “I want to come.”

He looked at me. For the second time in as many minutes, I shrugged. “What am I gonna say?” And I headed for the door.

As I exited, Olivia following me and Rusty lagging behind, I heard Lowell shout from the living room: “Hey, you guys going outside again?”

So all of us went out, and we smoked everything Vic and I had between us, and we got rightly stoned. We went in without saying a whole lot and sat about the living room in silence. Olivia was on the couch and so was Nate, but Rusty was between them and I hadn’t seen them exchange as much as a glance. After a while, Olivia sighed and said, “I’m tired. I’m going to bed.” She stood unsteadily and walked down the hall toward her room as a few of us mumbled our goodnights. I assumed that would be it. If there had been an opportunity for me to get her alone, I hadn’t noticed.

The game we were all half watching ended and a replay of women’s beach volleyball came on. We were sluggish and stoned and none of us bothered to change it. Before long we were watching it. I can’t say I’d ever found volleyball players attractive, but I did then. They didn’t have much in the way of curves, but they were toned and tanned and sleek. Limber, athletic and sweating in the sun. In some ways I was reminded of Olivia. She wasn’t tanned and she wasn’t toned in the same ways, but she was thin and she was long-limbed and she seemed limber for all I really knew. Maybe it was just the booze thinking for me. Maybe it was something else.

In any case, I wasn’t the only one thinking about her, because after not too long Nate just blurted out, “I gotta get laid.” He managed to pull himself up off the couch and started stumbling down the back hallway.

“Where are you going?” Rusty asked, not getting up, not even turning his head.



Nate kept moving and barely mumbled when he spoke. “Gonna see if your sister’s up.”

None of us said anything more. When he didn’t immediately return we knew what was happening. I contained my frustration, but Rusty found it less easy. “Fucking Christ, that guy,” he said. “Who does he think he is?” Nobody answered. A short while later he spoke again. “I’m drunk. I’m going to bed. You guys can sleep wherever.” I guess he thought Nate would be sleeping in Olivia’s room. That’s what I thought. That’s probably what everyone else thought too. Vic went down to the basement to sleep and Matty’s friends were talking about taking off.

But it wasn’t more than half an hour before Nate came down the hall, shirtless, sweating, and plopped himself on the couch. He stared at the t.v. “This is still on?”

We were all looking at him. It was Lowell who spoke. “Did you just fuck her?”

“Who?” After a second: “Oh yeah.” After another second: “She’s still primed too, if anybody wants a go.”

I thought he was kidding and maybe he was. In any case, I’d never considered the possibility that any girl would have sex with two guys in a row. Still, just the thought of getting in there with her, even after Nate had done his business, was enough to stir my loins.

Lowell said, “Huh?” Matty said, “Really?” And Mike said, “Well shit. Glad we didn’t leave just yet.” I still thought it was just a joke.

But Lowell was up. Mike was up. Matty and Clifford and I were just slow on the draw. Lowell and Mike looked at each other. Lowell looked down the hallway. “Probably best if I go in there, dude. She doesn’t even know you guys.” He glanced at Clifford. “I’ll find out what’s what.”

“Fuck that,” Mike said. A short argument ensued but in the end everyone agreed with Lowell. I still thought we were all gravely mistaken, but was also hopeful that if she was indeed down to continue the party, I would be able to get in there next. At this point I didn’t care about Nate or Lowell going in



before me. If this played out like we all hoped, I would be getting laid at some point, laid for the first time, and that's all I cared about then.

Lowell was in there for less time than Nate had been, but when he came out he was shirtless too. He was buckling his belt. He was grinning. While he'd been in there, the rest of us played a few rounds of rock, paper, scissors for the right to go next and I actually won. That said, I still doubted that things would play out like I hoped. A girl tired and drunken and vulnerable having it out with a couple of guys was an entirely different proposition than a girl taking six guys in a row, one after another. And Christ, this was a girl who no more than three months before had been a virgin just like me.

But sure enough, Lowell nodded to the group of us when he emerged and when he found out how we'd decided I would go next he said to me, "Well then go ahead, dude. There's still a little meat on the bone."

I was nervous as I stepped down the hall and I barely heard Mike behind me saying, "Hurry up, kid. We ain't waiting all night."

Olivia was on the bed, in fact she was in bed, blanket pulled up to her chin. The light was on and for a brief moment I thought she was playing with herself under the covers. She raised her head off the pillow when I entered the room, and at the click of the door shutting behind me, she turned her head. "Oh my god," she said.

"Can I come in?" I was already in. I wasn't moving though. I was just standing by the door.

By now she had laid back down. "Okay," she said.

I started pulling off my clothes. My heart was pounding in my chest. My mouth had gone dry. I was silent, because I couldn't think enough to utter a sound. Finally, I was going to get laid. I was going to get that hurdle over with. It's all I'd been thinking about for months upon months, all anyone of my friends were talking about. I was becoming a man, and I would be doing it with Rusty's little sister. I tried to picture her under the covers, slender and pale; taugt and tight and nubile.



The room was warm, but I caught a sly breeze from the open window as I pulled off my shirt, and my whole upper half chilled enough for me to shiver. Olivia's room looked out onto the wide porch, and I was suddenly conscious that anyone arriving at the house or anyone going outside for a cigarette would be looking in on us without even trying, truly only a few feet away from her bed. I wanted to close the shade; I wanted to close the window. I wanted to at least turn out the light. But I went to her without doing anything, because I was scared as hell. It was enough that I could move at all, and it was enough that she was receiving me.

She folded the blankets down as I climbed on the bed and I saw the left side of her upper half, one tiny pink nipple, one tiny white breast. "Condom, please," she said. She was smiling, but she was nervous, and she was clearly uncomfortable asking me.

"Oh, of course." I backed off the bed, lunged for my pants and pulled out my wallet. Like all of my friends I carried a single condom in my wallet at all times. Some of my friends surely had fresh ones in there all the time, but mine was the same I'd had since the summer before. The paper was all cracked and worn, but intact. The condom itself was still wet, I discovered after lengthy fumbling, though I am certain it was next to useless.

Nevertheless, I strapped on the slippery thing and proceeded to work myself onto her. For my first time, I think I did all right. It was quick when it happened, but I like to think I took a little bit of time getting there. I kissed her face and I fondled her stomach and hips. She was naked under the covers, just like I knew she would be, and she let me go at her without much return. She touched my arms, even braced against them a few times when I got too grabby, but for the most part she lay and simply received.

I was hard as a rock and knew I wouldn't last once inside her, but I couldn't wait any more. I reached between her legs, opened her with my fingers, positioning at the same time with my cock. She was so wet, though I'm not sure why that surprised me. I guess I hadn't known what to really expect. I wondered if she had made Nate or Lowell wear a condom. I took my cock in my hand and pushed against the slick outer rim of her pussy. The condom tightened around me as I continued, slowly. She worked her way back against me, which was the first real work she'd done, but I got the feeling she only did it because she was uncomfortable.



Her eyes were closed or else gazing at some far off thing. Her cheeks were flush. Her hair was just a little damp around the edges where she was beginning to perspire. Her pussy was tight, and I struggled for a few long seconds getting in her and picking up a rhythm. I slipped out of her once and then again, and finally found a stroke that kept us together, entering her slowly and only halfway.

Without even realizing it, I'd been holding my breath. I took a quick gasp of air and Olivia flashed a brief smile. It made me lightheaded; it made me lunge slightly forward. My cock pushed all the way in. I swelled. Olivia grunted, then gasped. She was gripping my arms. She was breathing through her nose. Her eyes were closed again, with her forehead furrowed and a twist on her eyebrows. My weight was on her. I pulled back momentarily and then let my weight fall back and I was all the way in again. Her pussy resisted and her arms futilely attempted to hold me. It was so quiet I could hear the murmur of voices from the living room.

Just as I thought I understood the rhythm, a handful of awkward thrusts, I was losing control. I was cumming. I didn't stop. I didn't pull out. I didn't even try to think about something else. I was fully in the moment and I didn't care one lick for my pride or her satisfaction. I held her tight, squeezed her naked, skinny, helpless form, and let loose a half dozen epic ejaculatory spasms. I bordered on tears through the joy of it. I fell into her when it was done, pressed her with all my weight, letting myself soften inside her. When I pulled myself free and sat back, the condom came off too, left a slime trail from her exposed pussy to where it lay wrinkled and shining on the pale, bony flesh of her inner thigh.

Her eyes were still closed. I was already having regrets. What would happen next? Surely, Rusty would get wind of all this. Everyone would get wind of this. And Olivia was always around. We had grown up together, saw each other almost every day. I had already seen some awkwardness between her and Nate and Rusty the last months. Plus, I was terrible. I had clearly never done it before, and yet had been bragging to my friends about secret conquests for some time. Would Olivia tell anyone? Was I the worst of the night and would she remember that always?

"That was good," she whispered, not moving, eyes still closed. In fact she didn't move, didn't open her eyes, until I rolled off her.



“No it wasn’t.” I stopped just as I was about to apologize. I sat up on the edge of the bed and looked for my clothes. I found my underwear first and pulled them on quickly, self consciously, even as Olivia pulled the blankets up around herself. My cheeks were hot.

“It was cool though, right?” she said, almost a whisper. She had a coy, sideways smile. She had her neck cocked and her eyes wide, goofy but beautiful too. She had a grip on the covers, had them pulled up and hiding her perky, little boobs. “It was fun?” And I realized she was as concerned as I was. She was still figuring it out too.

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“Are there any more?” she finally asked as I made my way to leave.

I paused by the door, hand out, fingers touching the knob. I knew she was tired. I knew she was inexperienced. I knew she was probably a little scared. “Yeah,” I told her honestly. “There’s more.”

Disclaimer: The following is a work of fiction. All characters depicted in sexual situations are at least 18 years of age

“Read em and weep, jack offs. Full house.” Lowell laid out his hand and the rest of did the same. After just a second to confirm, he collected his second pot in a row. “I could get used to this.” Every Friday night was poker night and it was Lowell, myself, our friends Nate, Rusty and Vic. This night we were joined by Matty Wakefield, who had graduated the year before the rest of us, had his own group of friends, but still knew us well enough to get together and have a good time once in a while.

We anted on the next hand and everyone settled in, music on in the background, that outlaw country stuff from the 70s we all liked. Rusty said, “Hey my folks are going to Foxwoods again next weekend.” Rusty, like most



of us, had yet to move out of his parents' house. "How about we get together at my place Saturday night?"

I nearly jumped out of my seat. It was what I'd been waiting for all summer. A party at Rusty's house. Booze. Weed. All of us probably spending the night. My heart was beating in my chest. I looked around the table. "That sounds cool," Lowell said. "Any chicks?" We all knew the answer was probably no, but it was funny, and Rusty's cheeks went a flame red to rival his hair. I glanced again at Nate, and the others. A few others were looking at Nate. "I mean besides your sister."

Nobody laughed, but it was hilarious. Rusty's little sister Olivia was a few years younger than us, wasn't really part of our group growing up, but she had always been around. She was skinny wore glasses and even had braces still. She'd always been awkward and had only recently begun to show womanly curves. At one of the recent parties, which also happened to be at Rusty's house, Nate popped her cherry in her parent's bed. He told us all about it, how she looked naked and also how difficult it had been, how she had bled on the sheets and even cried a little. He also told us how great he had been, but who knew what to believe there? That's what we all would have said.

Over the course of the summer, Olivia embraced her newly gained womanhood. For the first time I noticed her when we went over their house. She began to wear tighter, skimpier clothes. She still didn't have big boobs or a round butt, but she dressed and moved in a way that accentuated her length, her sleekness. It hadn't been serious with Nate, not that I was aware, and I thought about her more and more as the summer progressed. I convinced myself I had a shot. All I needed was the right situation.

"Next Saturday?" I said it and my voice cracked on the first word. Everyone looked at me. "Yeah," I said in a too deep voice. "Yeah, that sounds cool."

The week passed, Saturday came, and it was much of the same for the group of us. It was a small party. Matty came and brought along two of his friends, but there weren't any girls besides Olivia. She had a few drinks early in the night, but for the most part she let us be. I don't think anyone even noticed her but me. She was wearing loose fitting shorts and a t-shirt, not the type of clothes girls wore when they wanted to be noticed. Her long red hair was



pulled back and she even had on her glasses, which I hadn't seen on her since she took to wearing contacts earlier in the summer.

The group of us hung out for some hours, music playing and watching a ballgame on mute. We had all scrounged booze from our houses and a few of us had weed. It was slow, by party standards of the day, but these were my friends and we were having a good time. I could tell, though, that Matty's friends were bored and I was reasonably certain they were regretting the decision to come. Sometime around 10, Olivia walked into the kitchen to mix a drink. I was in there, along with Rusty and Vic and Matty and his friends. Nate and Lowell were in the living room watching the last of the game.

"Hey," one of Matty's friends said. His name was Mike and he was taller and seemed to be more outspoken than the other, who's name was Clifford. "About time we fired up some more of that dope." He was looking at me and I shrugged, looked over at Vic, who also had a little bit.

Vic shrugged too. "Sure," he said.

"Okay. Let's go outside," Rusty said, starting for the back door. Vic and Matty followed.

Mike glanced at Olivia, who hadn't even flinched at our plan. "You wanna come?"

I stopped in my tracks, and so did everyone else. Rusty was halfway out the door. He shook his head. "Naw. That's cool, guys. Let's go."

"Sure," Olivia said, not missing a beat.

"Okay," Mike said. "That's settled." And he headed out, followed closely by Clifford and Matty, less closely by Vic. I looked at Rusty and he looked at his sister.

"What are you doing?" he asked her, clearly annoyed.

"What?" she said. "I want to come."



He looked at me. For the second time in as many minutes, I shrugged. “What am I gonna say?” And I headed for the door.

As I exited, Olivia following me and Rusty lagging behind, I heard Lowell shout from the living room: “Hey, you guys going outside again?”

So all of us went out, and we smoked everything Vic and I had between us, and we got rightly stoned. We went in without saying a whole lot and sat about the living room in silence. Olivia was on the couch and so was Nate, but Rusty was between them and I hadn’t seen them exchange as much as a glance. After a while, Olivia sighed and said, “I’m tired. I’m going to bed.” She stood unsteadily and walked down the hall toward her room as a few of us mumbled our goodnights. I assumed that would be it. If there had been an opportunity for me to get her alone, I hadn’t noticed.

The game we were all half watching ended and a replay of women’s beach volleyball came on. We were sluggish and stoned and none of us bothered to change it. Before long we were watching it. I can’t say I’d ever found volleyball players attractive, but I did then. They didn’t have much in the way of curves, but they were toned and tanned and sleek. Limber, athletic and sweating in the sun. In some ways I was reminded of Olivia. She wasn’t tanned and she wasn’t toned in the same ways, but she was thin and she was long-limbed and she seemed limber for all I really knew. Maybe it was just the booze thinking for me. Maybe it was something else.

In any case, I wasn’t the only one thinking about her, because after not too long Nate just blurted out, “I gotta get laid.” He managed to pull himself up off the couch and started stumbling down the back hallway.

“Where are you going?” Rusty asked, not getting up, not even turning his head.

Nate kept moving and barely mumbled when he spoke. “Gonna see if your sister’s up.”

None of us said anything more. When he didn’t immediately return we knew what was happening. I contained my frustration, but Rusty found it less easy. “Fucking Christ, that guy,” he said. “Who does he think he is?” Nobody answered. A short while later he spoke again. “I’m drunk. I’m going to bed.



You guys can sleep wherever.” I guess he thought Nate would be sleeping in Olivia’s room. That’s what I thought. That’s probably what everyone else thought too. Vic went down to the basement to sleep and Matty’s friends were talking about taking off.

But it wasn’t more than half an hour before Nate came down the hall, shirtless, sweating, and plopped himself on the couch. He stared at the t.v. “This is still on?”

We were all looking at him. It was Lowell who spoke. “Did you just fuck her?”

“Who?” After a second: “Oh yeah.” After another second: “She’s still primed too, if anybody wants a go.”

I thought he was kidding and maybe he was. In any case, I’d never considered the possibility that any girl would have sex with two guys in a row. Still, just the thought of getting in there with her, even after Nate had done his business, was enough to stir my loins.

Lowell said, “Huh?” Matty said, “Really?” And Mike said, “Well shit. Glad we didn’t leave just yet.” I still thought it was just a joke.

But Lowell was up. Mike was up. Matty and Clifford and I were just slow on the draw. Lowell and Mike looked at each other. Lowell looked down the hallway. “Probably best if I go in there, dude. She doesn’t even know you guys.” He glanced at Clifford. “I’ll find out what’s what.”

“Fuck that,” Mike said. A short argument ensued but in the end everyone agreed with Lowell. I still thought we were all gravely mistaken, but was also hopeful that if she was indeed down to continue the party, I would be able to get in there next. At this point I didn’t care about Nate or Lowell going in before me. If this played out like we all hoped, I would be getting laid at some point, laid for the first time, and that’s all I cared about then.

Lowell was in there for less time than Nate had been, but when he came out he was shirtless too. He was buckling his belt. He was grinning. While he’d been in there, the rest of us played a few rounds of rock, paper, scissors for the right to go next and I actually won. That said, I still doubted that things would play out like I hoped. A girl tired and drunken and vulnerable having



it out with a couple of guys was an entirely different proposition than a girl taking six guys in a row, one after another. And Christ, this was a girl who no more than three months before had been a virgin just like me.

But sure enough, Lowell nodded to the group of us when he emerged and when he found out how we'd decided I would go next he said to me, "Well then go ahead, dude. There's still a little meat on the bone."

I was nervous as I stepped down the hall and I barely heard Mike behind me saying, "Hurry up, kid. We ain't waiting all night."

Olivia was on the bed, in fact she was in bed, blanket pulled up to her chin. The light was on and for a brief moment I thought she was playing with herself under the covers. She raised her head off the pillow when I entered the room, and at the click of the door shutting behind me, she turned her head. "Oh my god," she said.

"Can I come in?" I was already in. I wasn't moving though. I was just standing by the door.

By now she had laid back down. "Okay," she said.

I started pulling off my clothes. My heart was pounding in my chest. My mouth had gone dry. I was silent, because I couldn't think enough to utter a sound. Finally, I was going to get laid. I was going to get that hurdle over with. It's all I'd been thinking about for months upon months, all anyone of my friends were talking about. I was becoming a man, and I would be doing it with Rusty's little sister. I tried to picture her under the covers, slender and pale; taught and tight and nubile.

The room was warm, but I caught a sly breeze from the open window as I pulled off my shirt, and my whole upper half chilled enough for me to shiver. Olivia's room looked out onto the wide porch, and I was suddenly conscious that anyone arriving at the house or anyone going outside for a cigarette would be looking in on us without even trying, truly only a few feet away from her bed. I wanted to close the shade; I wanted to close the window. I wanted to at least turn out the light. But I went to her without doing anything, because I was scared as hell. It was enough that I could move at all, and it was enough that she was receiving me.



She folded the blankets down as I climbed on the bed and I saw the left side of her upper half, one tiny pink nipple, one tiny white breast. "Condom, please," she said. She was smiling, but she was nervous, and she was clearly uncomfortable asking me.

"Oh, of course." I backed off the bed, lunged for my pants and pulled out my wallet. Like all of my friends I carried a single condom in my wallet at all times. Some of my friends surely had fresh ones in there all the time, but mine was the same I'd had since the summer before. The paper was all cracked and worn, but intact. The condom itself was still wet, I discovered after lengthy fumbling, though I am certain it was next to useless.

Nevertheless, I strapped on the slippery thing and proceeded to work myself onto her. For my first time, I think I did all right. It was quick when it happened, but I like to think I took a little bit of time getting there. I kissed her face and I fondled her stomach and hips. She was naked under the covers, just like I knew she would be, and she let me go at her without much return. She touched my arms, even braced against them a few times when I got too grabby, but for the most part she lay and simply received.

I was hard as a rock and knew I wouldn't last once inside her, but I couldn't wait any more. I reached between her legs, opened her with my fingers, positioning at the same time with my cock. She was so wet, though I'm not sure why that surprised me. I guess I hadn't known what to really expect. I wondered if she had made Nate or Lowell wear a condom. I took my cock in my hand and pushed against the slick outer rim of her pussy. The condom tightened around me as I continued, slowly. She worked her way back against me, which was the first real work she'd done, but I got the feeling she only did it because she was uncomfortable.

Her eyes were closed or else gazing at some far off thing. Her cheeks were flush. Her hair was just a little damp around the edges where she was beginning to perspire. Her pussy was tight, and I struggled for a few long seconds getting in her and picking up a rhythm. I slipped out of her once and then again, and finally found a stroke that kept us together, entering her slowly and only halfway.

Without even realizing it, I'd been holding my breath. I took a quick gasp of air and Olivia flashed a brief smile. It made me lightheaded; it made me lunge



slightly forward. My cock pushed all the way in. I swelled. Olivia grunted, then gasped. She was gripping my arms. She was breathing through her nose. Her eyes were closed again, with her forehead furrowed and a twist on her eyebrows. My weight was on her. I pulled back momentarily and then let my weight fall back and I was all the way in again. Her pussy resisted and her arms futilely attempted to hold me. It was so quiet I could hear the murmur of voices from the living room.

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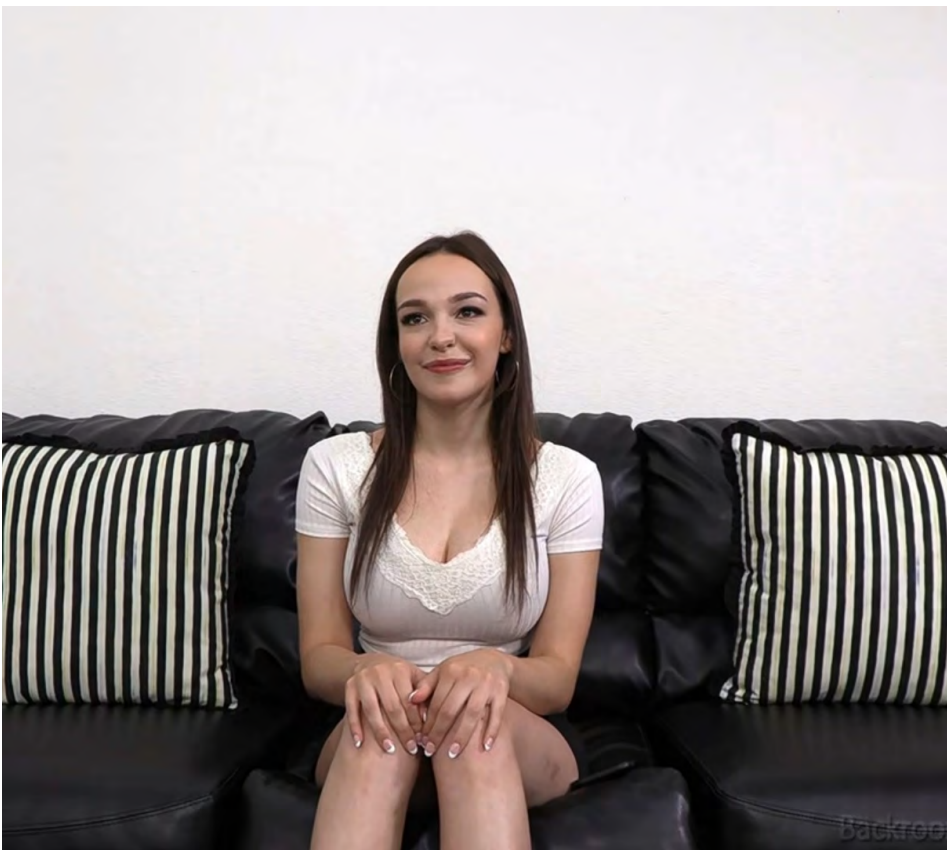
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BACKROOM
CASTINGCOUCH

**CLICK
HERE TO ENTER THE
FOLDER**

MILA JAYDE

AMERICAN



Los Angeles (USA), August 27. 2015

ROSE VALERIE

FRENCH



Budapest (Hungary), January 19. 2016

SADE ROSE

ENGLISH



Budapest (Hungary), July 13. 2017

THE QUEEN

FRENCH



Budapest (Hungary), April 17. 2024

VITTORIA DOLCE

UKRAINIAN



Prague (Czech Republic), December 8. 2017



**CLICK
HERE TO ENTER THE
FOLDER**

Oscuro en Rosa







Estas vacaciones
van a ser
apasionantes...

ña-ña-ña
ña-ña-ña

Si por lo
menos pudiese
quedarme en
casa y pasar los
días jugando
con mis
video...

¡Uala!

¿Y esas
chavalas?!



¿Será la vecina?
¿Con una amiga?



A lo mejor no
va a ser esto tan malo
como yo pensaba.

¡Cuántas guitarras
tienes, Gloria!
No sabía que la
supieses tocar.

Son de
mi padre.

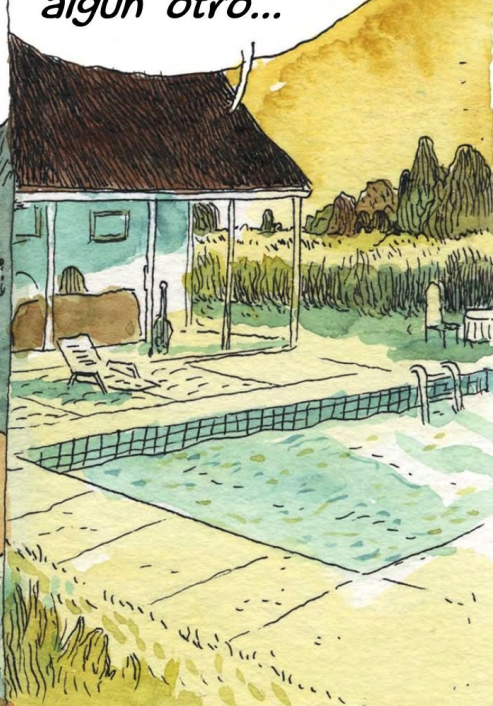
Es algo raro,
él las dejó
aquí.



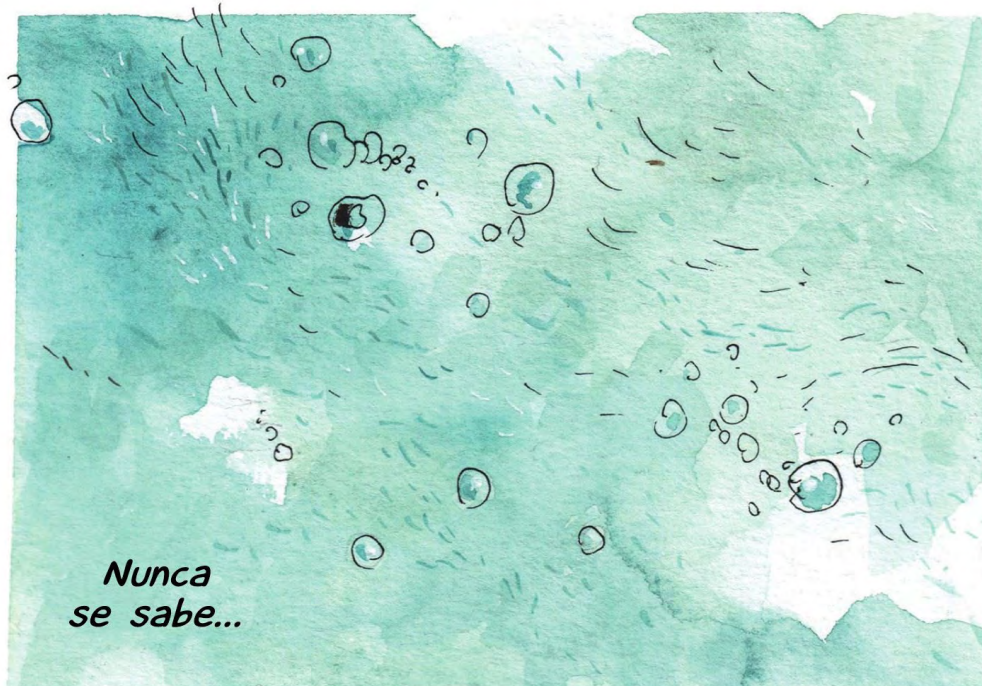
Un día
se fue, sin
mas. Nunca se
le volvió a ver.
Ni aquí, ni en
el trabajo.

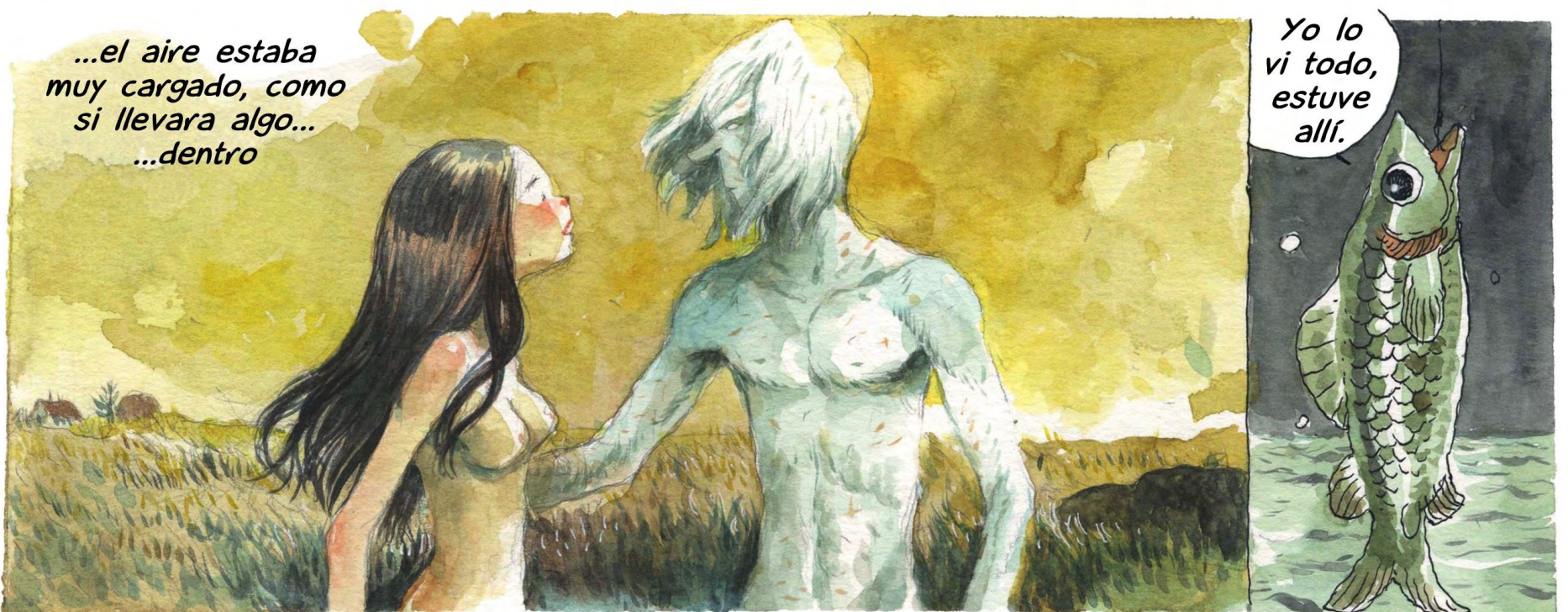
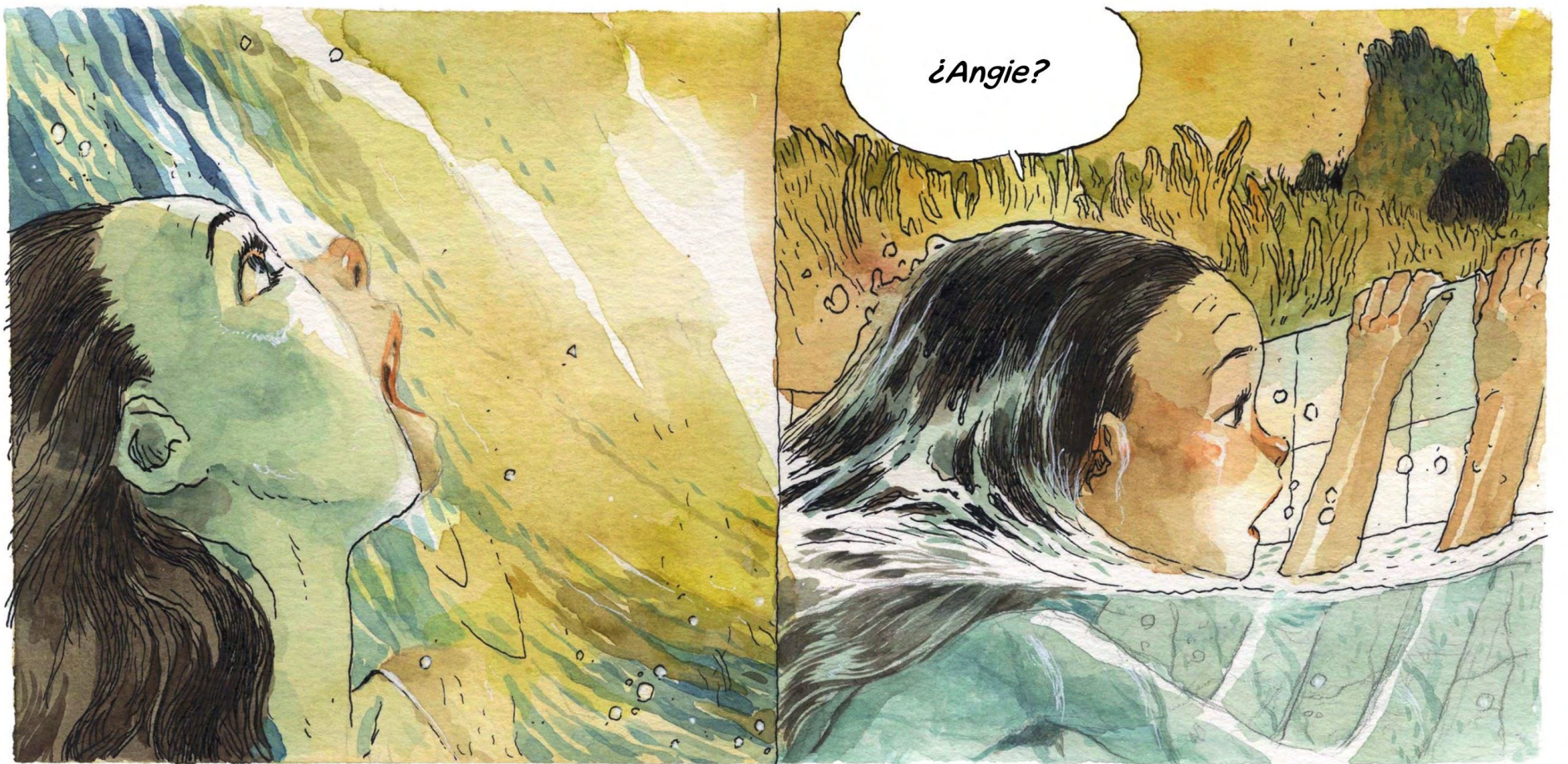
De todas formas,
alguien ha seguido
pagando las
facturas de esta
casa. Ó él, ó
algún otro...

¿Y qué tiene
eso de raro?













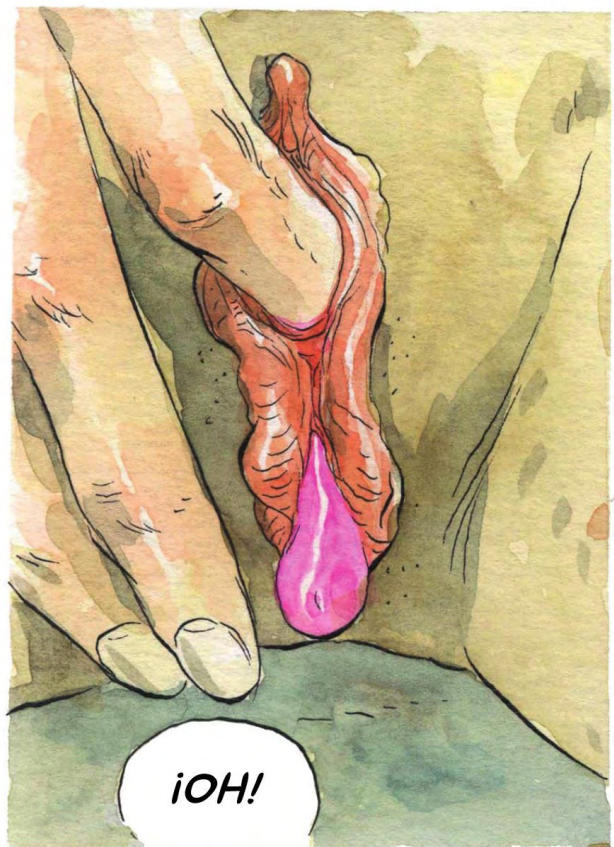
Yo
no veo
nada
raro...



Espera...



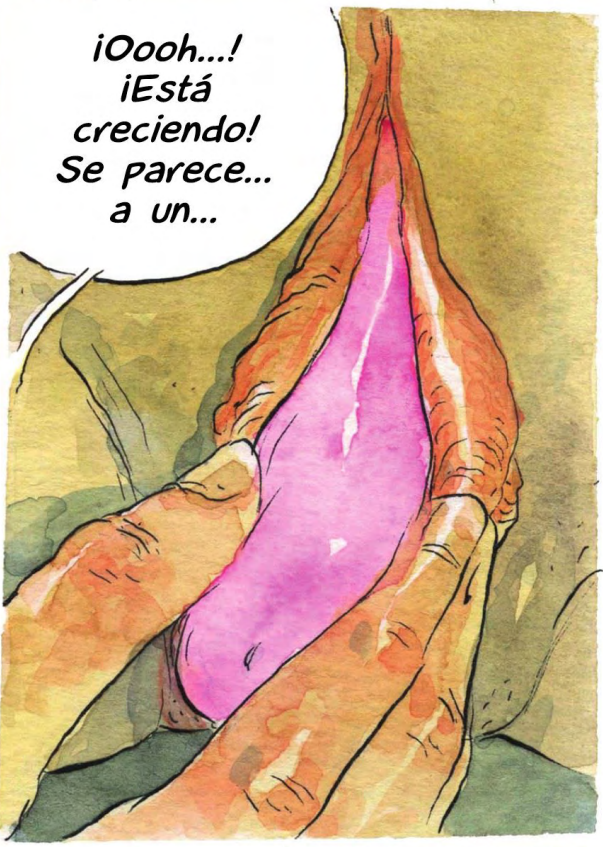
Hay que
frotarlo
un poco...



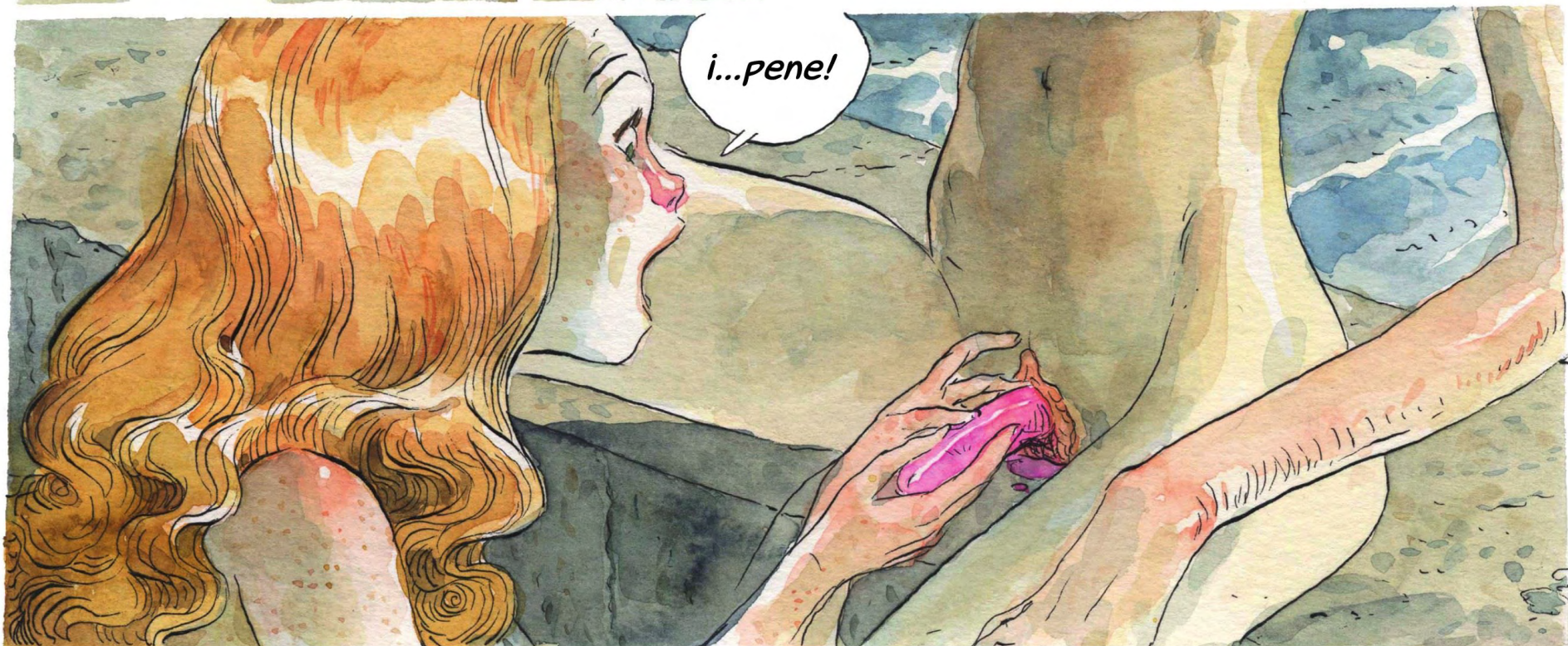
¡OH!



¡Te está
saliendo algo...
...muy rosa!



¡Oooh...!
¡Está
creciendo!
Se parece...
a un...



¡...pene!

*¿Un qué?!
¿Estás segura?*

*No se... espera,
vamos a ver si
funciona como uno
de verdad...*

*Estoy asustada...
Esto no es normal...*

Esto es muy raro...



*Es una
sensación muy
extraña...*



*Muy extraña...
pero agradable...*



*Bueno,
pues ya que
estamos...*





Ahora
tu cosita
está
bastante
durilla.



Eh...
¿Gloria?
¿Qué...?

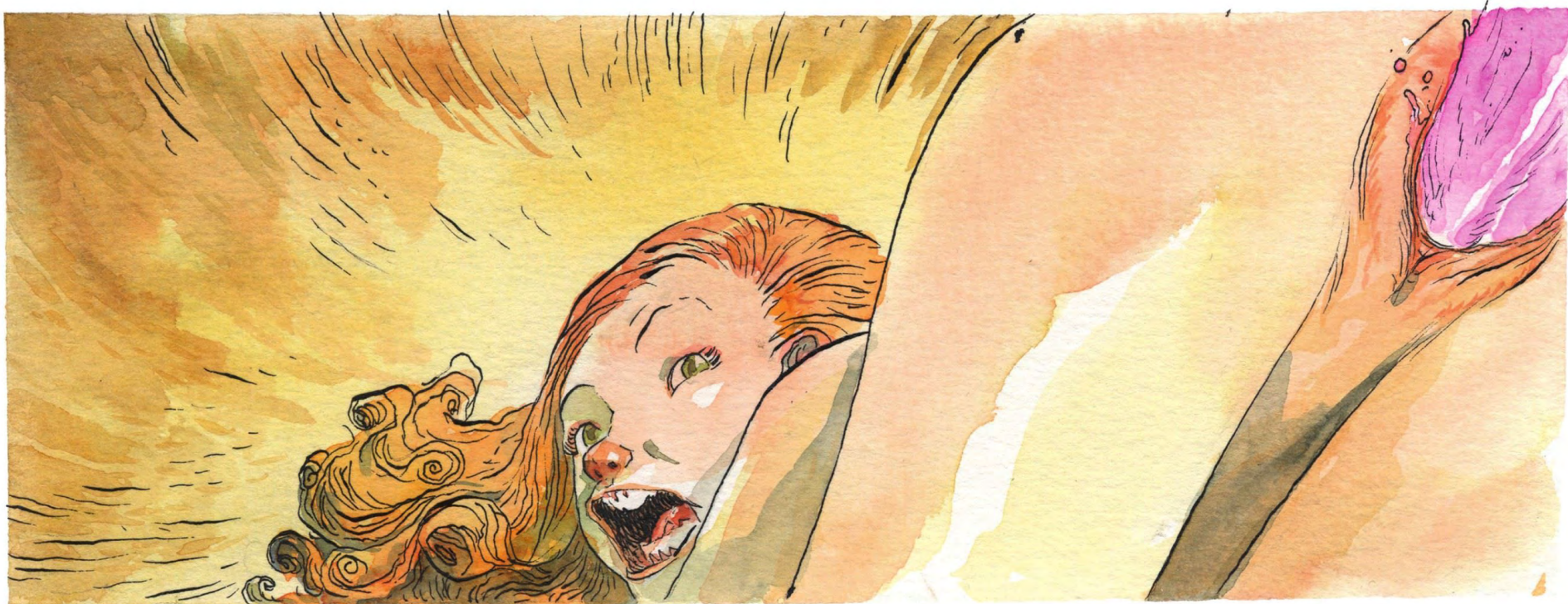
¡Chisst! ¿Y qué tal
si te doy la
vuelta, eh?

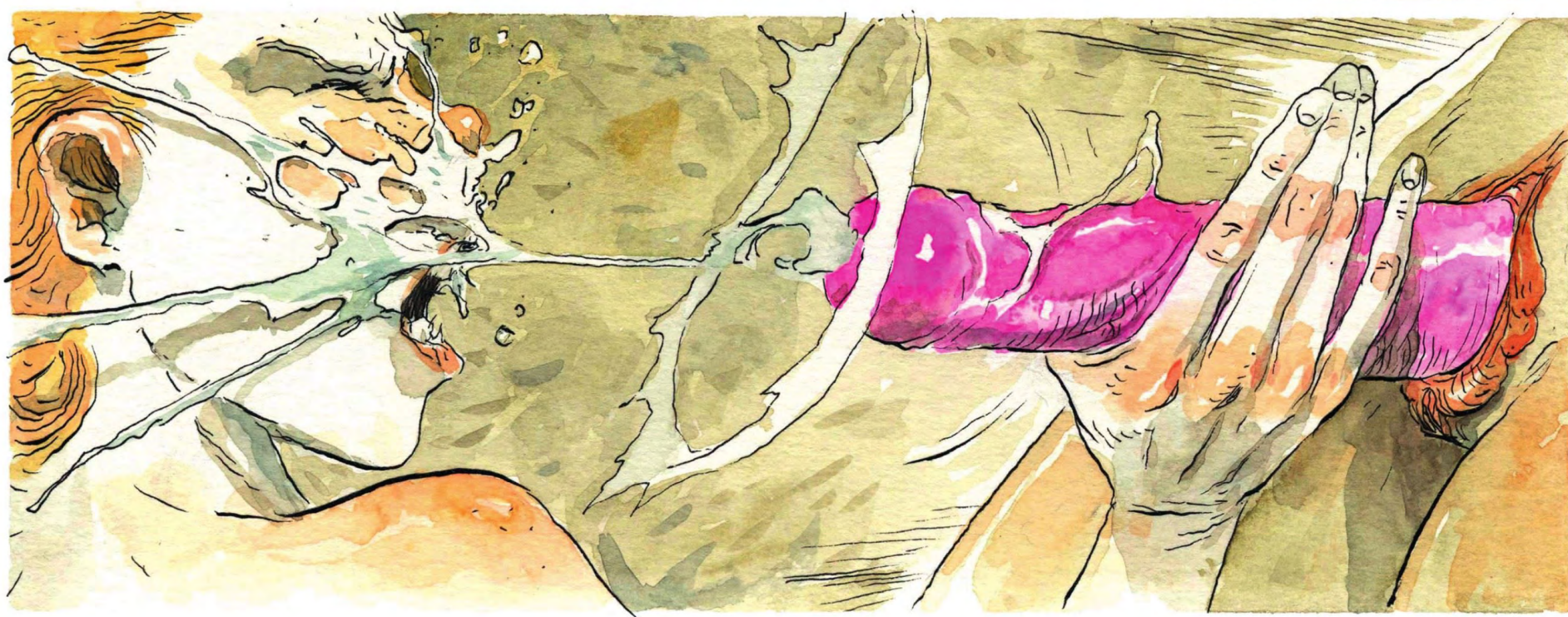
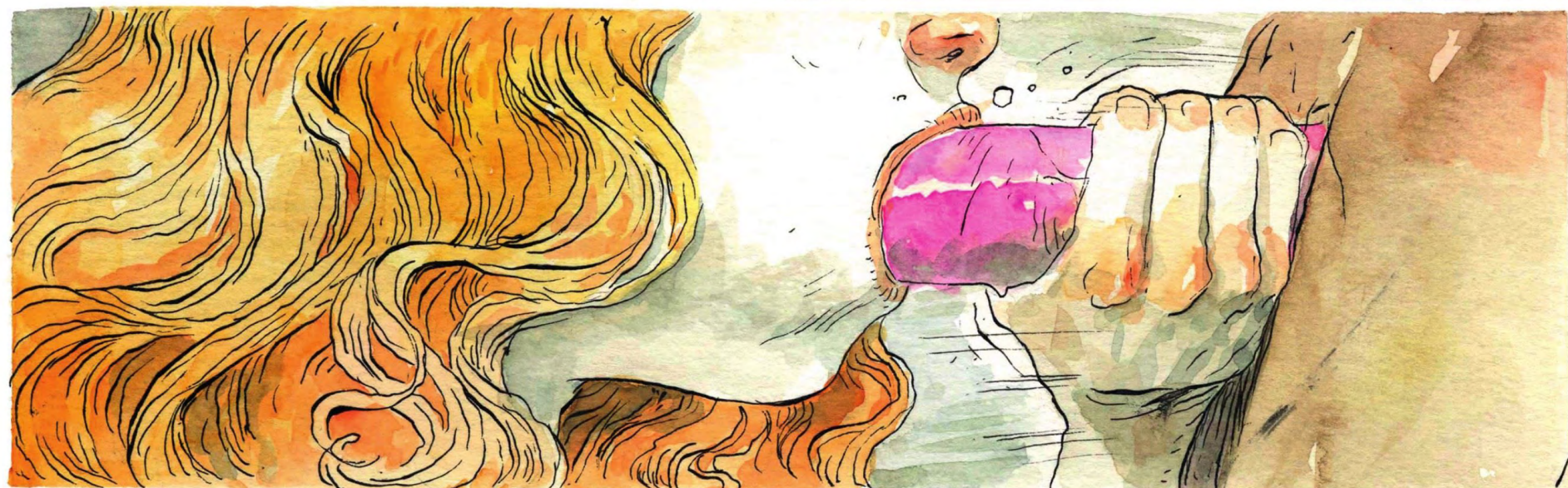
Eh...
Si, vale,
pero...



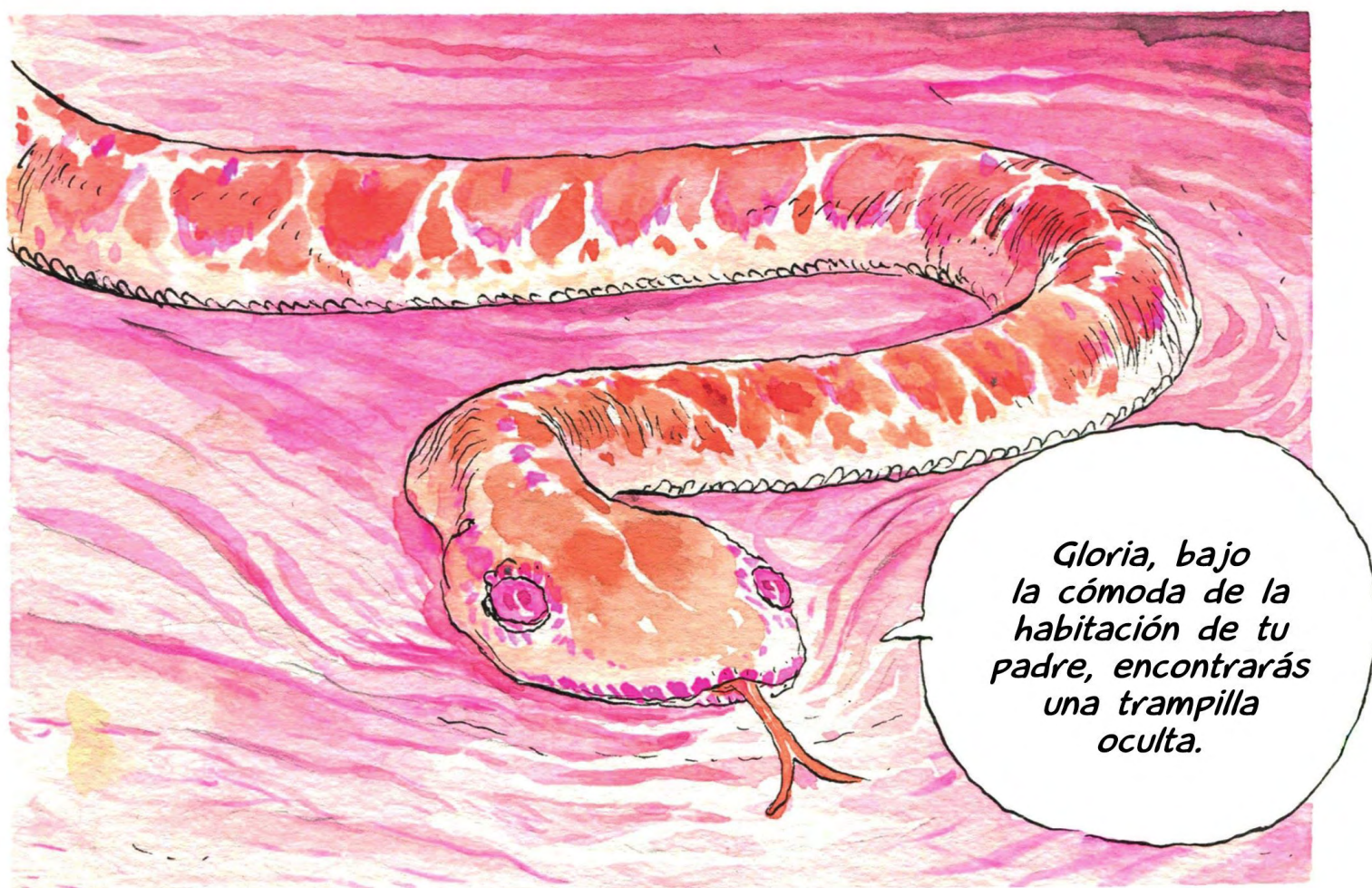
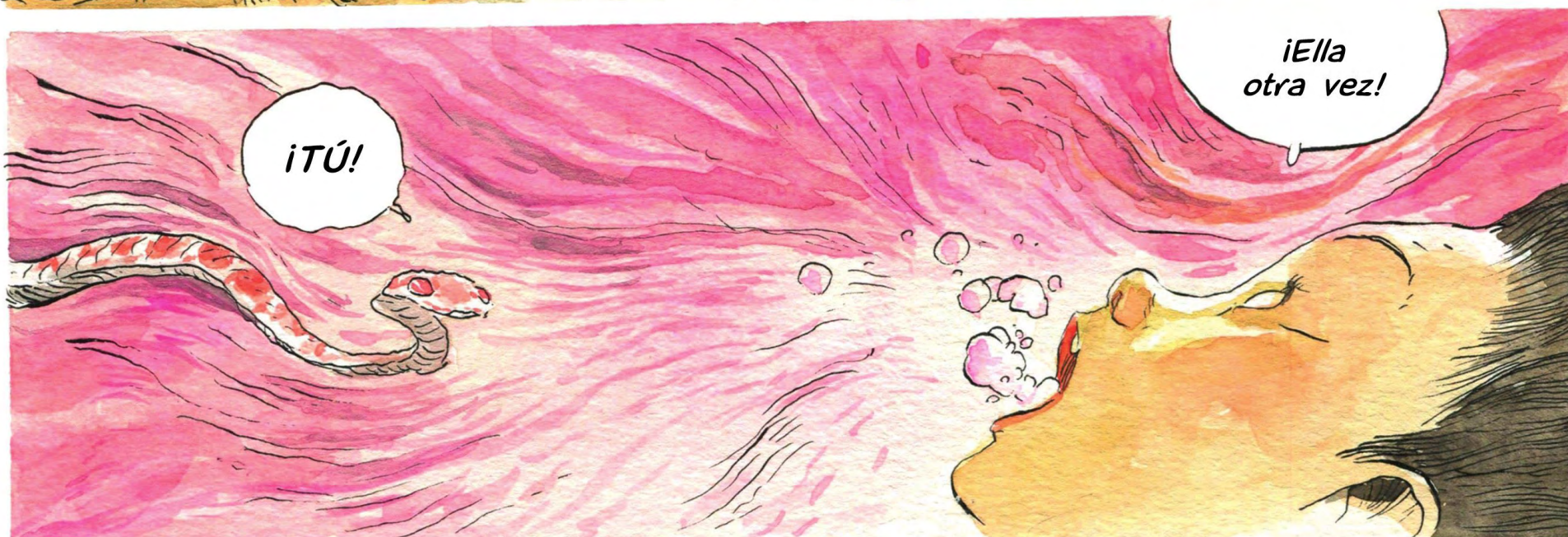
Cualquiera diría
que esta no es tu
primera vez...

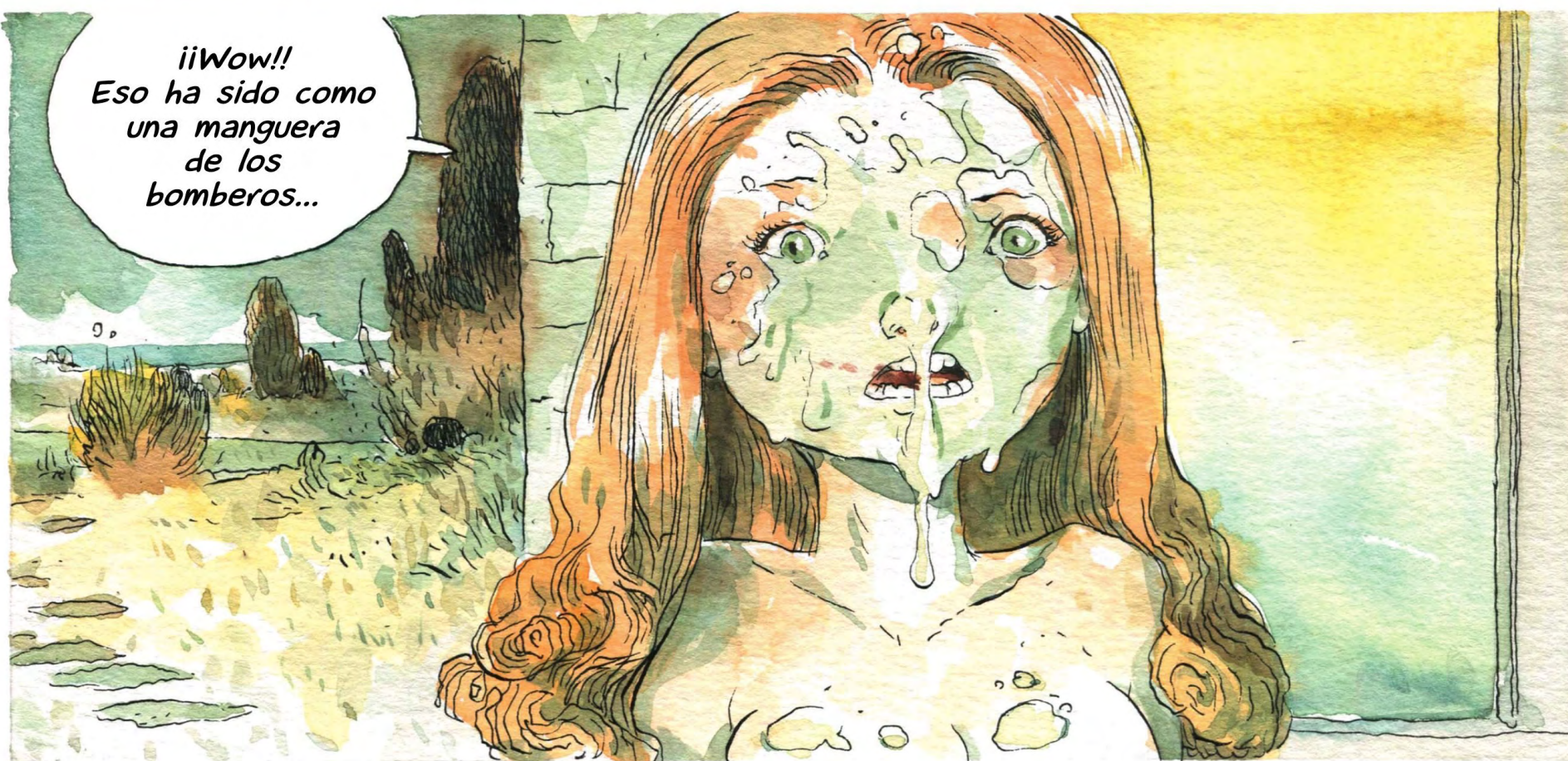
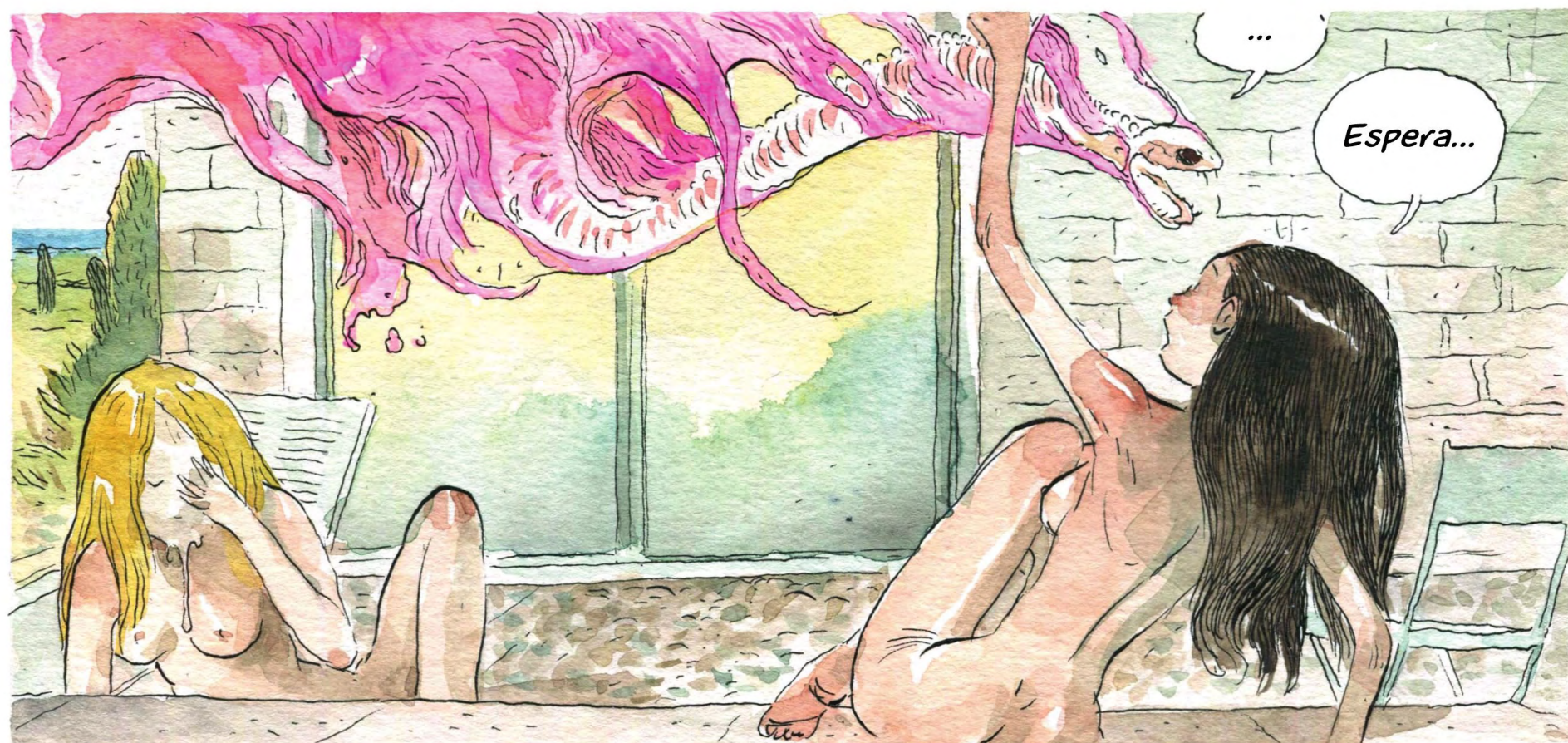
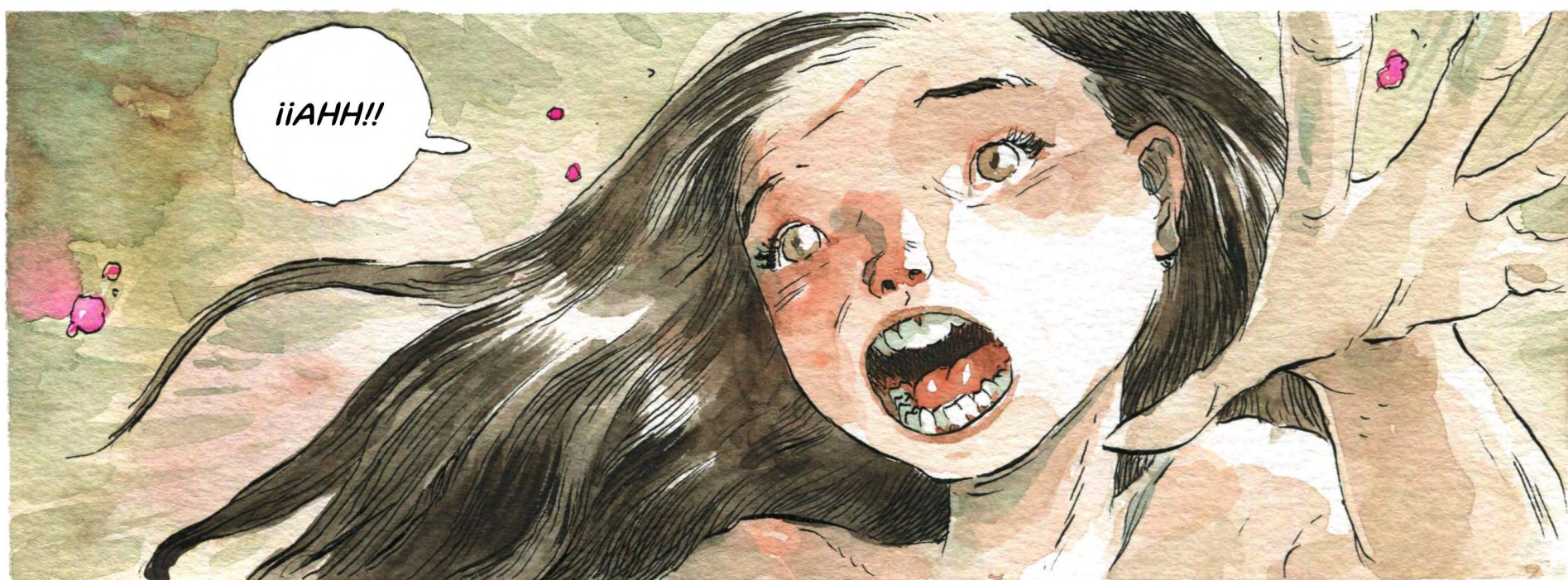
No te
reconozco,
Gloria...

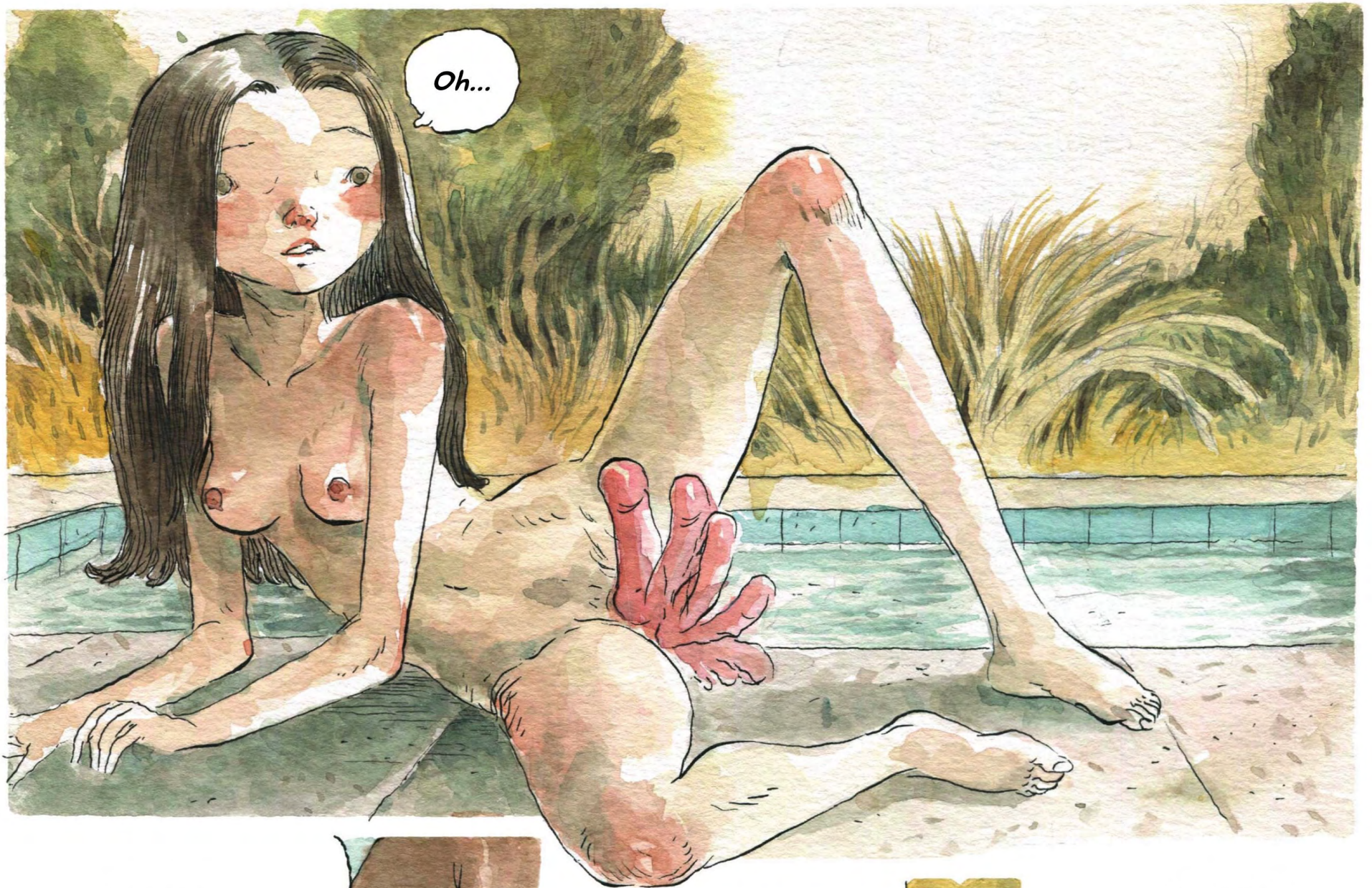








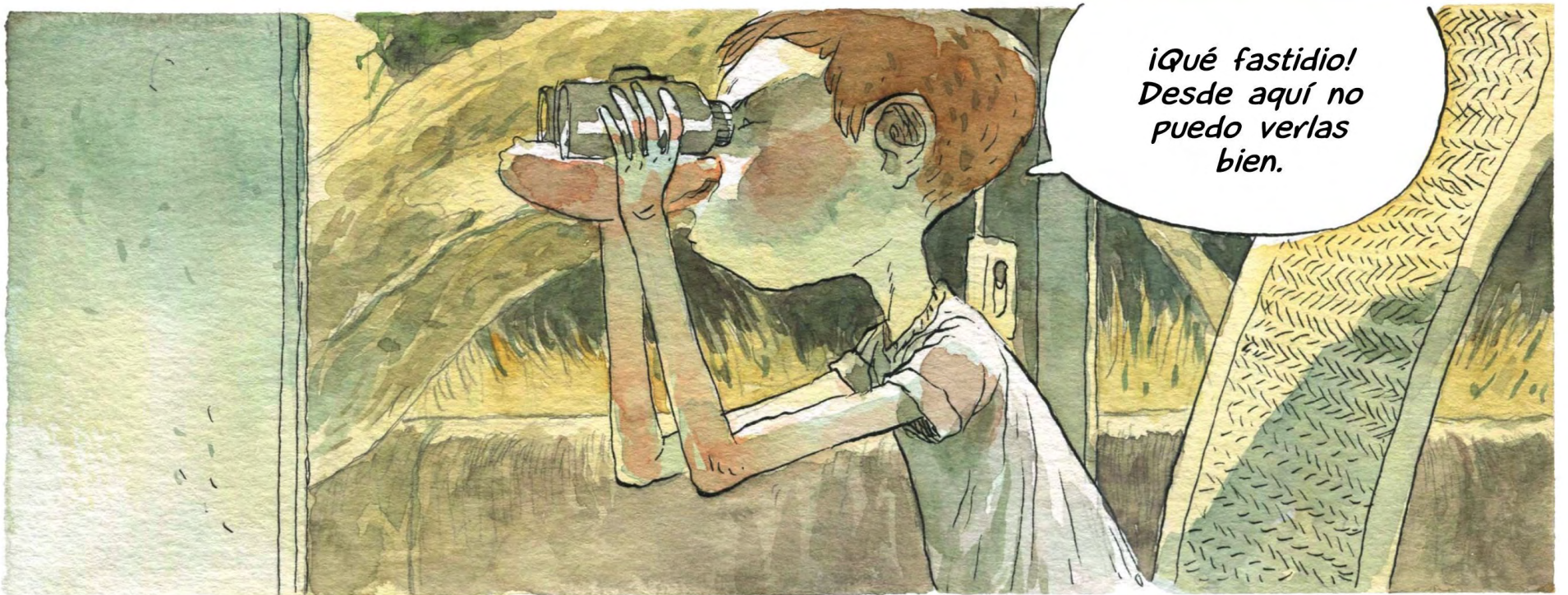




*¿Qué
rayos estarán
haciendo
esas dos?*



*¡Qué fastidio!
Desde aquí no
puedo verlas
bien.*



*Aún así, me lo
puedo imaginar, las
muy...*



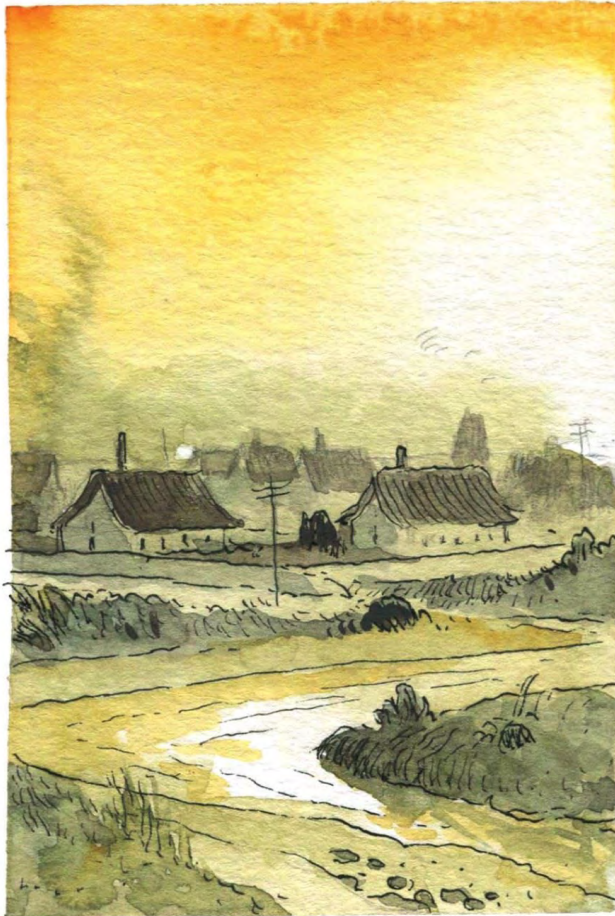
¡Virginio!

¡¡Ahh!!



*¡Dice papá que dejes
de masturbarte o
te quedarás sordo y que
vayas, que tienes que
ayudarlo a limpiar la
piscina!*





HUMOR LASCIVO



"Clive, honey - did you ever hear the expression 'Good wine needs no bush'?"



LASCIVIA
The magazine for men
who enjoy their exuality without fear!

LASCIVIA — ROOM IN ROME

The 15 Best Lesbian Sex Positions We've Tried

By Sophie Saint Thomas

Sex between two women is a beautiful thing. Unfortunately, there's a lot of misinformation out there. "A lot of folks coming from mainstream culture think of 'sex' as penetrative intercourse — a penis going into a hole. So when two people with vulvas are having sex, I think a lot of folks don't understand how that works since there's no penis. They may think that women can't have sex or that the sex isn't satisfying," says Liz Powell, an LGBTQ-friendly sex educator, coach, and licensed psychologist.

To clarify some misconceptions — and, of course, to give women who have sex with other women some hot ideas — I rounded up a list of fun sex position suggestions. FYI: These aren't just for lesbians! They can be enjoyed by queer women, bisexual women, pansexual women, or even straight-identifying women looking to explore. I identify as queer, I've had sex with both men and women, and I'm also attracted to non-binary people. Since sex between two women is often so fetishised through the male gaze, I made sure to only include positions I've tried and enjoyed or which others I've spoken with have tried and enjoyed. And I kept the sex position names to the point because I'm trying to help you, not confuse you. (You're welcome!) Yet this is indeed a roundup of steamy sex positions, so a few might be a little out there — but trust me, they're worth the sore back the next day.

Twisted Scissor

Scissoring can sometimes get a bad rap among queer women, because mainstream porn makes it seem like it's all we do. And thus, we sometimes try to avoid it. But rubbing your clit against someone else's (or against their thigh) can feel pretty damn good. So go ahead and give this position a try. This version puts a twist on the traditional scissor by having one partner lay on their belly and one lay on their back, straddling the first partner's thigh.

Missionary With Strap-On

Who said the missionary position is only for straight couples? With the miracle of the strap-on, two people with vaginas can also enjoy the eye and body contact intimacy missionary provides.

Have the receiving partner lie on their back, using pillows for comfort if making love somewhere other than a bed or sofa. The partner on top glides



the strap-on into their partner's vagina, communicating to know how fast or slow to go.

A bonus of missionary sex with a strap-on: The two partners can take turns on one another — just make sure to use condoms as you would on a penis if outside of a fluid-bonded relationship.

Doggy Style

This classic works for pretty much everyone, with or without a penis or strap-on dildo. One partner kneels to penetrate/stimulate the other, who is on their hands and knees, from behind.

“If you're doing penetrative hand play, doggy style can be much easier on the wrist/forearm, especially if you're doing G-spot stimulation,” says Dr. Powell. “Plus, in this position, the partner ‘on top’ has access to touch almost all of the partner ‘on the bottom,’ and can grab, stroke, bite, or pull hair while giving stimulation.”

Standing Shower Sex

A crowd-pleasing position for any twosome, shower sex can reach new heights if both you and your partner have vaginas. Stimulating and penetrating your partner with your hands in such a small space can make things even more exciting (especially if you're really flexible). Just remember that having sex in and around water can wash away natural lubrication, so keeping silicone lube nearby will help keep your fun from ending too soon.

Lesbians Can Give Blowjobs, Too

A strap-on can be used for more than just penetrative sex. Even on inanimate objects, oral can be one of the most rewarding and intimate parts of getting it on. The shaft of a strap-on isn't felt the way a body part is, which lets you focus on the (equally satisfying) details — the pressure of the toy against your partner's genitals and the visual experience of getting a BJ. Basically, watching someone go down on you is hot, no matter what they're putting in their mouth. Plus, depending on how much access your partner's harness gives



you, you can manually stimulate their clit, use a toy or vibrator, or penetrate them while you blow them.

Kneeling

This position hits the sweet spot between doggy style and spooning. One partner kneels, leaning back against the other, who is fingering them and/or stimulating their clit from behind. Not seeing your partner's face will heighten other senses — listen to the sounds you both make and concentrate on the way it feels to touch or be touched. Kneeling can also be as intimate as a face-to-face position: the partner in front can press back against the other so there's no space in between any part of your bodies.

69! All the time!

A tried-and-true classic among couples of all genders, 69-ing makes it easy to please both partners. You both get to experience giving and receiving oral — at the same time! Try switching up who's on top and bottom, or lying sideways to 69 with some variation. Make sure to balance the give and take, since it can be easy to get lost in your own pleasure and slack off on giving to your partner.

Reverse Face-Sitting

Turning around while face-sitting can offer new angles to change up sensations on the clit and G-spot, not to mention a great view of the top partner's butt. The top partner can also lean over to play with the giving partner's clit or finger them, and this position also works as a great segue into 69-ing.

All Tied Up

If you and your partner are looking to experiment with something new, try mixing up basic oral (or really any position) by adding the element of bondage. Use rope, bondage tape, or even a scarf or tie to restrain a partner's hands before going down on them. This added submission can take your oral to the



next level. Figure out which of you is into dominance, or switch off tying each other up to pleasure both partners.

As with any foray into BDSM, make sure you and your partner discuss this beforehand and figure out each other's comfort levels, and keep communication open throughout the act as well.

Relax And Enjoy It

Never underestimate the value of the basics. Lying back and getting your pussy eaten may not be highly imaginative or daring, but there's a reason it's a go-to classic — it doesn't fail to please. Besides, it's pretty much instinctual, which means you and your partner won't have any trouble getting into it.

Face Sitting

In this position, an adventurous take on oral, one partner with a vagina plops down right on top of the face of the other. Getting into this position may feel awkward, so you can always start with the standard lying-down oral sex position, and then switch things up once you and your partner are both aroused.

Here's how to do it: After the giving partner lies down on their back, the receiving partner gently lifts a leg over their shoulders and then slowly squats down until their vulva makes contact with their partner's mouth. It may require a bit of manoeuvring to get it right, but it's totally worth it.

Oral Against A Wall

In this position, one woman leans against a wall and enjoys getting her pussy eaten by another woman. It's straightforward (well, queer-forward) but versatile. It's also super-hot for public sex, like a hook-up in a bar bathroom (for non-germophobes) but can be done in the privacy of your own home as well. The best part is the power dynamics at play. By having one partner on her knees, the receiving partner can grab the giving partner's face, grab her hair, and pull her mouth onto her own clit. "Some common misconceptions



I hear are that all sex between two women is probably sweet and soft and loving (not true! We can go hard too),” Dr. Liz says.

If you can, offer your partner a pillow to kneel on to prevent rug burn or achy knees. It’s not a totally selfless move: After all, if the person going down on you feels more comfortable, they’ll be able to eat you out for longer.

Seated Chair With Strap-On

Having sex on chairs is fun because it means you’re doing it somewhere that’s not a bed, like perhaps a dining room chair that an unassuming guest might sit on at your next dinner party.

You might even be able to do it in a car. Any time a couple has sex somewhere that’s not the bedroom deserves extra points, in my opinion. In this position, one partner wears a strap-on and the other sits on top of it and slides up and down.

“Strap-ons can be a fun way to add even more variety to sex between vulva havers. Some people love the ability to feel themselves penetrating their partner,” Dr. Liz says. “For folks who do energy play, many will report that they can actually feel the sensations associated with the toy, almost as if they had a real penis for the duration of that play.” Keep lube nearby (like on the dining table next to the salt and pepper shaker) for more comfortable gliding, and enjoy.

Girl On Girl

I don’t need to explain this position to you because we’ve all done it, regardless of orientation, but here I go. One partner lies down and penetrates the other, using a strap-on or fingers, or you simply enjoy rubbing clits against each other while you stare lovingly into your beautiful partner’s eyes. If you’re using a dildo, enjoy an added finger in the butt. Don’t hold back with breast and nipple play (I’m talking to both of you!).



Reclined Finger-Banging

Women who have sex with other women understand how unimportant penises are. In fact, you don't even need a strap-on to have mind-blowing sex. In this position, one partner lies back while the other uses their fingers or hands to penetrate the other. "Some vulva havers also enjoy fisting, where you work your entire hand into the vagina. This can be a very intense sensation that many vulva havers find extremely pleasurable," Dr. Liz says. (Important: If you're going to try fisting, use lube, please).

Additionally, the use of hands rather than a penis or toy is a wonderful way to get to know your partner's vagina. "You have so many nerve endings in your fingertips that you can notice much more easily all the spots that drive your partner wild," Dr. Liz says.

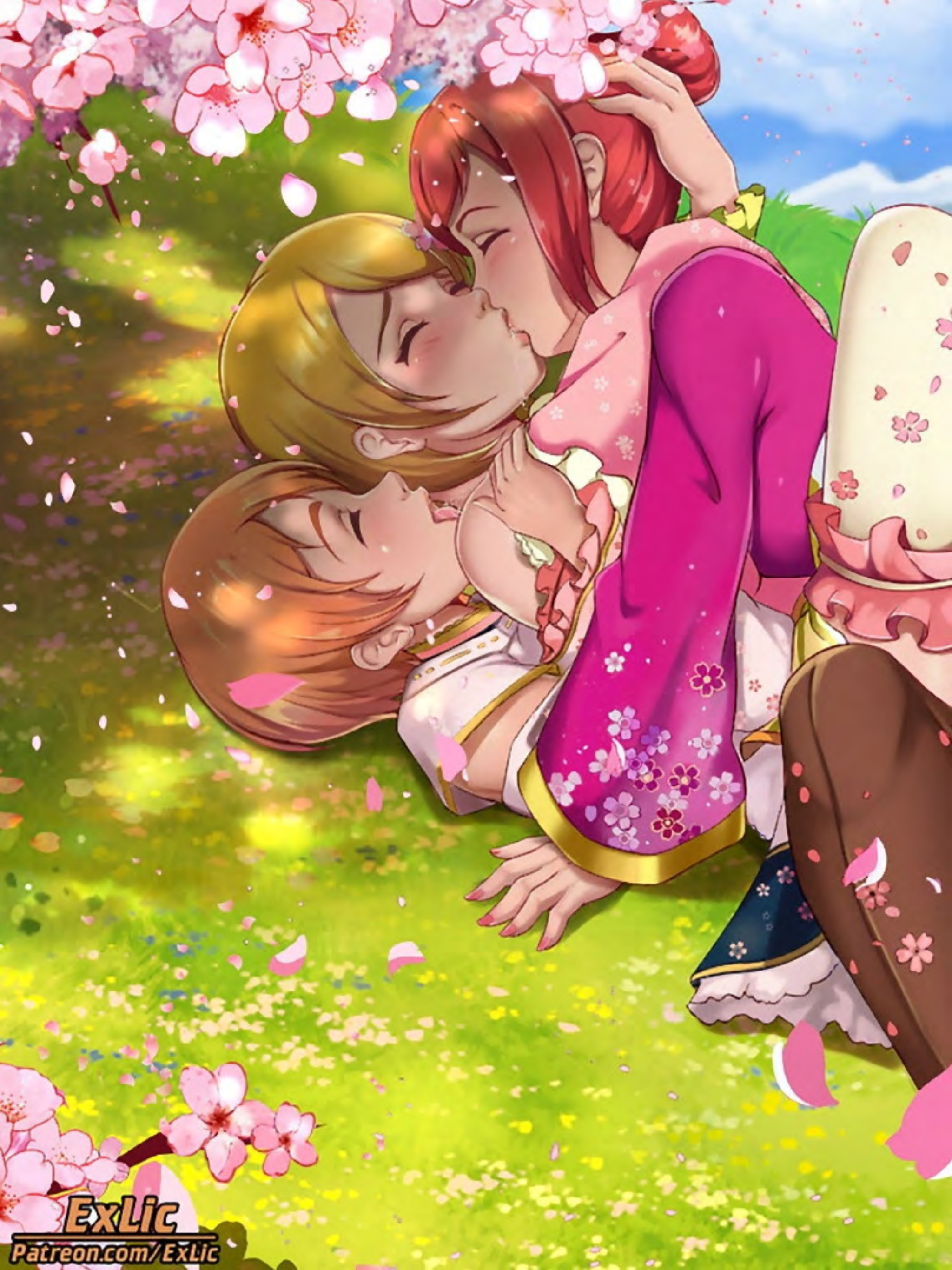




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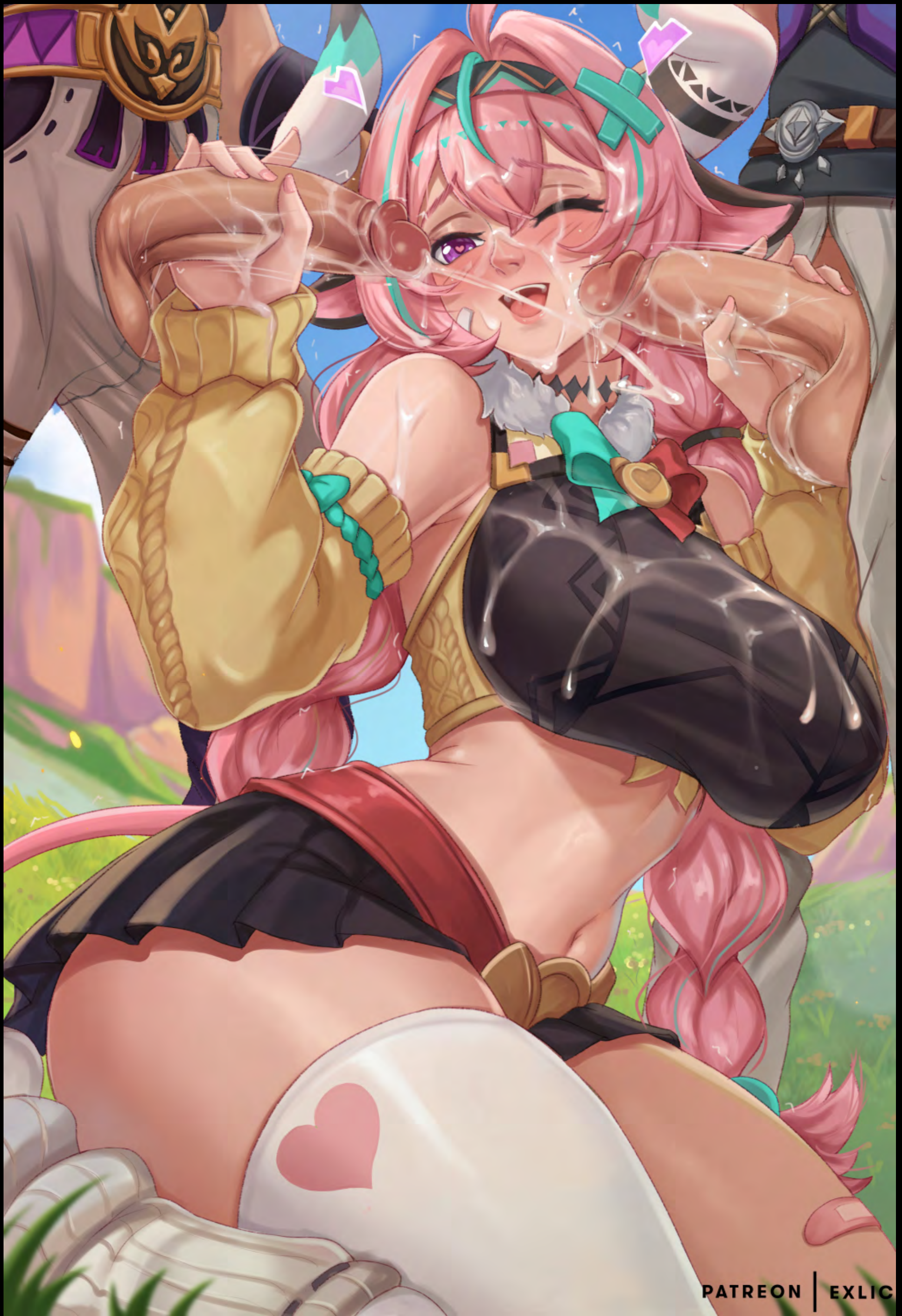




















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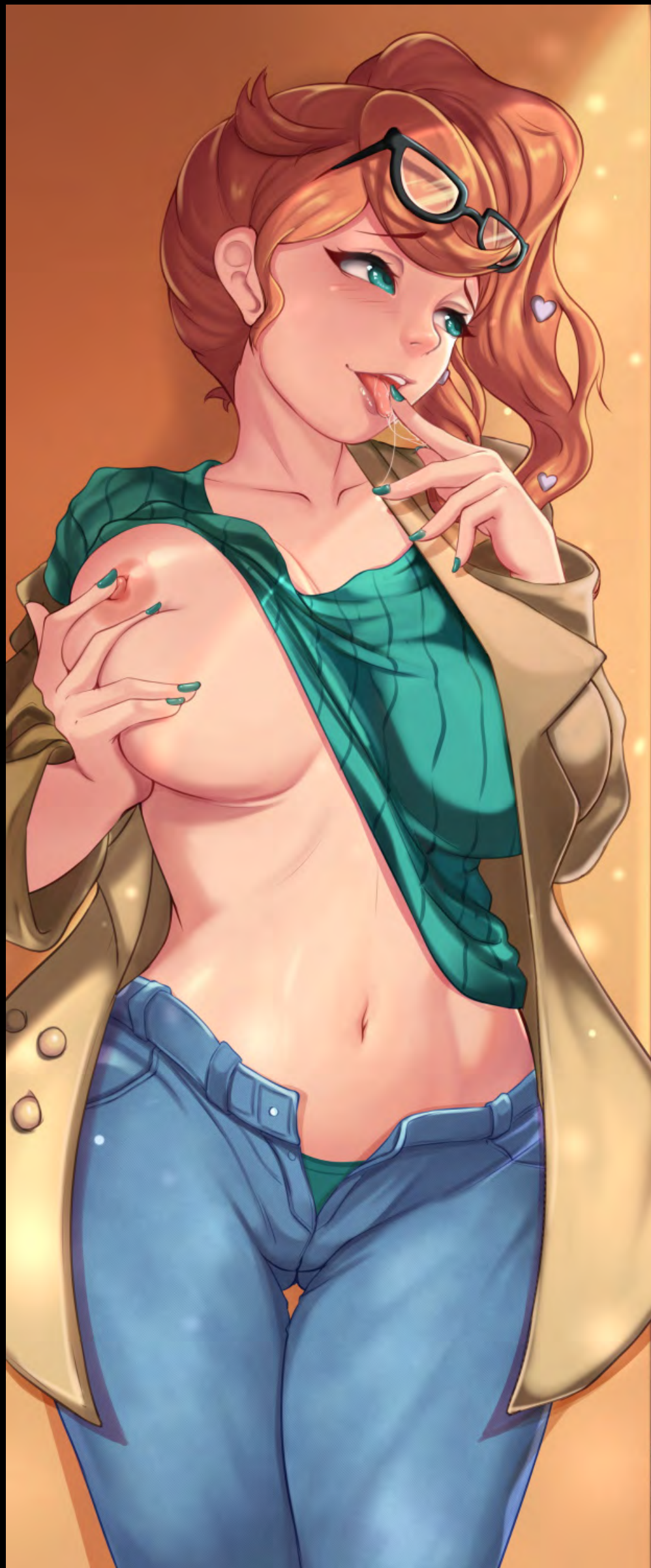












































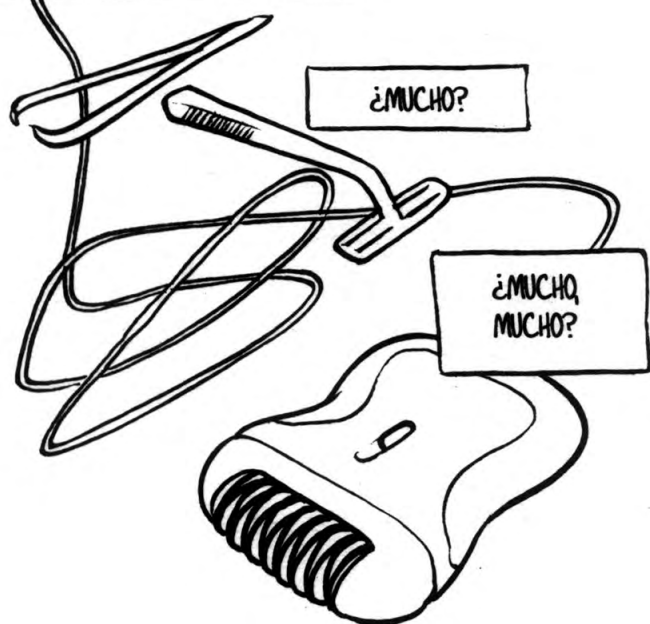


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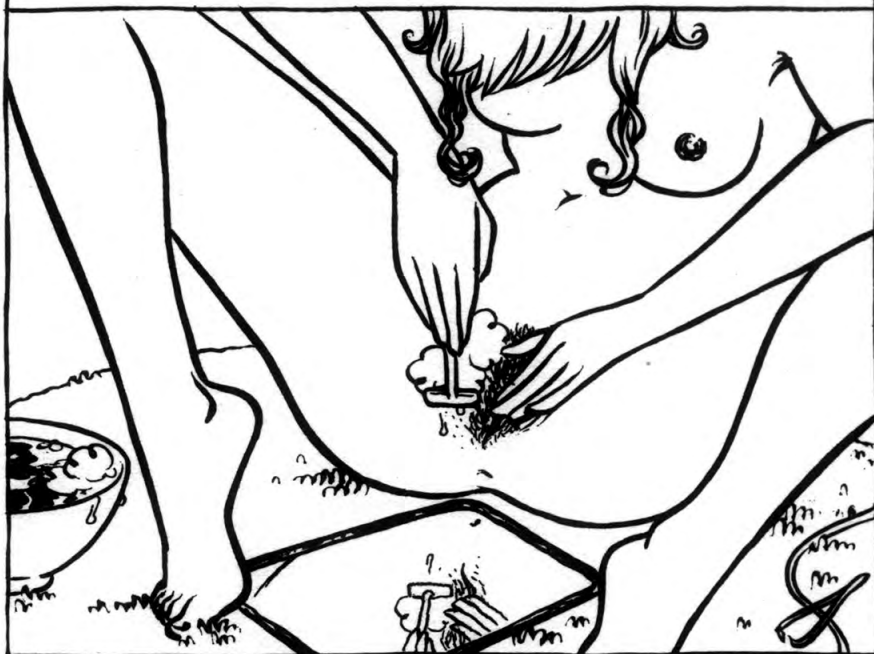
FANTASÍA



¿ME LA LEVANTO UN POCO?



NOS VEMOS DENTRO DE UN RATO Y ME FOLLARÁS. ME TIEMBLAN LAS MANOS Y NO ES LO MÁS APROPIADO.



NO SÉ SI PONERME BRAGAS... ME GUSTARÍA VER QUÉ CARA PONDRÍAS SI SUPIERAS QUE NO LLEVO NADA BAJO LA FALDA... PERO TAMBIÉN ME GUSTA EL MOMENTO EN QUE ME LAS QUITAS...



SI CIERRO LOS OJOS, SIENTO TUS LABIOS ROZANDOME LOS PIES, LAS UÑAS RECHINANDO EN LAS MEDIAS. ASCIENDES A LO LARGO DE MIS MUSLOS...



... Y ME TOCAS EL CULO. TE DEMORAS EN ÉL PORQUE TE GUSTA ESA PIEL DIFERENTE, GRANULOSA, QUE SE ESTREMECE CON UN ESCALOFRÍO...



... A LA ESPERA DE TU MANO QUE ME PALMEA.



ME DESVISTES.
ME MIRAS.
TU FORMA DE MIRARME ME HUMEDECE.

TÓCAME.



ME ASFIXIAS AL BESARME.
TUS DIENTES SE DESLIZAN POR MI CUELLO POR MIS SENOS.

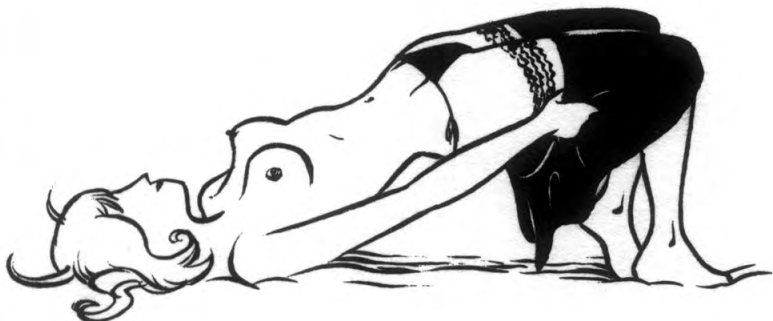
MUÉRDEME.

MÁS FUERTE.



TUS DEDOS ME PALPAN Y LOS LLEVAS HASTA MI LENGUA.
SIENTO TU ERECCIÓN CONTRA MIS NALGAS.

CHÚPAME YA.



QUISIERA TRAGARTE ENTERO.
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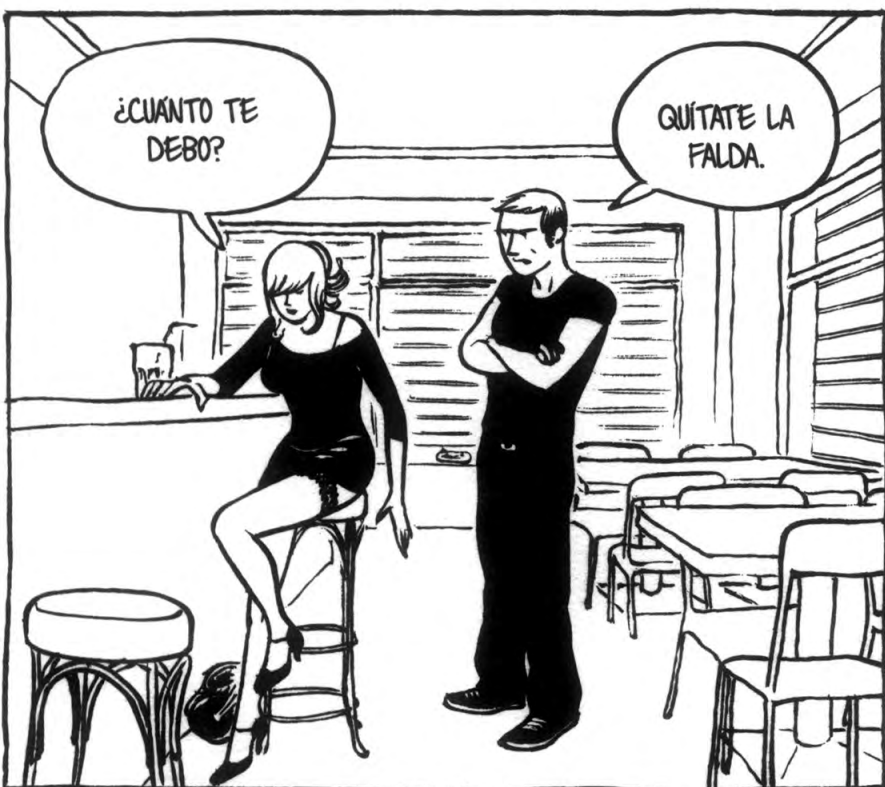


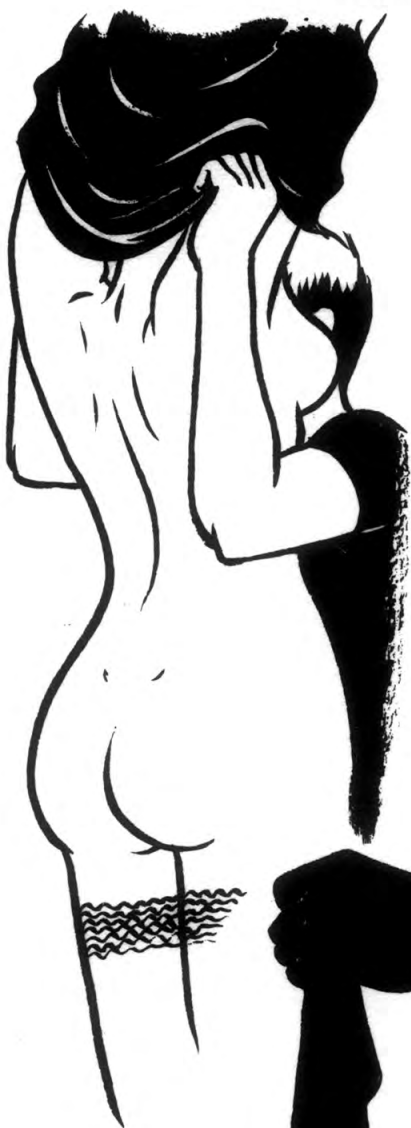
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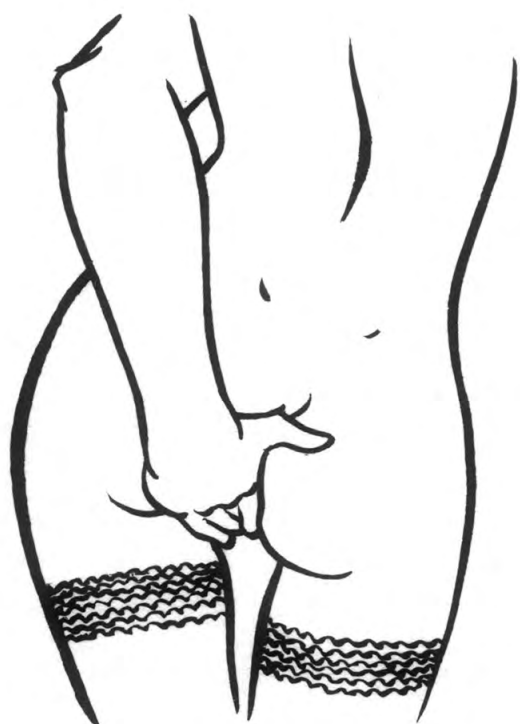


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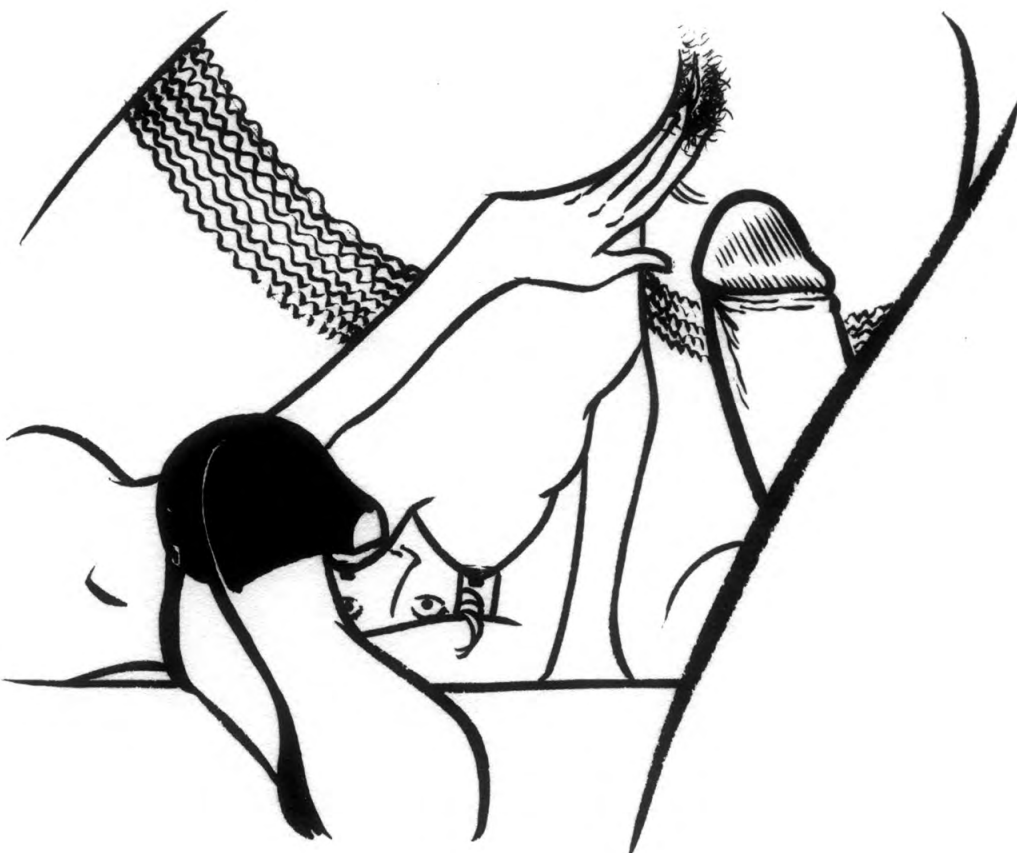


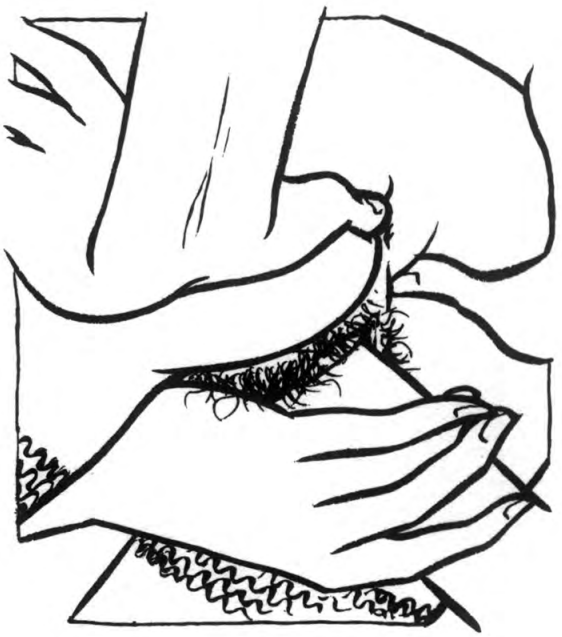


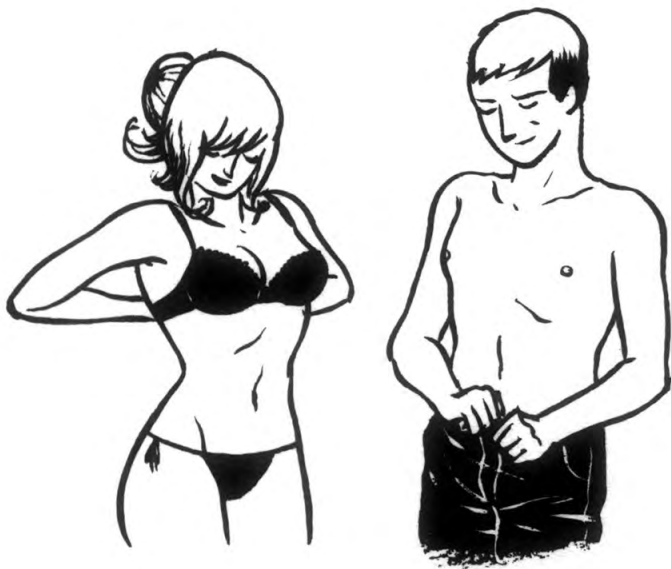
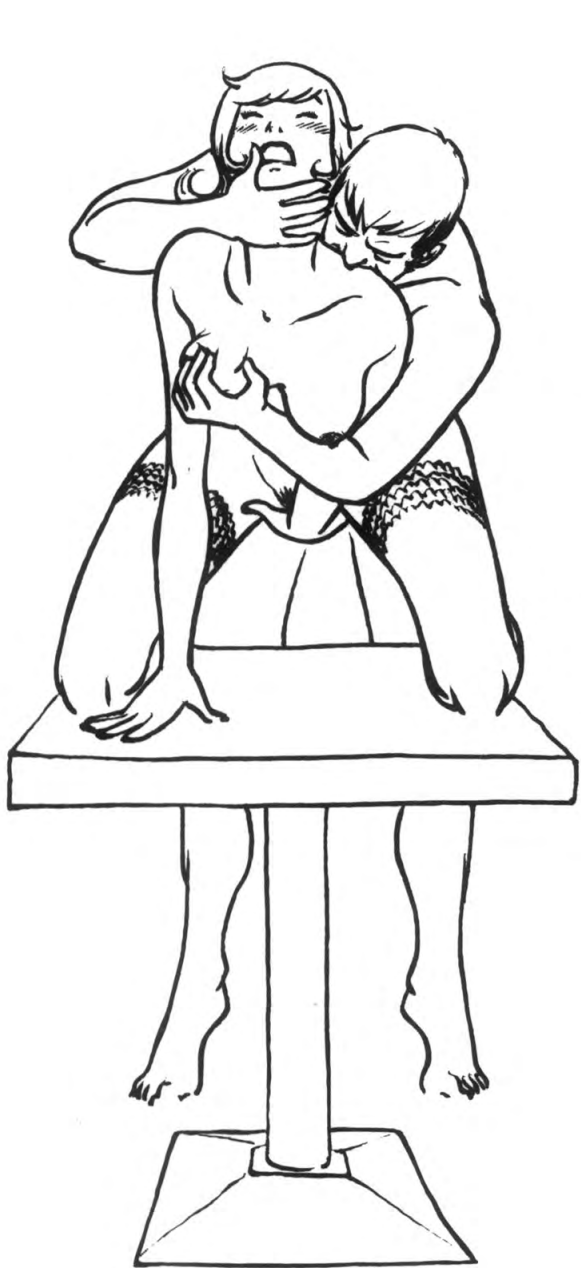












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LASCIVIA — 120 DAYS OF SODOM

What anal fingering feels like, according to women

By Megan Wallace, Paisley Gilmour and Lois Shearing

*“There are tonnes of nerve endings t
here and even the smallest amount
of pressure can be pure heaven!”*

Anal fingering can be pretty great for men or people with penises, in no small part thanks to the added bonus of a prostate massage. However, while women and people with vaginas don't happen to have a prostate gland (AKA a P-spot), ass fingering can still feel amazing thanks to all of the sensitive nerves in the area.

But the positives don't stop there. Surprise! You can also use anal fingering to stimulate your supposed G-spot from the inside, too. Then there's the fact that it's a good for a spot of foreplay if you are wanting to prepare for anal sex.

If you haven't yet given it a try, you may be wondering what anal fingering feels like for women and people with vulvas. Well, we're ready to give you some answers!

We've rounded up a range of stories from women about what anal fingering feels like during sex. But before you start cracking on at home, make sure you use lots of water-based lube because the anus doesn't self-lubricate like most vulvas do.

What exactly is anal fingering?

As we really hope you are aware, there has been a bit of a fingering resurgence, with Lovehoney declaring a 'Fingerrenaissance' in 2024. But who said vaginal fingering was the only type of fingering to get our engines running?

Yep, there is another type of fingering to be explored: anal fingering. In short, this variety of fingering is when you or a partner puts fingers in your anus. And while it can be a lot of fun on its own, it's also a v great way to prepare for anal sex.

“It's not just about penetration — the outside of the anus is also very pleasurable to touch, and is a big erogenous zone,” explains Alice Child, sexologist at SheSpot.

“It’s a form of anal masturbation that some enjoy by itself or alongside other stimulation such as penile or clitoral play,” adds Ness Cooper, clinical sexologist and expert at Lovehoney.

How to do anal fingering

Here’s a golden rule for anything anal related: you’re going to need a lot of lube. Before you get started, lube up your butt as well as your/your partner’s fingers. “The anus (unlike the vagina) is not self-lubricating, so use lots and lots of lube whenever doing any anal pleasure,” says Child.

Try stimulating around the anus first, moving your fingers in circles around the hole. Then, slowly, insert a finger into the anus. “This is a new sensation that will take your body time (sometimes months!) to get used to. Start externally, with no penetration, and slowly work your way up to gentle penetration if it feels good to do so,” advises Child.

To begin with, only do in as far as the first knuckle, and hold this for a few seconds to see how it feels. Then you can slowly remove it, re-lube up, and try inserting up to the second knuckle. If this is comfortable and feels good, you can keep experimenting with moving the finger in and out, using a similar motion of vaginal fingering.

Once your anus has relaxed, you can experiment with different types of movements. Some people like to stick to the classic in-and-out motions, while others enjoy an internal ‘come-hither’ motion.

Like all other areas of sex, communication is key. “Anal pleasure is not for everyone. Communication, consent, and exploring personal boundaries are crucial when engaging in any new sexual activity to ensure that everyone involved is comfortable and consenting. Keep checking in with each other on how the touch is feeling,” says Child.

What does anal fingering feel like?

As we mentioned, while people with vulvas don’t have prostates, anal fingering can still feel really good. “The anus (both outside and inside the body) is an erogenous zone,” explains Child. “It is filled with nerve endings, making it very sensitive to sensations and stimulation. Both massage on the

outside of the body around the anus and inside the rectum/anus itself can cause orgasms and powerfully pleasurable sensations unlike anywhere else on the human body.”

Cooper also notes that “anal fingering can indirectly stimulate the G-spot area when the finger curves forward and can be felt through the exterior vaginal wall”.

“Some people just enjoy the feeling of fingers stretching the anus as there are a lot of pleasurable nerves in this area. For some, anal fingering is part of their erotic orientation and may be part of their relationship’s sexual practice; this may result in enjoyment due to those bonds,” she says.

So, here’s 28 women on what they enjoy about the sensation.

What ass fingering feels like for women

1. “I am now at the point where it’s almost disappointing if [my partner] doesn’t do something with my ass. I also enjoy when he circles it and then taps it with his finger. Luckily we are very open and he reads me very well so I don’t have to ask for it, but I am definitely not shy about vocalising what I need.”

2. “I kinda like when he thrusts it in and out, but if he does two fingers that can be a bit much unless we’re moving on to anal.”

3. “Love it when he’s eating me out...”

4. “When I’m getting screwed doggy style I love it!”

5. “When it’s good timing, it heightens the pleasure immensely. It tightens everything, I’ll feel every ridge and vein on his dick basically. It just makes the whole experience much more intense.”

6. “I like it best when I’m on top and I definitely prefer to have my partner do it rather than myself.”

7. “I prefer a butt plug or other anal toy, it feels much smoother.”



8. “I like very slight strokes when in my ass. I think he makes a circling motion inside. Definitely not the same fingering as my vagina... that’s a bit too advanced for me as yet.”

9. “There are tons of nerve endings there and even the smallest amount of pressure can be pure heaven!”

10. “If he’s fucking me and I’m getting really into it, he’ll slowly circle my ass and stick a wet finger in. I see stars every time. With the right build up it can be amazing.”

11. “It’s a huge ‘yes’ for me. My husband is an expert at fingering me, yet doesn’t play with my ass all that often. I think it’s mostly the position we find ourselves in, so when he can’t, I’ll often push my own finger in a bit. I’m also not shy about asking for what I want, so I think I’ll request more of this from him. While it feels great when I do it, it’s always amazing when it’s his finger instead.”

12. “I started doing ass play on myself until I thought I could let him touch it. Then I had him insert one of my butt plugs in my ass. I did the same to him. I can trust him... and it makes all the difference in the world. I ask for it. I have to mentally be in the right place. Sometimes I’m up for it in doggy.”

“Make sure you start out gentle”

13. “Just leaving the [finger] in and applying pressure is much preferred to any movement in my opinion.”

14. “I haven’t done enough receiving in anal play (aside from rim jobs) to really understand very much how it affects sensations for me, but was going at it recently and the partner asked if I minded before pushing in. I instantly said I didn’t mind because the idea was just freaking hot. Then he said, ‘I can feel myself fucking you through your ass, it’s amazing’ and it went from a ‘yes’ from me to a ‘hell yes’.”

15. “I prefer it when he’s behind me (spoon, doggy etc.), and I like nudge fucking or gentle wiggling of the fingers inside, not in-and-out motions. I also love it when he takes my hand and forces me to do it to myself so that I can massage his cock from the inside and he gets a great visual. To be honest,

though, I prefer pressure on the outside. Finger rimming or a fist/few fingers (something that doesn't penetrate too easily) putting pressure on and releasing it repeatedly."

16. "You get your finger(s) or dick all the way in, and instead of going in and out you just push. But going all the way in and out like you would normally is pretty sensitive. Once you get it all the way in, just grind hard. I came so hard from anal once, and I've had it many times... the only time I came was the way I described."

17. "Also a tongue or dildo feels amazing too."

18. "I love it. But I find it's easiest to have a conversation beforehand as to whether they like it or not, that way just 'slipping it in' doesn't result in a surprise [that you haven't consented to]."

19. "I definitely love it. Any anal play is fun and when you're [being] double penetrated, both holes are tighter and you can feel more! My only pre-requisite is to make sure you start out gentle, and that you... use lube."

20. "I've been trying to warm up to this one lately. I want to want to like it because he thoroughly enjoys it, but it's very new territory for me and very strange."

21. "It's great because it's pretty taboo. It's pretty intoxicating IMO. And an incredible, impossible tease if it's foreshadowing what's next."

22. "I'm only at the tips of my boyfriends fingers currently — can't take anymore than that yet — but it sure as fuck feels amazing while he's hitting it from the back or going down on me from behind. Has me orgasming way quicker."

"It's great because it's pretty taboo"

23. "I actually like it. My boyfriend does it all the time in doggy and it just adds a little something extra. Especially when he lightly tickles it before inserting, it's like a little tease."

24. “The first time I tried anal fingering was the first time I squirted and pretty much any time I have squirted anal has been involved. It just feels good and mentally feels more dirty TBH.”

25. “I absolutely love anal fingering. That mixed with touching my clit is the most intense sensation.”

26. “My boyfriend slowly inserts a wet finger after I’m all warmed up, then he spansks me while that finger stays in. It’s incredibly nice. He usually just moves it around in a slow circle while he fingers me and during sex. Everyone’s different though; it took me a long time to get past the THERE IS SOMETHING IN MY BUTT feeling, but now I LOVE it.”

27. “I discovered that I absolutely LOVE having my ass played with/licked, and now [my boyfriend will] regularly put a finger in my ass when he’s fucking me, which I love, and when I masturbate, I’ll add a finger there. Wow — it’s like the secret ingredient that I didn’t realise had been missing all this time! Intense, deep orgasms that really last.”

28. “I love... when I’m sitting on my partner’s face and he just sticks one finger into my ass, it makes me cum in the following minute or so. There is something about the feeling that gets me off.”







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DEBERÍAS PREGUNTARTE EL MOTIVO DE TODO ESTO...



PORQUE LO AMO, ME HACE VIVIR SENSACIONES QUE JAMÁS PENSE QUE PODRÍA EXPERIMENTAR. ALGUNA VEZ... ME HA DESCUBIERTO UN MUNDO COMPLETAMENTE DESCONOCIDO.



Y AHORA, QUERIDA, PRECISAMENTE PORQUE TE QUIERO, ¡QUIERO COMPARTIRLO CONTIGO!

Y COMPLACER A MI JULES AL MISMO TIEMPO.





ENSEÑAMELO UN POCO...



JUSTO LO QUE YO PENSABA...



TUS OJOS ESTÁN AGITADOS, TE CONOZCO DEMASIADO BIEN...



SABÍA QUE TE GUSTARÍA... ¡POR FIN!



ECHEMOS UN VISTAZO... PERO ESTO YA ESTÁ LISTO, PICARUELA, ¡ESTÁS PERO QUE MUY CALIENTE! ¡ESTÁS GOTEANDO COMO UNA FUENTE!



Y AHORA AQUÍ ESTÁ TU RECOMPENSA... ¡TE LA HAS GANADO!



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ANNETTE HAVEN



ACTRIZ PORNO DEL MES

LASCIVIA — DEEP THROAT

Exploring the Psychology of Amateur Porn

By David Ludden Ph.D.

Some social commentators condemn pornography as an evil of modern society. However, the archeological record suggests that sexual depictions may be one of humans' earliest art forms.

Erotic statues known as Venus figures have been found across Europe and Asia, and some date back to 35,000 years or more. Many of the early civilizations, from Mesopotamia to Egypt and Ancient Greece, adorned temple walls and even everyday utensils with graphic sexual images. The Romans decorated brothels with erotic paintings, presumably to help get their clients in the mood.

Erotic paintings, sketches, and woodcarvings survive from previous centuries. And no sooner was the camera invented in the mid-nineteenth century than the art of erotic photography appeared. It should then come as no surprise that when motion pictures were invented around the turn of the twentieth century, one of the first films ever made was pornographic.

Of course, porn was generally considered illicit and its production and distribution were frequently prosecuted, at least until the 1960s, when loosened restrictions saw the rise of adult theaters and drive-ins. By the 1980s, video players were widespread, and people could watch porn in the privacy of their own homes. And from the early twenty-first century, the World Wide Web was developed enough that people could watch porn on their own computers, which meant that you could bypass an embarrassing encounter with the video store clerk.

Historically, most porn has been produced by professionals. Cameras were expensive and required expertise. Thus, there were professional porn producers and an audience of passive porn consumers.

The advent of personal cameras, computers, and especially the smartphone, with its high-quality video recording capabilities, has changed all that. Now, anybody that wants to can be a porn star, and there are also plenty of websites where they can post their work. Some can even earn a decent income from it.

Amateur Porn as a Unique Genre

While the production of professional porn, and its consumption, have been studied extensively from multiple psychological and sociological angles, Israeli



psychologist Tal Yaakobovitch and his colleagues point out that little is known about the motivations and circumstances surrounding the production of amateur porn. To gain some insight into this new phenomenon, Yaakobovitch conducted extensive interviews with 27 male amateur porn performers, from which five themes emerged.

The first theme is that amateur porn is a unique genre. Professional porn tends to emphasize the “ideal” body forms of the muscular male and slender, shapely female. But amateur porn performers come in all shapes and sizes, and they rarely adhere to ideal forms. In this way, people can watch ordinary people engaging in ordinary sex acts, thus giving the lie to the notion that you have to be “hot” to be sexy.

The interviewees also emphasized their free choice in performing porn. They aren’t working for studios that demand certain acts. And unlike professional porn actors, who are bound by contracts, these amateurs could perform any sex act they wanted, and only those. Mostly, the interviewees saw their performances as acts of personal exploration, and any money they made from it was appreciated but was not the main motivation for posting their videos.

Amateur Porn as an Avenue for Personal Growth

The second theme to emerge was a history of sexual abuse or emotional neglect in childhood. As Yaakobovitch and colleagues point out, childhood abuse and neglect are common experiences among those who enter the sex industry. Many of the interviewees remarked that they enjoy the attention they get from their viewers, who leave positive and encouraging comments. Amateur porn, they said, provides them with outlets for psychologically working through the abuse and neglect of their childhood.

The third theme dealt with the moral reasons for engaging in pornography. Amateur pornographers tend to advocate for sexual positivity in society, and they also challenge the misrepresentations of sexuality that are common in professional pornography. As an alternative, amateur pornographers present ordinary people engaged in ordinary sex acts. And since they recognize that many of today’s youth get their sex education from porn, they hope their videos will provide models for healthy sexuality and gender equality.



The fourth theme dealt with the recognition that amateur pornography has both positive and negative implications. On the positive side is the increased self-esteem and the gain of admiration and appreciation that comes with posting porn videos online. However, in real society outside the “porn world,” these performers struggle with stigma and harassment. For some, this has also caused problems in their intimate relationships, especially when their partner was unsupportive of their amateur porn.

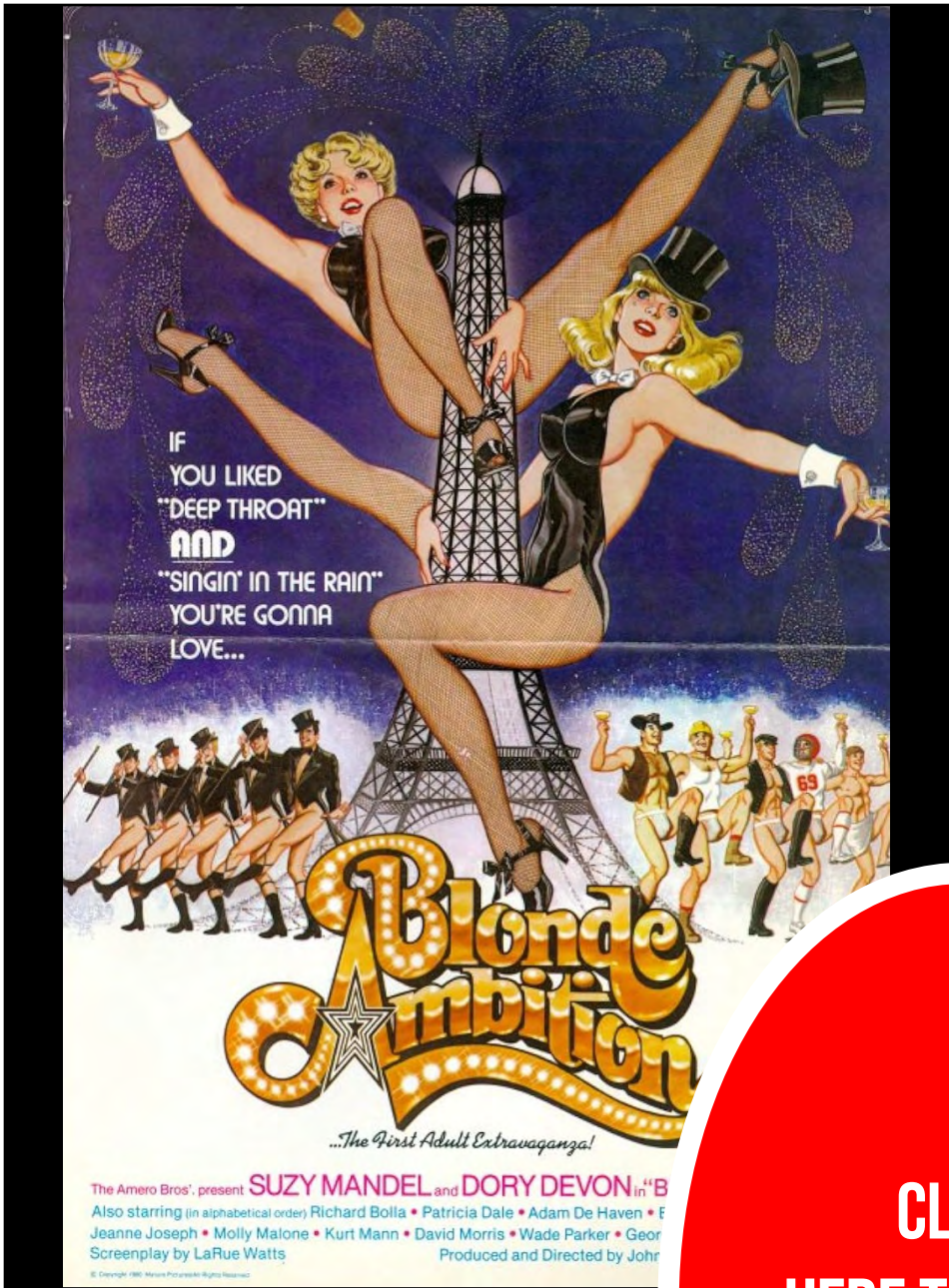
Amateur Porn as a Means of Empowerment

Interestingly, this last issue was also reflected in the fifth theme, which dealt with ways of coping with the particular difficulties of being an amateur porn performer. That is, when the interviewees’ intimate partner was supportive of their work, they were better able to cope with the social criticism they received. Another strategy was to turn the tables, so to speak, by “condemning the condemners” for their prudishness and sexuality negativity.

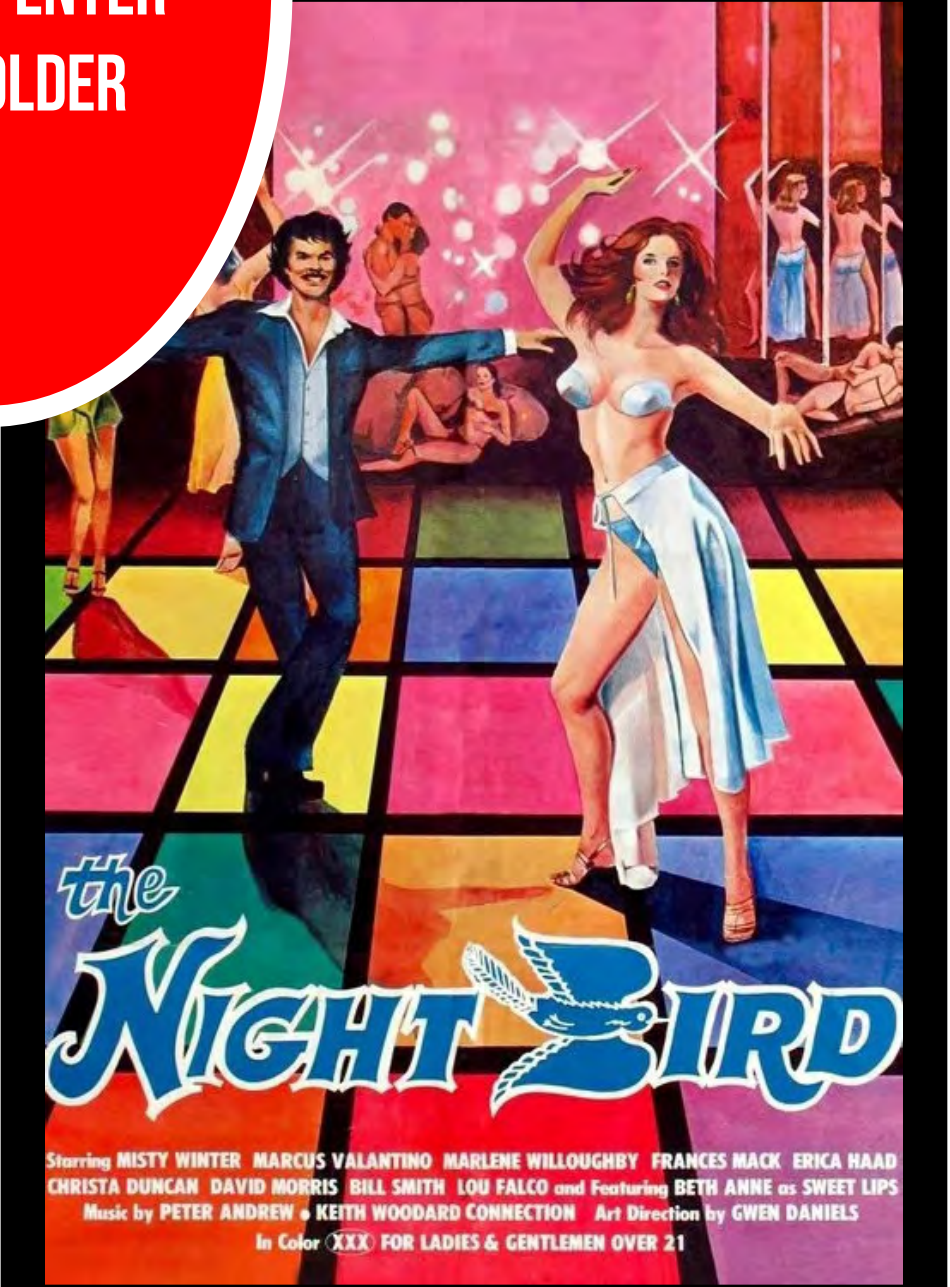
Many of the interviewees viewed their amateur porn productions as examples of expressive art, in which they adopt a “persona” that is different from who they are in real life. Thus, to the extent that they are still struggling with internalized notions of sexual shame, they can dissociate themselves from these acts. That is, these acts are performances and don’t represent the real person, just as it would be for any actor. As Yaakobovitch and colleagues point out, the creation of an alternate ego and the lived experience of their work as a performance is commonly reported among sex workers and professional porn actors as well.

In the end, the interviewees generally saw amateur porn as a form of empowerment. They may have been abused or neglected as children, and as adults, they may engage in forms of sexuality that many in society condemn. But rather than taking on a victimhood mentality, they can instead, through amateur porn, garner the attention and approval they so desperately need from their fans while also gaining a better understanding of their own sexuality and the life history that brought them to this point.





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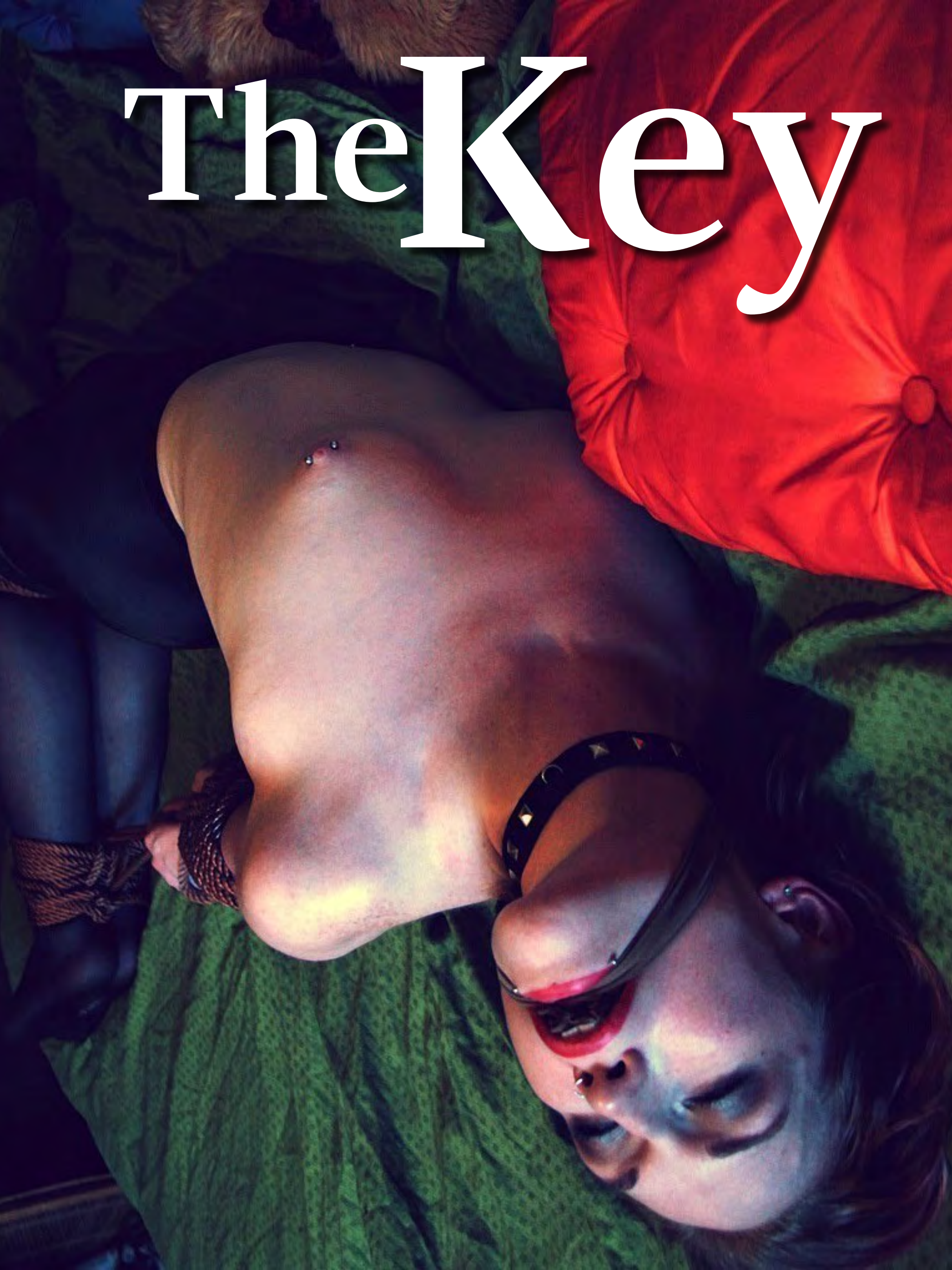


HUMOR LASCIVO



"A new survey just released turn up some interesting fact about what people would like to see on TV."

The Key







OnlyFans.com/b

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Victoria Rams

‘Takes away our safest option’: Adult creators react to law banning online sex purchases in Sweden

Anna Desmarais

A new law in Sweden that makes it illegal to buy custom adult content will take effect on July 1. But the content creators say it makes their profession more dangerous.

The new updated legislation makes it so anyone who purchases online sexual content (sexual acts performed remotely with no physical contact) or operates a website that makes it easier to get in touch with adult content creators could be imprisoned for up to one year.

Sweden’s updated laws are the latest in a series of restrictions to digital porn, like France’s age verification law that saw Pornhub temporarily stop operations there, the US’ Take it Down Act or the EU’s directive to ban sexual deepfakes by 2027.

“The idea is that anyone who buys sexual acts performed remotely should be penalised in the same way as those who buy sexual acts involving physical contact,” Gunnar Strommer, Sweden’s Justice Minister, told the newspaper Svenska Dagbladet.

Swedish adult content creators told Euronews Next that the government should reconsider the new law because it could push some of them to more unsafe types of content creation.

‘This is just the beginning’

Amanda Breden is a Swedish online adult content creator who’s been using online platforms such as OnlyFans for her business, amassing roughly 33,000 followers over the last four years there.

Her business model includes a subscription-based channel where, for \$10 (over €8) a month, users can get access to a large collection of adult images and photos that she’s created. Her second free channel generates income through custom content requests that she gets through direct messages (DMs) from fans.

The channel is also something that her husband Max works on, doing the accounting, the payroll and the camerawork.

“The [Swedish] law doesn’t just affect me as a creator - it takes away the freedom to do what we want with our own lives,” she told Euronews Next.

“People may not realise that this is just the beginning,” she added.

Euronews Next reached out to OnlyFans and Pornhub, two major online platforms for adult content. Both said they would comply with the laws in Sweden but did not elaborate on how they would.

OnlyFans has less than 45 million monthly users in the EU, according to the latest transparency report. Pornhub sees about 26.1 million monthly users in the EU, its website says.

‘OnlyFans can save many women from the streets’

The law wouldn’t affect Breden too much, she continued, because she has other streams of income, including a hotel and cafe in Sweden.

What is a concern for her is if OnlyFans starts “blocking” Swedish creators “because they’re afraid of being sued or accused of pimping.”

“I would actually argue that OnlyFans can save many women from the streets and from pimps who try to control them,” Breden said, noting that it lets creators choose the type of content they sell and that they are able to work from home.

Emma Larsson, an adult content creator, told the European Sex Workers Rights Alliance (ESWRA) that it would push content creators like herself into more unsafe workplaces.

“Our income will decrease so much that we’ll be forced to offer services and fulfil requests we would otherwise never agree to,” she said in a pressrelease. “This law will push us into dangerous situations and take away our safest option.”

‘A dangerous European precedent’

The idea behind Sweden’s updated law, according to the government, is to “strengthen protection against sexual harassment,” fraud against the elderly and crimes with gender as a hate crime motive.

Advocates and adult content creators say there’s a general misunderstanding of the rules that platforms already have in place to curb dangerous sexual content.

OnlyFans says in its content moderation policy that it uses a combination of human and automated filters to determine which content creators cannot be verified as over 18+, that are generated by artificial intelligence (AI), violent or extreme content, and that consent has been given, among other criteria.

“I’ve had several videos removed, even though they were just harmless roleplay,” Breden said. “You’re absolutely not allowed to even hint at anything that could be seen as ‘forced’ or similar.”

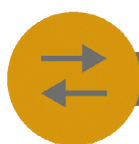
Advocacy groups are also concerned about how the laws would be enforced.

The European Sex Workers Rights Alliance said there are risks that the police could be empowered to search phones, computers, and online accounts that are linked to the creation of online adult content.

That then raises “serious issues around digital surveillance and privacy, especially for vulnerable groups like sex workers already facing discrimination and criminalisation.”

“This law would set a dangerous precedent across Europe,” the press release reads.

If the government is concerned about safety, Breden said the company could instead increase the age limit to 25 from 18 to access adult content sites like OnlyFans.



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